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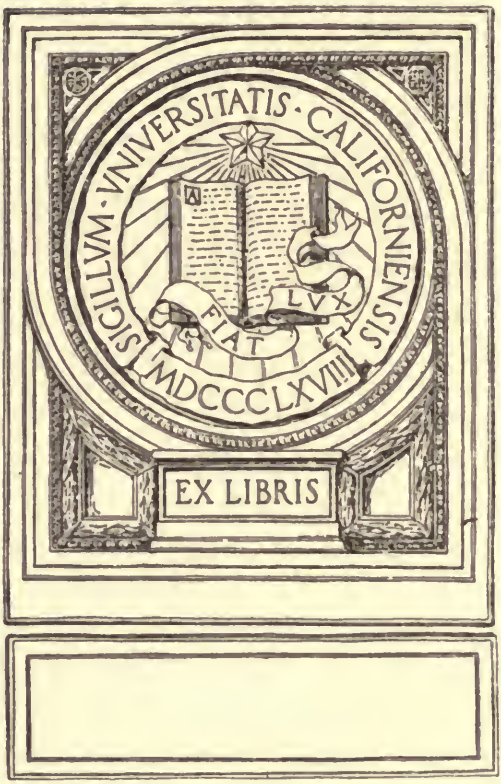
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MEMOIRS OF YOUTH

GIOVANNI VISCONTI VENOSTA

MEMOIRS OF YOUTH

THINGS SEEN AND KNOWN

1847–1860

BY

GIOVANNI VISCONTI VENOSTA

Translated from the Third Edition
By William Prall

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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HISTORY

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

THERE are many mirrors in which we may behold ourselves, and see what manner of men we are. Every art that has left a record of its product is one; and the remains of the arts have at no period been so minutely studied as in our day. Superior to the arts, however, as means of understanding the life of a people are their annals: yet not so much the annals that are composed in the study of an historian, which are apt to be colored by prejudice, as the documents that are found in the various national repositories, and the memoirs of the individual actors in any event.

Not all parts of history are of the same importance; and not all the annals and memoirs of a people are equally interesting. The parts that are of supreme importance are those that have reference to critical times, such as the making of a nation, the founding of a state, and the revolt from antiquated to newer ways of life. Not to attempt to discriminate between the relative importance of these times, surely there is no period in a people's life that is more attractive than that of the founding of a state, especially if that state be composed of parts which, previously, had been arbitrarily dissevered. It is this fact that makes a study of the founding of the new Kingdom of Italy so pleasing, and has given rise to the many histories of the Risorgimento.

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The final and definitive history has not been written, and cannot be, until the principal actors and memoir-writers shall have furnished their individual testimony, and all the documents shall have been brought to light. It is to be noted that a committee has recently been appointed by the Italian Government to edit and publish the papers of the Conte di Cavour, the chief artificer of the kingdom.

In the mean time the stories of the lives of the actors in the Risorgimento are not less worthy of perusal, nor are the histories of the lives of the Italian municipalities less important. The memoirs of Giovanni Visconti Venosta portray the life of the city of Milan, and more especially of the youth of that city, from 1847 to 1860, that is, in the supreme period of the Risorgimento. He speaks of himself as a modest citizen who, from the body of the house, saw the great drama unfold on the national stage. It is true, he was not much more than an observer at first, because of his extreme youth, but later on he acted a part, and he acted it well (especially in the Valtellina), and, in so doing, was brought into contact with many of the leading men of his times. He was a keen observer, and had a fair and impartial mind. A noble by birth, his point of view was aristocratic; but a liberal by education, his sympathy was ever with the people.

We are wont to think that, in monarchical countries, there are ever great divisions between the various classes of society. This is, indeed, usually the case in lands where the Teutonic conception of nobility prevails; but among the nations that have inherited

the classical idea of aristocracy an absolute solidarity of the citizens is often seen. The portrayal of the perfect union that existed among all the classes of Milan during the ten years' resistance to Austrian rule is one of the chief attractions of these memoirs; their great charm and value, however, lie in the fact that one is convinced in reading them that the author's testimony, in regard to any person or event, is true, upon the word of a most amiable and distinguished gentleman.

This translation is made by permission of the Marchese Emilio Visconti Venosta, elder and surviving brother of the author of the Memoirs.

WILLIAM PRALL.

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY,
June 1, 1913.

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INTRODUCTION

MEMOIRS have commonly one of three reasons for existing. Either they disclose noteworthy historical matters, or they describe social groups and conditions, or they unfold an interesting personality. Being woven of all these strands, Giovanni Visconti Venosta's "Memoirs" make a treble appeal to his readers. They cover the fifteen years during which the Italian struggle for independence had its gorgeous dawn, its calamities in 1849, its decade of patient and often baffled preparation, its partial victory in 1859, and its triumph in 1860.

In the unification of Italy, Lombardy played a very important though a passive part, second only to that of Rome. Indeed, before the rest of the Peninsula could be freed, Lombardy must be free: for the two immemorial enemies of Italian liberty, independence, and union were the Pope and Austria. But the Pope, as temporal ruler, could not be dislodged so long as Austria maintained her own despotism in Lombardy and Venetia, and abetted the Pope and the other petty despots. To drive out Austria was, therefore, the purpose of every wise patriot.

Visconti Venosta, who was a boy of only fourteen when the election of Pius IX in 1846 kindled a delirium of patriotic hopes, sprang from one of the great Lombard families. His older brother, Marquis Emilio, who survives at a venerable age, the last of the statesmen of the Cavourian school, was from his youth up in the thick of political plotting. Other kinsmen and friends had contacts with Liberals in Piedmont and Tuscany.

Thus everything contributed to supply Giovanni with information from the inside and with those motives and opinions of the actors in the drama which are seldom avowed in official records: and beginning with 1848 he reports as an eye-witness events of capital interest.

To the historian who is more than a mere documentarian Visconti Venosta's "Memoirs" abound in sidelights, suggestions, confirmations, impressions, which conjure back for us the ambient, the atmosphere, not to know which shuts us out from understanding an historical movement. To the general reader, who is not searching for the missing link in a long chain of causation, the recollections have the charm of lively talk; though concrete and vivid in the special case, they are discursive, and loose enough in arrangement to permit frequent asides. Just as in our daily experience many persons have their exits and their entrances, so here, we meet men and women of all sorts, some appearing only once or twice, others coming and going so often that we greet them as old friends. The elder generation tell their reminiscences of the French Revolution and their stories of the ill-mannered young conqueror, Bonaparte; among the younger generation are Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Cavour, with each of whom Venosta had personal relations.

If the volume contained no more than the account of the amazing expulsion of Marshal Radetzky and his twenty thousand troops from Milan, the historian would cherish it; but it supplies first-hand testimony on many other events. We can compose from it, for instance, a mosaic of the passive resistance when "the Lombardo-

Venetian provinces, with Milan at their head, set for ten years the example of a country which, in the name of its own nationality, lives completely apart from the strangers who govern it; which refuses to have relations with that government, and treats its subjugators as a passing horde of occupants. . . . The Five Days were assuredly a splendid page in Milanese history; but whoever studies the facts of our national resurrection will conclude that in her decade of resistance Milan wrote still more glorious pages of her history. Because it is easier to become a hero in one day of battle than to keep the courage high and undaunted during a ten years' imprisonment."

Not less interesting are Visconti Venosta's pictures of the Milanese society in which he grew up. From him you learn how the aristocrats of the Old Régime lived; what a fund of sterling qualities still animated the best members of a class which outsiders dismissed as effete; how strong was family devotion; how accessible to new ideals — above all, to the ideal of patriotism — were men, women, and youths who, if they had heeded only their interests and their ease, would have chosen the lotus-eating life with which the Austrians tempted them. American parents, who have so nearly surrendered the training of their children to the children themselves, will be astonished at the unremitted care which Don Giovanni's father and mother bestowed on training him and his brothers, and at the fact that this solicitude, instead of dulling the boys' affection, stimulated it.

No doubt, all Lombard nobles did not match in intelligence or in regard for duty the Visconti Venostas and

their associates; classes are more often solidaire in their vices than in their virtues: but the existence of a considerable number of such persons among that aristocracy explains why the struggle for independence was in Lombardy so conspicuously an upper-class movement.

But on Don Giovanni's canvas, as I hinted above, every class figures. The common purpose made high and low kin. And in Italy, more than elsewhere in Europe, the aristocracy had had, ever since the Renaissance, the habit of mixing cordially with artists and men of talent, no matter from what social stratum these arose.

Finally, Don Giovanni himself, irrespective of the vital issues which he saw unfold and of which he was a part, is a person worth knowing. You cannot read far in his memoirs without feeling the attraction of his lovable nature, of his dignity blended with simplicity, of his wholesome mind and charitable heart. Though he risked his life for his ideal, yet he had neither the doctrinaire's rasping iteration nor the fanatic's dehumanizing zeal. In a time of revolution, he could be the personal friend of the leaders of antagonistic parties, without masking his own beliefs or doing injustice to theirs, and without incurring the least suspicion of insincerity. Nobody ever questioned his honor; fairness is stamped on every page of his book. He is, in truth, what the Italians call *simpatico;* which means more than our English "sympathetic," and implies not wit alone, nor virtue alone, nor even beauty, but charm, without which wit and virtue and beauty never quite captivate us.

William Roscoe Thayer.

LETTER OF THE AUTHOR

To my nephews Carlo, Enrico, Giovanni

TIRANO, August, 1900.

IN reading books of history I have many times had the curiosity to know what was said and done, during the chief events, by all that part of the public that has not the honor of being recorded in books.

Moreover, in reading books of the history of our country, and more especially of the Valtellina, I have had another interest, quite a domestic one. Knowing the part taken by some members of our family in the events of their native valley, I have had the curiosity to know what had been their intentions, what was the state of their minds, what were their habits and thoughts, and through what vicissitudes they had passed.

When such thoughts came to me, if I happened to be at Tirano, I passed hours in the library that you know, turning over the leaves of old records. At times I have been able to live in the midst of our progenitors, as I read bundles of their letters or some of their other writings; and have succeeded in knowing what they had thought, and what they had done, during certain tempestuous times.

If you have inherited my curiosity, you will be curious to know what things your father and your uncles thought and did in the years that will ever be famous in Italian history, the years between 1848 and the proclamation of the New Kingdom of Italy.

I have, therefore, thought of recalling to mind the

events of my youth, and of relating them, sorry only that I did not think sooner of keeping notes, day by day. It is not a complete story of those times that I will write; many stories have been already written, and others will be written, and you will not be able to read them all. I will content myself to lay before you the events in the midst of which I was, in which I took some part. I will relate what I have seen, and what I have heard said, and the impressions that have remained with me. I will conduct you in the midst of some great, and of many little, deeds. I will make you know some of the persons I then knew, people of importance and people of no importance, some relatives and some friends. In a word, I will seek to give you an idea of the environment in which I lived in those times.

I have thought, also, of taking you with me, and of giving you a brief glance at the years that preceded 1848, the years of my boyhood; to tell you something of my father and mother, of my grandfather and grandmother, taking you into the bosom of our family. There will be a few pages of family history that I will write, above all, for you; and so, if any one besides you shall read this book, he can skip the first chapter.

If, among my readers, some one who was of those times should discover that I had been guilty of a lack of memory (a very possible thing), I hope he will be indulgent, considering that the years of which I write are far away. It would be wonderful, indeed, if my memory were not sometimes at fault.

I believe that in writing these pages I shall not entirely waste my efforts. Perhaps they will interest you,

as they divert me, a little; for it is always a pleasure to recall the days of one's youth, which, as is well said, are usually the most beautiful of life.

In my youth there were days that were truly beautiful, and there were days that were truly great. To be born in a country divided and enslaved, to have in one's heart an ideal of liberty, and to see one's country attain thereunto, is a good fortune that history seldom offers.

And, now, it should be the ideal of the young to make our country great and happy! The task will not be less glorious, for it will not be less great nor less arduous.

YOUR UNCLE GINO.

MEMOIRS OF YOUTH

CHAPTER I

Early years. — My father and mother. — My great-grandfather, and my grandfather. — Movements in Valtellina at the end of the eighteenth century. — The annexation of the Valtellina to Lombardy, decreed by Napoleon. — The Austrian-Russian invasion, brigandage. — The Napoleonic Government. — The question of the restoration of the government of the Canton of the Grisons at the Congress of Vienna. — The Valtellina definitely united to Lombardy in 1815. — Customs at Milan in 1848. — The cholera of 1836 in Lombardy. — The coming into Lombardo-Venetia of the Emperor Ferdinand I. — Diversions and fêtes in Casa Trotti. — The Boselli Institute. — Maestro Pozzi. — My brother Enrico. — My school companions in the Boselli Institute and in the Public Gymnasium. — Director Boselli and an escapade of Emilio. — Death of Boselli. — The lessons given us by our father. — Giuseppe Revere. — Vacations at Tirano. — My relatives in the Valtellina. — The scientific congress of Milan. — The monograph of my father. — La Società d' Incoraggiamento. — Conte Carlo Porro. — Signora Anna Tinelli. — My father has an unfortunate accident. — He takes us from the Boselli Institute. — We go to the Valtellina for our vacation. — My father, taken ill, dies in three days. — We go to the house of my cousin Don Luigi Quadrio. — All the people of Grosio accompany my father's remains to the grave.

IN beginning these pages with an account of the years of my boyhood, let me say, at once, that they were serene and happy years; that when I return to them in thought I am never weary; I find ever living within me the sweetest memories.

There was in my family an atmosphere of affection and of confidence between parents and children which was not common at the time.

Within the domestic walls I heard only virtuous maxims, I saw only good examples, which were made more persuasive and attractive as they were accompanied by an indulgent and serene benevolence.

Certain excellent axioms, that I heard pronounced by relatives and masters, or by the fathers of other children, in the cross and severe tone with which some people believe they make an impression upon the young, seemed to me to be disgusting or tiresome. How different were they from the precepts and counsels of my good parents, whose admonitions, pronounced with much kindness, were reasoned and persuasive!

Later on, when, playing with my companions of the gymnasium, or of the lyceum (all of us more or less scamps), certain severe domestic maxims were spoken of, and were made fun of, my thoughts returned to my own parents, and I felt a curb, or, at the least, a feeling of remorse.

In the last great judgment cannot the lack of education be alleged as an extenuating circumstance!

I see again before my eyes, after so many years, the figures of my father and mother in the flower of their youth, and I seem again to hear their conversations; both the conversations they had with grown-up people and with us boys.

We were three brothers; Emilio, who was three years older than I, and Enrico who was three years younger. A brother older than us all, Nicoletto, had died, as a child, before I was born.

My father was tall and elegant. He was of a distinguished presence, and reserved in manner. On his face a look of melancholy often cast a shadow, as if it were the presage of an immature end. It changed easily, however, into a sweet smile. His soul was just and calm. He had the highest sentiment of justice and equity. His intel-

ligence was strong and serene. He loved to study, and pursued especially economics and juristic and literary studies. He knew mathematics, also, very well.

My mother, Paola Borgazzi, was a beautiful, pleasing, and elegant little lady, and was full of vivacity and spirit. She was profoundly religious; and was austere for herself, but indulgent to others. Among all the saints, she preferred the meek and indulgent to the sad and severe. It was one of her maxims that, when any person had committed a fault, we ought not to flee from him, but to seek him in order to raise up his spirits and to facilitate his redemption. She desired goodness to be attractive; and said that charity was the most beautiful of all the virtues.

With us boys she was most affectionate, as the only method of education she knew was meekness and indulgence.

When we three brothers made too much noise (a thing which often happened), she shut herself up in her room. Upon such occasions my father said that, when we were bad, mamma, instead of punishing us, punished herself. Yet this was a punishment for us, too, because we would then place ourselves before her door, and cry and supplicate until she opened it. Emilio, who was soft-hearted, outstripped us all in crying. With his curly blond hair, that fell upon his shoulders, and with his celestial eyes, he seemed an angel of grief.

Thus, children, you may imagine your father when he was a baby. On occasion, however, he too could be a little devil.

My mother had a prompt and witty spirit, and a

talent of imitation that I have never seen equaled by any other person. Occasionally she undertook to relate a conversation, when she repeated a dialogue, or a discussion, between several persons, imitating their voices and portraying their manners with such keenness of observation that she gave the illusion to us of hearing these persons themselves.

Alongside of these brilliant and pleasing qualities of spirit, there were in my mother many profound and solid virtues, which remained concealed, but which, in the days of sorrow, became the source of her strength.

In our house, I have often heard our old peasants and friends talk of my great-grandfather and of my grandfather, who had left behind them long and grateful memories.

I can see my great-grandfather Francesco's portrait in a salon of our house at Tirano, dressed in a splendid red surcoat, with papers in his hand. These indicate the time of the government of the Canton of the Grisons in Valtellina, when he was grand chancellor of the valley. His fame has endured as that of a man of great rectitude and authority.

Of my grandfather, Nicola, the memories, naturally, are more recent. They are of a personage who played an important part in Valtellina during the tempestuous events of the French Revolution.

My grandfather had studied in Rome, in a Jesuit college, and had remained there several years, returning to his family for his yearly vacation. The journey from Valtellina to Rome in those days, that is before 1770, was not a slight affair. One traveled along the Valtel-

lina on horseback, and then through the Lake of Como in a boat. At Milan a driver was obtained at the hotel of the Three Kings, who, with a carriage and four horses, conducted the traveler to Rome, in a journey of about two weeks.

My grandfather, during the years he spent in college, was greatly courted, and urged to enter the Company of Jesus. He was told that he would attain unto high rank. At the beginning it appeared that he was not averse to this course, flattered as he was by his superiors, who appreciated his strong intelligence.

He was a great lover of the classics and of archæological studies, which made his sojourn at Rome seductive. But his parents, of whom he was the only son, showed themselves strongly adverse to this juvenile idea; and perhaps he set it aside himself. To put an end to any uncertainty came the bull of Clement XIV, which suppressed the Company of Jesus.

So he left Rome and returned to his family. The fathers of the college, scattered over Europe with other Jesuits, continued for some time to correspond with him. Several spoke of the firm faith they had that the Company (some of them called it the Mother) would surely rise again, and referred to pledges they had received from different personages and governments.

It seems that my grandfather did not believe very much in such a resurrection; anyway, he abandoned the thought of returning to Rome.

After ten years or so, the correspondence languished; then my grandfather (in 1783) married, at Milan, Donna Francesca, daughter of Conte Fabio Castiglioni, who

died while she was yet young. Some of the fathers who had survived lamented the marriage of my grandfather; but not so a certain Father Mezzi, of Bergamo, who wrote him a joking letter, which finished with telling him: "If the vocation has not come to you, you must recompense the Company by bringing into the world many little Jesuits, who will be fathers in the future."

The recommendation of Father Mezzi was not followed. My grandfather, as soon as he had returned home, took up his historical studies, making profound researches in the Valtellina and in the Valle Venosta in trace of a family-tree, which he documented. He gathered together innumerable papers and parchments, which we keep, illustrating with investigations, never before made, many points of the Valtellinese history, especially regarding the twelfth and fourteenth centuries.

Afterward, from 1786 to 1815, he turned all his activity to the political events of which our native valley was the theater.

The conspiracy against the government of the Grisons,[1] the French invasion,[2] the annexation of the Valtellina to Lombardy, the Austro-Russian reaction, the Italian Kingdom, the Restoration by the treaties of 1815 (events of great consequence, in the Valtellina), brought him into active service in behalf of his country.[3]

After these events, of which I will give you a summary in the notes I will add to my memoirs, my grandfather retired from public office. Later on he was elected by the communes Deputato Nobile to the Congregazione Centrale in Milan.

Perusing the papers and the documents of this epoch, which show the energy and the integrity of his character and his great culture, it is to be deplored that events did not lead my grandfather to display his many talents in a wider field.

He established himself in Milan in 1823, when his son was married: he died in 1828.

My thought goes back to the days of my infancy, to the impressions which remain, in the midst of vague memories, of the difference in the customs and life of those times from what they are now. The greatest line of demarcation between those days and our own was the year 1848.

From that year everything has rapidly changed, in domestic habits, in civic life, in usages, in thought, as if a century had passed, and not a brief period of time. Thinking of these former years, things appear to have belonged to a different world, a world more simple, more respectful; and as tranquil as a pond. We boys, as I have said, were educated with great gentleness; but in the families of other children there was more severity; there was very little reasoning, but much obeying. One never heard in a family that "such a thing will, or will not, be done because our son, or even our baby, wishes or does not wish to do so." Such an utterance would have made people laugh as being incredibly odd. Toys and diversions were few and simple. In the noble families dinner was between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, and, after dinner, one drove to the Corso, or to that part of it which lay between the Porta Orientale (now Porta Venezia), and the neighboring ramparts,

directed by a mounted police officer followed by two hussars. A lady never went out in a carriage with one horse, and never went afoot unless she was followed by a domestic in livery.

There were no public carriages as there are to-day: there were some fiacres, with two horses, in some squares of the city; but they were used generally by foreigners. The so-called broughams did not appear until after 1850, and omnibuses much later.

The first lady in Milan who had an elegant Parisian brougham, with one horse, was the Marchesa Ippolita d' Adda Salvaterra Pallavicino. Of this there was much talk at the time.

To the villas in the country, one went with his own horses, for there were no railroads, except the short line of twelve kilometers, between Milan and Monza, opened in 1842. We went to our houses in the Valtellina, distant from one hundred and sixty to one hundred and seventy kilometers, with our carriage and horses, taking three days for the journey. The lighting of the streets of Milan by gas did not begin until 1845.

Occasionally our fathers and mothers took us to the Theater alla Scala, where, it was said, there were two great masters and singers: but that which interested me above all was the comic ballet, which closed the spectacle, after the grand ballet.[4]

Sometimes, also, our father took us to hear Modena, and said to us: "When you will have grown up, it will give you pleasure to remember this actor."

One of the impressions which remained most vivid for years was the terror that the first invasion of cholera

brought to all. My father retained his ordinary calmness, but my mother was terrified, and wanted to leave town. We went to Turin, but, before crossing the Ticino, we had to pass a quarantine of several days in a villa which Conte Francesco Annoni, a friend and relative of my father, placed at our disposal. Certain prints of the time represented the cholera in the form of a devil, uglier even than usual, who ran through the country sprinkling poison. For me, therefore, the cholera was a devil; and I always took care, in going about, to shun him if he should appear.

After the cholera, there was, in 1838, the solemn entry of Ferdinand I, the new Emperor of Austria, who had succeeded his father. Even I was taken to a little terrace on the Corso di Porta Orientale to see the pompous parade of richly dressed cavaliers, of heralds, and of gilded coaches. When the carriage, all gold and crystal, arrived, in which the Emperor and Empress were seated, several persons along the street began to applaud and to wave their handkerchiefs. I looked intently, and I must say that, at the moment, I should also have taken my handkerchief from my pocket were it not that I suddenly found myself taken by the arm by a youth much taller than I, who said to me brusquely: "Be careful not to applaud when the Emperor passes below."

I looked at the youth, stupefied; and, without understanding anything, abstained from applauding. After a little I asked my mother for an explanation. She replied that the young man was right, but that there were certain things I would understand later on. This was a

reply I often heard, so I did not ask anything further. The young man was called Guido Susani, whom I saw many years after, and with whom I formed a friendship that was often obscured by clouds and tempests, because of the arrogance (under the auspices of which I had made his acquaintance) which possessed him always, whether he was right or whether he was wrong.

But as children often ruminate in regard to things heard but not understood, above all when they are told that they will understand by and by, so did I ruminate in regard to the words of Susani. Little by little, catching on the wing, here and there, a word, and hearing my mother tell the pitiful story of Teresa Confalonieri, and my father that of Silvio Pellico, I learned that the Austrians were detestable. To our house neither officers nor high functionaries ever came.

I must tell you, also, that the word "diplomat" had taken the fancy of my brother Emilio, since I remember that, when they asked him (as they do children), "What are you going to be when you shall be big?" he answered, "I wish to be a diplomat!" — whereupon they laughed. Once, however, when he was a big boy, my father said to him: "So be it, then, if you say this with the idea of studying seriously; but remember that in our country there is a government that we ought not to serve."

The year after the coming of the Emperor, I was sent to school to begin with the elementary class, but an unfortunate happening, that might have proved fatal, made me interrupt my lessons for some time. One day I was overcome with curiosity to know what there was in

a clothes-press, in a sewing-room, that I had always seen closed. I opened it, and in the midst of many bottles I found one on which was written "Old Malaga." I took a swallow, felt as if I had a flame in my mouth, and fell to the floor. It was sulphuric acid.

I was in great danger and suffering for several days. I got well slowly; but felt some bad effects for a while.

My brother Emilio, who had gone to school for three years, had his especial friends, of whom the three most intimate were the sons of the Marchese Antonio Trotti, Lodovico and Lorenzo (who died young), and Saule Mantegazza. These friendships were naturally accompanied by those of their respective parents. To Casa Trotti, other boys went also; and, at the time of the carnival, there were lessons in dancing, pleasant little festivals in costume and recitations. It was a great diversion, and my parents went and took me with them. One evening Emilio came to grief, and I, too, later on. Emilio danced with a little d' Azeglio girl, dressed *alla Bernese*, with a great cap. Knocked into while dancing, they both fell; and though they tried to rise, they could not because of the big cap of the little girl and of the tight suit of mail that Emilio wore. They rolled under a table, and it took some time to rescue them.

Emilio, from that day, did not wish to dance any more.

My misfortune happened several evenings after. My mother had arranged with the Marchesa Fanny d' Adda De Capitanei that I should dance a quadrille with her little girl, Lauretta. The quadrille went off disastrously; I did not even know where my partner had gone to finish

it. For some time after this evening, I kept blaming the little girl, while she continued to be vexed with me. Who would have said, then, that this little girl would one day become my wife? And yet our first acquaintance is dated from that evening. We commenced with a disagreement, which was to be the first and the last.

From infancy we three brothers were thin, nervous, and vivacious. Our father, therefore, did not wish to send us to school, nor to have us taught the alphabet, until after we were seven years of age. So, until that age, we did nothing but walk and jump and play, accompanied by our father, who was always with us, and who took occasion to interest us in everything we saw.

At that time there were no schools of gymnastics, and our house had no garden: therefore our father rented one. He took us to it every day to frolic, while he stationed himself under a tree with a book.

The elementary public schools were few and poor. In the gymnasiums and lyceums there were some able, even celebrated, professors, but there was little study, and that often superficial. At Milan there were several private institutes of instruction, of which the Boselli and the Racheli were the two most important. They received the children of many of the best families.

We were sent to the Boselli Institute, where there were some excellent professors, among whom was Achille Mauri, a man of letters, who later on, in the Piedmont Parliament, in the Italian Senate, and in the Ministry of Public Instruction, left an honored name.

In the Boselli Institute the first elementary class was taught by a Maestro Pozzi, a man of great talent, who,

after having been professor of mathematics in a lyceum, had decided to dedicate himself to the instruction of children in order to make experiment of some of his methods, which would help them to learn rapidly reading, writing, a little mathematics, and some other things.

The methods of Maestro Pozzi were most ingenious, and consisted in a continued series of games, during which we learned without fatigue. Of his system some things have remained and are in use, without any one remembering who first introduced them. From among his scholars Pozzi selected certain ones, and taught them, in the midst of their games, things which amazed their parents when he presented his pupils at the examinations, like so many little trained dogs.

But there were not only games, there was seriousness, too, in the teaching of Pozzi, so that his instruction became easy, attractive, and rapid, without fatiguing the minds of his pupils, and without raising the precocious repugnance which many teachers of the old method inspired.

Maestro Pozzi left the school a few years after, and died young. Among his last scholars was my brother Enrico, to whom he manifested an affectionate care and patience which I shall never forget.

My brother Enrico, because of a cerebral illness that he had had as a child, was scarcely able to speak a word until after he had attained his eighth year. It was feared that he was a mute, but he was not deaf, and he gave signs of an awakened intellect. My father had an understanding with Pozzi, who, little by little, in a couple of years succeeded in untying Enrico's tongue and

in making him speak. This he did by means of a succession of ingenious and admirable experiments. My brother Enrico became a man of a clever and acute mind. He had a good and joyous disposition, a prompt and ready spirit. Animated by a great love for his brothers, his thoughts were always turned to them, with an affection that was almost filial.

As long as he lived, his ways and mine were alike; we were always together, in the house and out of doors, in company and in amusements. His open and loyal character and the great goodness of his soul made him dear to many who knew him and who sought his friendship. He died at forty-six years of age, in 1881, and his loss, which I mourn every day, left me as if I had been deprived of a part of myself.

Maestro Pozzi had for his assistant a divinity student who seemed to be started on the road to the priesthood, but he soon abandoned the clerical collar and the instruction of the alphabet. Later on, when I was at the university, I found him again. He was called the Avvocato Antonio Mosca, and was my professor of law. After 1859 he became a deputy, and was an ornament of the Lombard bar.

The director, Antonio Boselli, secured a great reputation for his Institute, because he surrounded himself with the best professors. What was his own worth, I do not know; but he did not impress his pupils as sympathetically as his masters and professors did. We were afraid of him, as he was hard and severe, and distributed, with much readiness, injuries and blows, — especially to those who boarded with him.

The earliest knowledge I had of this I acquired from some fellow-pupils of the first gymnasium class. Three of us sat upon a bench; I was in the middle. From the first I was on terms of friendship with my two companions; their confidences began during the time we ate the two little rolls, which were given us in the half-hour of our recreation. Two little rolls! The scholastic rules of that day did not permit of anything more. The concession of something in addition was not an easy matter. My companion on the left was a lean, pale, timid youth, who had two big swollen hands, red with chilblains. He was a boarder, and he told me that Boselli made the boarders rise before school with the light in winter, and put them to study in cold little rooms, distributing the choicest cuffs without economy. And he told me that when the boarders were restless, Boselli said they were morbid, and dosed them with purges.

I knew nothing of purges, but of blows I received several, as also my poor companion. Poor fellow! he had a timid and melancholy air. But he was not thus by nature, since, later on, when I became a friend of his family, and we were in the midst of his brothers, he was lively and happy enough. Yet at this time I had for him so much compassion! Only it seemed to me that a lad so lean and so timid had too solemn and great a name. He was called Malachia De Cristoforis.

My other companion was very different; he was twelve years old, and was strong-limbed and restless, and gave utterance to some blasphemy, especially against Latin. His father had placed him in the Pensione Boselli for

some months only, that is, while he was absent with a part of his family, in Spain. Therefore my companion said: "If, in the mean time, Boselli should administer a blow to me, I would make a *conspiración* in college, and afterwards a *pronunciamiento;* and a *revolución* would follow, as is the way in Spain."

"Are you a Spaniard?" I asked.

"No, I am of Val Seriana, but my father is an honorary citizen of Saragossa, where he is called 'the king of the *do* of the chest.' "

I understood nothing. But my friend told me that his father, in three places in Spain where he had passed three seasons, had been received like a king; that at Toledo the students detached the horses and drew his carriage; that at Valladolid they illuminated the city for him; that when it was his soirée, invitations showered, as also poetry, and presents; and that canary birds were let loose in the theater. My friend never ceased telling us marvelous things while we were nibbling our two little rolls. My other companion and I heard him, full of wonder and almost of envy, as he appeared to be really the son of a king.

Two months afterwards there came to take him away a fine-looking man, without a beard, who sang (but not the *do* of the chest), while Signor Boselli showed him the Institute. He was the citizen of Saragossa, who came to take his son to Spain. We parted with our friend affectionately, making a thousand projects for the following year. But my friend returned no more, and I knew no more of him.

We went, at the end of every month, to the gymna-

sium of S. Alessandro (now Beccaria), to take a short examination, called *esperimento*, in some of our studies, together with the pupils of the public gymnasiums. We found ourselves often alongside of the same scholars, who were artful and insolent, above all, with us of the private schools. Several asked why I had red hair, and they uttered popular proverbs not very flattering. For a while I made believe I did not mind; afterwards I caught hold of one of them and gave him a drubbing. They said to me in the Milanese dialect: "Look at the girl with the red hair."

Among these scholars I noted two especially who were prominent because of their brusque ways and harsh faces. One I learned, afterwards, was the son of a commissary of police; the other, who was the more haughty of the two, perplexed us for a while. Some one said he must be the son of a general, because once his father came, with a feather in his hat, to take him away.

One day, on going out of school we asked him: "What are you? Who is your father?" "My father," he replied in a proud tone, "is the Municipal Commissary of Health."

But as we looked as if we did not understand, the boy replied, with an air of importance and of compassion for our ignorance, "My father is the head over all who catch dogs."

I still remember an escapade of my brother Emilio in the Boselli school. I know not for what reason his whole class was punished one day and deprived of recreation. What then did the scholars do? There was on a stove, that was made like a column, a bust, in plaster, of the

Emperor of Austria, and the scholars, profiting by a momentary absence of the professor, put a cord about the neck of the bust and threw it to the floor, breaking the unfortunate Emperor into fragments.[5]

Great heavens! the gravest suspicion fell upon Emilio as the inspirer and principal executor of the crime. Boselli, according to the tale, gave him a terrible scolding. My brother thereupon put his books under his arm and went home. The day after, my father arranged the matter as best he could.

Boselli, when he scolded us, was accustomed to deduce from our escapades the direst consequences: "You commence with disobedience, but you will end on the gallows."

Many years afterwards, in 1853, came the trials at Mantua; and the gallows was indeed raised. My brother ran a great danger. "It is Boselli who divined it," said Emilio to me one day. His prophecy lacked but little of fulfillment.

But the old pupils of Signor Boselli ought to forgive his scoldings, and blows, and purges, as well as his prognostications since, when the Five Days came, he was among the first to run to the Broletto (one of the points of rendezvous of the insurrection), and there he was killed.

I ought to say also that the best of my masters was my father. He made us repeat our lessons after school, and with great tenderness and clearness gave us more instruction than we had received, and sometimes explained things we had not understood.

With my brother Emilio, who was older than I, as I

have said, and who was gifted with a precocious talent and with a strong desire to study, the parental lessons were long, and were often followed by instructive discourses during our promenades. Oftentimes the poet Giuseppe Revere accompanied us. I remember that some of his lovely sonnets were written in our house.

One of the ways of education my father had was to be with his sons as much as possible. He exacted from us an illimitable confidence, exchanging much, therefore, and considered us as persons a little older than we were. Thus he inspired us with sentiments of responsibility and of duty. We were treated as little men, which flattered us, and made us endeavor to keep on a high level.

In Valtellina, where we passed our vacations, my father sometimes interrupted my amusements by intrusting to me some rural commission, in which I might show attention and assiduity. I cannot tell you how proud I was and with what delight I applied myself. This he did especially in the time of the vintage. He was a good agriculturist and vine-grower, and directed his vintage with diligence. He introduced new methods, and took Emilio and me with him as his adjutants.

My father loved our peasants, and was greatly beloved by them in return. He willingly conversed about, and occupied himself with, their affairs. His office was always frequented by those who came to ask his aid and advice. Especially attached to him was the whole population of Grosio, with which our family had had, for several centuries, traditional ties of interest and affection.

These sentiments were kindled afresh by the memories of my ancestor Don Nicola, who never, in the

midst of the most important occupations of his laborious life, forgot his Grosini, and was, on all occasions, their defender and their counselor, in both their private and public affairs.

There were at this time in Tirano several good and distinguished families, now partly scattered. We had relatives among these, as my father had three sisters married in Valtellina, in the Cattani, Quadrio, and Merizzi families. Among our relatives I desire to record especially two who have left in my mind dear and indelible memories. These were a kinsman of my father, Don Antonio Merizzi, and a cousin-german, Don Luigi Quadrio, the parish priest of the little district of Bianzone.

Don Luigi Quadrio was severe in conduct and dignified in person. He had talent, culture, and large and liberal ideas, as had many of the Lombard clergy at this time. Modest, and an enemy to all worldly renown, he did not desire cures that would have conducted him to the episcopate. He passed the greater part of his life in the districts of Bianzone and of Mazzo in Valtellina, beloved by the people, revered by the clergy, and devoted to his studies and to an intelligent and watchful care of his little parish. He spent all that he had in good works. Between him and my father there was great unity of sentiment and of thought, and a feeling of affection that was almost fraternal; which last the good priest continued to show us as long as he lived.

After 1840, a first and light breeze of national awakening commenced to blow in Italy with the scientific congresses, which had been revived in certain cities.

My Father's Monograph

There was a design to give the congress that was to be held in Milan in 1844 an especial importance; therefore, the preparations were commenced the year before. The most notable and cultured persons in Milan took part therein. Essays on civic and patriotic matters were prepared. An awakening of patriotic understanding and of vague aspiration began to take place.

Cattaneo, who was preparing his book on the "Condizioni morali e civili della Lombardia," turned to several students for statistical and ethical notes regarding the different Lombard provinces. He requested my father to prepare those on the province of Sondrio.

My father took up the work, and made a complete monograph on the Valtellina, which because of its importance was not incorporated in Cattaneo's book, but was published in its entirety in the "Annali di Statistica." Presented to the congress, it was greatly praised. It placed in view my father, who ordinarily lived retired, and gave him much notoriety. It was at this time that he entered into intimate relationship with that group of students (among whom was Cesare Correnti), which a little while after became one of the most important nuclei of action and of political strife.

My father was an assiduous frequenter of the "Società d' Incoraggiamento delle Scienze, Lettere ed Arti," which had a fine library, and was a place of reunion of students, but which, because of the times, was restricted to being little more than a reading-room. At the congress there was an endeavor to raise it up, and to make it a center of activity and of fecund study. A commission was nominated, charged with extending its

programme. My father was made the president, and read a report on the subject. I was then only a big boy, and cannot say what were the intentions of my father and of the commission. I remember only that he warmly debated the question with Correnti and Revere and with Conte Carlo Porro, in a place where Porro was engaged in laying the foundation of his growing museum of natural history. There were several present whom I did not know. My father, who had us always with him, took Emilio and me. Many times I heard mention made of the Società Palatina, as an honor to Milan in the past and as an augury of hope for the future.

Conte Porro was to die suddenly after the Five Days, as we shall see, killed by a soldier while he was being taken away as a prisoner and hostage. My father was to die very soon.

My father was among the frequenters of the house of Donna Anna Tinelli, a lady known for her artistic talent and her beautiful miniatures. In her salon a little political world, compatible with the times, congregated. It was the remnant of the people who had been implicated in the movement of 1831. Her husband had been prosecuted, condemned in contumacy, and had fled to America. Donna Anna herself was examined by Zaiotti, and was freed only by her firmness and promptness of spirit. During the process Paride Zaiotti would interrupt himself, and then take up the thread of his examination in order to confuse the accused. Once having received a letter, he interrupted himself and laughed, saying: "Behold one who writes me: Al Signor Adone Zaiotti; does it appear to you that I am an Adonis?" Donna

Anna promptly replied: "You are not an Adonis, neither are you a Paris!" Zaiotti resumed his brusque manner.

Donna Anna was also visited often by Arese, Belcredi, Marchese Gaspare Rosales, my parents and those of my wife, and by many other persons belonging to the Liberal, and anti-Austrian, party.

On the first day of September, 1846, the schools, which continued through the month of August, having finished, we left for Tirano.

The vacation of that year began under auspices which appeared to be happier than usual. My father had commenced a paper on religious and secular beneficence, and had corrected the proofs of a second and larger edition of his book on the Valtellina. These occupations, his new friendships, and the opening of a new field of intellectual activity were causes of a keen satisfaction to him. They distracted him from a melancholy preoccupation that had disturbed him for some time, in consequence of an unfortunate accident.

In returning from the Valtellina one night, the diligence in which he was was thrown from a high bank, between Sondrio and Morbegno. A man named Scala, of Grosotto, who was in the diligence, was killed. My father, in consequence of the shock, had little by little lost the use of one eye, until it had become entirely obscured. This had made him pensive, and was the cause of dubious and gloomy presentiments.

The unforeseen change of his customary habits had come opportunely to turn him aside from his annoying thoughts. It restored to him the calmness of his spirit and the activity of his mind.

My mother, who adored him, rejoiced, and was in a higher vein of vivacity than usual.

I, too, had a secret joy that made me appear the happiest of all. My father, for I do not know what cause of dislike to Director Boselli, had determined to have us pursue our studies at home when the schools should reopen. In the mean while we made a programme of excursions and of drives, which we began with a journey to Poschiavo. We went to Poschiavo on horseback or in wagons by a road that was scarcely fit for carriages. The company could not have been gayer. My mother I remember was on that day (it was for the last time of her life) in the most joyful of spirits.

In returning, toward evening, we were overtaken by a tempest and a heavy shower. For a considerable distance we did not know where we could find shelter from an icy wind that blew from the gorges of the Bernina.

In the night my father was miserable. He soon developed a violent illness, and after three days expired, on the 24th of September, 1846.

Conscious unto the end, he desired to see every one who called, recommending his sons to many. To me he said: "Be of assistance in everything to your mother, and follow her counsels always . . . so will you find contentment all your life."

The memories of my father and the counsels of my mother became the good fortune of my existence.

My mother fell to the floor in a swoon, and was delirious for several days. My brothers and I were taken that evening to the house of our uncle, Merizzi. The day after, our cousin, Don Luigi Quadrio, came to take us to

his house in his parish of Bianzone; whither my mother was afterwards conducted.

As soon as the death of my father was known at Grosio, the whole population descended to Tirano (distant twelve kilometers), in order to accompany the remains to the place where so many of our family repose.

My father had scarcely counted forty-eight years. He had the misfortune to pass the greater part of his life in that stagnant pool in which Italy lay between 1815 and 1848. His mind, his studies, and the reputation he had acquired would certainly have given him an important part in the great events which followed his death; but an untoward mishap took him prematurely from the hopes of the country and from the affection of all who knew him. Of these sentiments Cesare Correnti became the interpreter in a *Commemorazione* which he read at a meeting of the Società d' Incoraggiamento. It was one of his most inspired and graceful writings.

CHAPTER II

(1847)

Return to Milan. — My brothers and I continue our studies at home. — Friendship of Cesare Correnti. — First patriotic authors. — The rendezvous in Correnti's house. — The Funeral of Federico Confalonieri. — A famine in Lombardy, and a collection in Milan with political intent. — The death of Archbishop Gaisruck, and the election of Romilli. — Amnesty granted by Pius IX, and the first demonstrations. — Demonstration in honor of the new Archbishop. — First uprisings and the first bloodshed. — The autumn of 1847 in Lombardy. — Hymns to Pius IX. — Friends at Tirano; Giacomo Merizzi. — Reunions in Casa Correnti. — The "Nipote del Vesta Verde." — Demonstrations and public agitation. — The demonstration of non-smoking. — The Austrian Government augments its garrisons. — Metternich sends Ficquelmont, then Hübner, to Milan on political missions. — The remonstrance of Counsellor Nazari, of Bergamo.

THE death of my father changed entirely the aspect of our house. We had left for the country, all joyous and happy, and now we returned to the city with hearts and minds full of grief and anguish. My mother, crushed by an inappeasable sorrow, which brought upon her, from time to time, acute spasmodic nervous crises, shut herself up within her house, and withdrew from all her acquaintances. She saw no one but her brothers and sisters, an occasional relative, or some old friend. Thus she continued as long as she lived. Her life was broken, and her joyous nature disappeared. Seldom did any one see upon her lips the lovely smile of the times that had passed away. The world was finished for her. She had no other care but her sons; and, upheld by an ardent faith, yet one that was indulgent and kind, she had no other hope than that of seeing her husband again in a life without end.

We took up our studies with professors who gave us lessons in the house; and Emilio, so as not to detach himself from the family in these gloomy days, began his university course of the study of law at home. Our father, when he died, had made known to Cesare Correnti that he confided to him the direction of the literary studies of his sons. So we began to go to the house of Correnti; and soon we became intimate with him.

This direction of studies was not very efficacious. Our minds were distracted and preoccupied, and our spirits had begun to be stirred by the breath of those vague aspirations and enthusiasms which were the prelude to the Quarantotto.* But if in Correnti I did not find a director of my studies, I received in his house my first patriotic instruction.

Many students and young men came to Casa Correnti in whom the sentiment of patriotism, learned from the example of the martyrs of 1821 and 1831 and from the writings of the universities, had begun to manifest a new activity.

I heard them talk of d'Azeglio, Guerrazzi, Giusti, Gioberti, Pellico, Berchet, Balbo, and Mazzini; and I hastened to procure the books of these authors. I read and re-read them, warming myself more and more at this new fire of patriotic idealism.

The author whom I preferred above all was Berchet. I knew his poetry by heart. I recited and declaimed it in my room, I repeated it to my companions; and we became really intoxicated by it. The young men were set on fire by these verses. Into their souls descended

* Forty-eight.

a greater love for Italy and hatred of foreign rule. In repeating them we obtained a foretaste of the pleasure of self-sacrifice for our country. This sentiment remained until the day when we were actually called upon to lay down our lives. Few poets have had the glory of having so profoundly moved the hearts of their readers and of having had so great a patriotic influence upon their lives.

Nor was the influence of the writings of Giuseppe Mazzini small. Though they were less universally accepted, they were more often discussed. The Mazzinian ideas were received with enthusiasm chiefly by the students in the universities. They had many adherents in the house of Correnti. His assiduous frequenters passed stealthily and mysteriously, from time to time, one to another, some leaves of manuscript or of printed matter, which, if I am not mistaken, were writings of Mazzini. I did not yet know his chief works, but I had for him a vague admiration which was the reflex of what was manifested in the broken and mysterious words of those who were older than I.

There had been published, at this time or a little before, an edition of the writings of Mazzini in three volumes: "Scritti Letterari di un Italiano vivente." This edition, from what I learned from Correnti and his friends, was published in secret.

It was said, too, that there was a preface of Correnti to some verses of Giusti, which was passed about for some time in manuscript.

All sorts and conditions of men were among the intimate friends of Correnti. There were priests, as Lega,

Mongeri, and Vignati; young patricians, as Porro, Cesare Giulini, Guerrieri, Giovanni and Carlo d'Adda, and Giulio Carcano; then there were artists, engineers, physicians, and other professional people; and lastly there were some boon companions of the university, men full of good will, who came to take orders and to load themselves with patriotic contraband books, journals, and even guns.

It was this variety of acquaintance that made it possible for Correnti to exercise, in those troublous times, a large and strong influence. His culture, his quickness of spirit, and the imagination that enabled him to find for every one the most pleasing language, gave him great prestige and authority. And he used it to animate all with a love for Italy, and to induce them to be ready for any act by which their country might be liberated from foreign rule. His many friendships made possible the influence he had in maintaining, in the diversity of opinion, a concord for a great common aim. Yet in himself the currents of ideas were diverse, and often contradictory; for his was one of those large, critical minds that, in every case, sees all sides and knows not how to apply itself firmly to one. In his daily life he was subject to unforeseen and rapid changes, as he passed from activity to inertia and from enthusiasm to distrust.

The most glorious days of his life were those that preceded the Quarantotto. At that time he had a clear intuition of the first and immediate end to which the aspiration and work of all should be directed. This was a revolution for independence, with Piedmont and the House of Savoy.

With this programme he conspired, uniting his young Mazzinian and monarchical friends of the patriciate. In Milan there were several other groups of patriots, but most of them, either directly or indirectly, made him their head. From him went the counsels, instructions, and commands unto the great day of the revolution. The revolution was made by all the citizens; but, if it had no general head, one can say that, in its preparation, there was a chief-of-staff, and that that chief was Cesare Correnti.

The election of Pius IX, which took place in the summer of the preceding year, and the first acts of the new pontificate enkindled a new sentiment in the most tranquil and ignorant persons, as well as in the most, and the least, religious. This was a sentiment of mystic patriotism and of vague ideality: it fascinated all.

My brother Emilio and I went to the house of Correnti in the evening several times a week. There was a continual going and coming of people. Conversation was now animated, and, again, it was carried on in a low tone of voice. It had all the appearance of a conspiracy. I was young, and did not understand everything, but I kept quiet and absorbed every word with religious attention. My mind and spirit became furnished with the ideas and sentiments which formed within me the patriotic ideality that has animated me all my life.

The stagnant waters of Milanese life arose and became more and more agitated every day. The year 1846 finished with a demonstration on the occasion of the funeral of Conte Federico Confalonieri. He died in December at Hospenthal, while he was returning to

Italy. The police desired the funeral to be modest, and that on the door of the church there should be posted only the words: "A Federico Confalonieri requiem." But an extraordinary crowd of citizens filled the church and the Piazza di S. Fedele at the time of the service. In this crowd the most select people of the city were to be found. They had come to render homage to the illustrious martyr. Against Confalonieri tales were told, alleging that he was partly responsible for the death of Prina. Libels, too, were scattered about, which afterwards it was learned were the work of the Austrian police. To give rise to suspicion and to diminish the prestige of the men who had upheld the ideals of Italian patriotism was a business against which public sentiment had begun vigorously to protest. From henceforth these police tales were treated with contempt.

In the beginning of this year there had been some tumults of the peasants in the districts that had been afflicted by the inundations and the consequent famine. The proprietors, therefore, inaugurated many good works with the double aim of fraternity and of patriotism. In Milan, also, bread had become dear as work had diminished. In the operative class there was much poverty and want. So there was formed a committee of ladies of the patriciate and of the upper middle class, which planned to make a collection and to carry succor to the families of the people. This committee assembled in the house of Conte Vitaliano Borromeo, and was presided over by the Contessa Maria Borromeo d'Adda.

The ladies went on a mission to all the houses where there were poor families and visited their habitations.

Thus a work of fraternity was done, and the ties of affection between the various social classes were drawn tighter. The incidents of their visits were the subject-matter of all conversation in these days.

The combined work of patriotism and of charity made a great noise. Every one understood its intention, which was to create a current of living sympathy between the rich and the poor, and thus to prepare for the great events which we began vaguely to foresee.

In the spring Richard Cobden came to Milan to give some addresses upon free trade. The distinguished part of the citizens received him warmly with dinners and speeches. We had begun to awaken from our long sleep. At the receipt of the news of the amnesty granted by Pope Pius IX, the first demonstration was made in the Theater Canobbiana. It was imposing and clamorous. We sang repeatedly the hymns to the Pontiff that had been sung in Rome.

This was part of the demonstration that was made from one end of Italy to the other. It speedily provoked the first grave measure taken by Austria, the occupation of Ferrara, which threatened the Pope. In the Lombardo-Venetian provinces the Government began to take a suspicious and angry attitude.

But no one, as yet, stepped outside the bounds of legality; and the Austrians sent us always some one who made believe either not to see things or to take them quietly. Among the acts obnoxious to them was the mission of Conte Gabrio Casati, the Podestà, to Turin. He was charged by the Common Council to take an

artistic cup to the wife of Vittorio Emanuele, daughter of the Archduke Raineri, Viceroy of Lombardo-Venetia. This cup had been ordered for her wedding. Carlo Alberto and Vittorio Emanuele received Casati with much distinction. This gave great offense to Conte Buol, the Austrian minister at Turin. A little while after Conte Casati placed the older of his sons in the Turin Military Academy.

But the event that excited most the Austrian Government, and led to the first skirmish, was the nomination of the new archbishop. In November, 1846, Archbishop Gaisruck had died. He was born at Klagenfurt in 1769, and had occupied the see of Milan for twenty-eight years. Gaisruck was frank and gay in manner, and simple and stainless in his life. His intellect was not of a high order, but he had a strong character. His spirit was large and liberal enough, and he was somewhat Giuseppino, that is, he did not love the friars and the monks; so that as long as he lived there were none of them in his diocese. He did not wish to have a clergy not dependent upon himself but upon the generals at Rome. "Cardinal and Archbishop of Milan, I command in my own diocese," he was wont to say.

He knew men and knew very well how to choose them. In his seminaries there were several priests who emerged from the mass by their talent and learning. To him is greatly due the fact that there was formed in Lombardy a cultivated clergy who knew how, later on, to participate in the life of the people and to share in the national aspirations. In the first quarter of the century the diocese of Milan had been weighed down by miser-

able priests, the remnants of convents laicized and of friars unfrocked. These were the priests and friars who were the butts of the wit of Porta; so that it was said that the Milanese clergy had been purged by Carlo Porta and Archbishop Gaisruck. The Archbishop was the only high functionary, in those days, who knew how to insist upon a matter, or to defer it to the central power at Vienna. There was a rumor that he was a son of the Emperor Leopold, and that his authority arose from this fact.

He died while he was going to the Conclave of 1846, whither he was carrying the veto of Austria against the election of Cardinal Mastai Ferretti (afterwards Pius IX) to the Papacy.

After the death of Gaisruck, the times, for various reasons, were less good, and the clergy in the diocese of Milan declined little by little in culture and character, with some notable exceptions be it understood. Gaisruck was an excellent archbishop, but his character and his acts were not appreciated until later on. When he died, public sentiment had begun to turn toward national aspirations. In him the Austrian prelate only was seen, and he was not mourned. All Milan thought of nothing else but of having an Italian archbishop.

Several months, however, passed before this desire was realized, although the municipality and many leading citizens spared no efforts to secure it. The Austrian Government wanted to send one of its prelates, but met with such opposition it could make no headway. Finally Vienna and Rome came together in the nomination of the Bishop of Cremona, Bartolomeo Romilli, of Ber-

gamo. Rome was pleased to have an archbishop who would not follow the ideas of Gaisruck, and Vienna resigned itself to the nomination of an Italian whom it knew to be meek and weak.

But the public did not so reason; because the archbishop-elect was an Italian it went into ecstasies.

After the nomination there began between the Government and the municipality (behind which stood the citizens) minute negotiations regarding the honors that should be rendered to the new archbishop. The municipality desired to conceal, under the honors, a patriotic meaning, and feigned that there was none. The Government feigned not to perceive this intention, and desired that only minor honors should be rendered, pretending that these were more in accord with the customary ceremonials.

With such hidden meanings and intentions it was easy to foresee that the affair would finish badly, as, indeed, it did.

The Archbishop entered Milan the 4th of September, crossing the city from S. Eustorgio to the cathedral with a never-ending pompous procession. Along the way three arches were erected, dedicated to S. Ambrogio, S. Carlo, and S. Galdino (the bishop of the Lombard League) respectively. On them were inscriptions, written by Achille Mauri, which had given cause for long negotiations with the censor's office. San Galdino, above all, met with strong opposition; but, in the end, the Governor, Conte Spaur, and the Director of Police, Baron Torresani, had to swallow even this saint.

In the evening the whole city was illuminated, and

there was a great demonstration to the Archbishop in front of his palace in the Piazza Fontana. The intention of the demonstration was particularly evident at one part of the piazza where a group of young men, among whom was my brother Emilio, had a rendezvous. They cried repeatedly, "Viva Pio Nono," and again "Viva l' Italia"; but outside of some collisions with the police, nothing serious happened.

The population hoped that the illumination would be repeated. The Government did not wish it; the municipality insisted upon it. In the end the illumination was conceded, but with a bad grace that manifested a desire to have done with the matter. The demonstration was more noisy the second evening. Suddenly a column of young men broke into the cathedral square and into the Piazza Fontana, singing the hymns to Pius IX; whereupon Bolza, a ferocious and hated commissary, threw himself upon the crowd at the head of his guards with drawn swords. A crush resulted, in which a citizen, a man named Abate, lost his life. Nine or ten people were wounded.

The die was cast; in this first blood-shedding commenced the open struggle between the Milanese and the Austrian Government. The contest was long and terrible, and much blood was shed before the victory was won.

We were not in town the second evening of the demonstration. After the school examination, which terminated at the end of August, we went immediately to the country. A little while after we had a visit from Cesare Correnti and Romolo Griffini, a young physician and a

friend of ours. They told us all that had happened, and what they had done, and what they wanted to do to enlarge the sphere of patriotic agitation.

We made several trips with them, among which was one to the Stelvio. We stopped in all the districts, big and little, that we traversed; and entered into the cottages and expounded the Italian question to the peasants. We also distributed some medals stamped with the effigy of Pius IX and with the motto "Viva l' Italia." Then, if no one was looking, we wrote with a piece of coal on the walls: "Viva l' Italia, viva Pio Nono," very high up, where the words could not be effaced. Indeed they were not, since I can yet see with pleasure, after so many years, the traces of my calligraphy.

The autumn of 1847 was a happy and festive one in all Lombardy. In every region there was a continual singing of the hymns to Pius IX; everywhere arches to the Pope were raised; and on every wall there were written the words, "Viva Pio IX." There was in us all a great uplifting, a feeling of faith, a stirring of hope, a vague yet sure sentiment of great events to come.

My brothers and I sang lustily the hymns to Pius IX. My brother Emilio and our companions of Tirano, students older than I, had learned them in the schools, and had diffused them among their friends throughout the country.

We sang the hymns, especially in the evening, out of the hearing of the gendarmes. Again I can hear those discordant patriotic songs; again I can hear those enthusiastic friends, vociferating at the top of their voices, as they walked, arm in arm, through the streets.

Among those whom I recall best are the brothers Ulisse and Giovanni Salis, a Zanetti and a Ricetti (the latter a student of medicine whom we shall see later on), the brothers Della Croce (of whom one, Benedetto, became afterwards a colonel of artillery), Carlo Visconti Venosta, a relative of ours, and a young man who had lately returned to his native land, who was noted for his stiff way of walking, his horsehair cravat, and his Italian-Austrian accent.

This youth, of a Tiranese family, was called Giacomo Merizzi. He came from the Teresiano college of Vienna, where he had passed many years. The Austrian Government gratuitously gave places in this college to young men of noble Italian families. Here they learned the language of the empire, the Austrian statutes, and the administrative law. Persuaded that they had made good and faithful functionaries, the Government gave them, when scarcely graduated, excellent offices.

So it had happened to Merizzi, who had received, only the year before, employment in Milan. He had quite the air of an Austrian, but he had come out of the college with his head full of the new social philosophy, and was a revolutionary democrat. It was only in expectation of better things that he shouted with us the hymns to Pius IX.

In 1848, Merizzi left his employment and enlisted in the volunteers. He afterwards returned to Tirano and took up the practice of law. He lived always solitary and retired, and loved to work at night and to sleep during the day. During the ten years of resistance and conspiracies he did not accept the current ideals; perhaps

because his aim was directed elsewhere. He had some admiration for Mazzini and Garibaldi, but none for Cavour. He hated the other men of the Risorgimento, and flew into a passion if any one spoke to him of Sella. Yet his spirit was good, and he talked meekly. In after years he issued occasionally from his retreat, and attended public meetings, where he made speeches of incredible violence.

The radicals and malcontents made him, naturally, their candidate to the House of Deputies, and opposed him to my brother, Emilio, until the Left came to power with Nicotera in 1876.

He was elected a couple of times and sat on the extreme left. He made one or two violent speeches of republican flavor, but he did not find much favor even from his neighbors. The Left had just come into power, and wished to remain in it. It did not care for compromising friends. He retired soon after from public life, and returned to his solitude.

He died at fifty years of age. Although his house and ours were adjacent at Tirano, we did not see one another except at intervals of several years. Then our conversation was, as it ought to have been, limited. We recalled occasionally the days in which we had sung together the hymns to Pius IX.

In the autumn we returned to Milan to take up our studies again. Our visits to Correnti became more frequent and interesting. We went in the evening because, in the daytime, he was occupied in the office of the Public Debt. The conversations became ever warmer; the

principal subject being the demonstrations which we wished to promote by word or deed.

Among the many projects proposed by Correnti was that of publishing a popular almanac in which we should speak of Italy, but in ways that were veiled, so that the censor could not object. The project met with our approval, so we entered into it with good will. In a few weeks the almanac was ready; even its name was found. There was an old almanac which foretold the seasons and the numbers in the lottery. It was called the "Vesta Verde,"* and was in the hands of all the people. The new almanac was called the "Nipote del Vesta Verde"; its name made it famous. Its writers were Correnti, Pietro Maestri, Romolo Griffini, Giovanni Cantoni, my brother Emilio, and some other students. Among the things written by Emilio was the song of the chimney sweep, which was set to music and had its day of popularity.

The "Nipote del Vesta Verde" was issued at the end of the year, and met with extraordinary success, a success which would not now be understood; for all read between the lines. It seemed like a command, a cry of war. As its popularity endured, Correnti continued its publication for many years. In the terrible interval from 1849 to 1859 the same writers (though some had emigrated) wrote for it. The "Nipote del Vesta Verde" never spoke except in a low tone of voice, which was agreed upon because of the hardness of the times. Its very name helped to keep alive the memory of the day in which it was born.

The great preoccupation of us all this winter was the

* Green Robe.

demonstrations, which gradually increased until the day of the revolution. Then no one thought any more of them.

Everything served as a pretext. One day there was a command: "All at the Porta Romana in homage of Pius IX and his reforms"; and the corso of the Porta Romana became (until a new command was issued) crowded with the elegants of the city. On this corso there was, and there is still, an old house, on the door of which were engraved the words, in antique characters: "tempo e pacentia" (Casa Noseda, 9). People gathered in crowds before it.

When the news arrived of the revolutionary movement in Calabria an order came: "Wear your hats *alla Calabrese*." We all so wore them with the proper plume. But this was prohibited by the police; so we sought an imitation for it. We wore tall silk hats with the brims turned up on the sides and with little buckles in front.

Afterwards came the time of velvet clothes of Lombard fabrication in hatred of Austrian cloth. Demonstration followed demonstration continually, and the police became furious. They were always looking for a committee, since they were convinced that everything emanated mysteriously from a secret committee.

The demonstration that surpassed the expectation of its projectors, and which led to doleful consequences, was that of not smoking. Let us abstain, we said, from voluntary contributions to the revenue; so let no one smoke from the beginning of the year. On the 1st of January no one smoked any more, neither on the street nor in the house, though the sacrifice for many was

severe. Our enemies laughed at first, as the abstention seemed puerile; but the demonstration showed so strong a spirit of discipline that it made them pause, and, as we shall see, made them lose their heads.

In the mean while more troops were sent from Vienna into Lombardo-Venetia, and the garrisons were strengthened in the cities. But the Government did not understand that the air had changed, and that the skies had begun to be threatening. With its habitual pedantry it did not know how to detach itself from the antiquated methods that it had systematized into political dogmas.

The Podestà had courageously remonstrated, but he was answered by sermons and bitter-sweet counsels. In October, Metternich had sent the Conte di Ficquelmont, a diplomat, with a mission to persuade the Lombards that they were wrong to complain. He was to divert them, and observe, and report. Afterwards Metternich nominated an especial commission, called "Conferenza," with the intention of maintaining a unity of action between the political and the military authorities. There belonged to this Conferenza the Viceroy Raineri; the Governor of Lombardy, Conte Spaur; the supreme commander of the troops in Lombardo-Venetia, Marshal Radetzky; and the diplomat, Conte di Ficquelmont. Ficquelmont was especially charged with the diplomatic relations between the various Italian states, nearly all of which were in fermentation.

The Conte di Ficquelmont remained in Milan only a short time. Recalled to Vienna at the end of February, he was soon succeeded by Baron Hübner, who became a prisoner during the Cinque Giornate. It was this Baron

Hübner, who was in Paris in 1859 as Austrian ambassador, to whom Napoleon III uttered the words which sounded the first note of war. The Conte di Ficquelmont, in the short time he was at Milan, had had a beautiful apartment arranged in the Palazzo Marino (where is now the Municipio), and had made preparation to give receptions and dinners to try to solve the Italian question. He had with him his wife and his daughter, the Contessa Clary, a charming lady, who became, twenty years after, the mother-in-law of the Conte di Robilant, the Italian ambassador at Vienna. In the intervening years how many changes had taken place!

The Conte di Ficquelmont and his family showered kindnesses upon all whom they succeeded in knowing; but they were few. They called upon many ladies of the Milanese aristocracy, but these last were never at home. The receptions and the dinners brought together but a limited number of families of Austrians and of employees: so this part of the mission failed. In the mean time the waters of revolt increased, and rose higher every day.

In 1815, when the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom was created, an administrative body was instituted, called the "Congregazione Centrale," in which all the provinces were represented. It was a simulacrum of autonomy which never existed. This Congregation should have been the interpreter of the needs of the country, but it was never held to be of any account; so it was permitted to slumber. But in these days the representative of Bergamo, the Avvocato G. B. Nazari, suddenly arose and proposed that the Congregation should make itself

the interpreter of the national discontent, i.e., that it should study its causes and propose remedies therefor.

Such a proposal, issuing from a body hitherto humble and silent, put the Austrian camp in an uproar. The provincial councils echoed, and followed it up. Certain ones even put forward the idea of an autonomous administration. Nazari was applauded and congratulated upon every side; while the Viceroy, Raineri; the Governor, Conte Spaur; the Envoy, Conte di Ficquelmont; the Marshal Radetzky, and all the Austrians, great and small, were furious. They cried out, and sought diligently, but in vain, the knot of the skein which every day became more entangled in their hands. They tried to find the *Comitato Secreto*, which, they had determined, directed everything. So the year 1847 ended.

The Government, faithful to its traditions, did not know how to take any measures which could have changed the course of events. Its Lombardo-Venetian subjects had begun to run down the declivity, at the bottom of which destruction or salvation was to be found. It was our good fortune that our enemies should understand nothing, and should provide for nothing.

CHAPTER III

(1848)

The demonstration of non-smoking. — The evening of the 1st of January. — In the house of my grandmother. — Military provocations. — Wounded and dead. — Casa Correnti. — Cafés of the Peppina and of the Cecchina. — Carlo Cattaneo. — The aristocracy. — The revolution, at Paris, of February 24. — Reforms demanded at Milan. — The revolution begins. — In Via Monforte and near the column of S. Babila. — The young men in arms. — Luciano Manara. — Angelo Fava. — The position of Cattaneo.

THE Government, the military authorities, and the police began to lose their reckoning and their patience. From Vienna strict orders came enjoining resistance and force; and the army and the police longed to put forth their hands. The first pretext they had arose out of the demonstration of non-smoking. The first day of January passed off joyously. People went into the street to see the effect of the demonstration, and they congratulated one another, even when they were not acquainted. No one had a cigar or a pipe in his mouth. In all the houses and cafés, in the evening, no one talked of anything else; and no one smoked.

The day after, which was Sunday, the affair commenced to look serious. The streets were paraded by officers and soldiers who had often two cigars in their mouths, so as to have a provoking air. A crowd, which constantly increased, followed, and from time to time hissed them.

An officer, Conte Neipperg, son of Maria Luigia, Duchessa di Parma, who, in a provoking way, stood smoking at the door of the Café Martini, in front of the

the interpreter of the national discontent, i.e., that it should study its causes and propose remedies therefor.

Such a proposal, issuing from a body hitherto humble and silent, put the Austrian camp in an uproar. The provincial councils echoed, and followed it up. Certain ones even put forward the idea of an autonomous administration. Nazari was applauded and congratulated upon every side; while the Viceroy, Raineri; the Governor, Conte Spaur; the Envoy, Conte di Ficquelmont; the Marshal Radetzky, and all the Austrians, great and small, were furious. They cried out, and sought diligently, but in vain, the knot of the skein which every day became more entangled in their hands. They tried to find the *Comitato Secreto*, which, they had determined, directed everything. So the year 1847 ended.

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Enrico Besana, Manfredo Camperio, and the Podestà, Casati, had gone to the Marino Palace to lay the state of affairs before Ficquelmont, and to protest against the killings which were taking place. The Governor laid the blame upon the provocation of the citizens; thereupon d'Adda replied: "Perhaps the cook of the Conte di Ficquelmont, who is among the slain, was in agreement with us to provoke the Austrians."

The citizens were disdainful but not terrified. Protests and demonstrations followed, one after the other, with greater insistence, until the 22d of February, when Conte Spaur proclaimed martial law. This measure instituted a period of stern repression and of legalized military violence.

Boy as I was, and ordinarily not going out of the house alone, I had yet seen some of these demonstrations, and I had also been in the midst of some tumults; but I always returned home so as not to keep my mother in suspense. My brother Emilio, however, took an active part in affairs. He was pursuing, as I have said, the study of the law. His professors were accustomed to say to my mother and to our guardian that their student was a young man of talent, but that he did not keep to his task; that he thought more of revolutions than of the principles of law.

The events of the day, the proposals for the day following, the value of the ideas which were unfolding, — I heard them all discussed in Casa Correnti. I can yet recall those interesting evenings in my first school of politics and patriotism.

In the study of Correnti, on Via della Spiga, amid a

great disorder of books and papers, there was a continual coming and going of people. Some came to bring news, others to hear it; all to discuss, to plan, to receive the word of command for the members of other circles that had gathered together in other houses. In the midst of all Cesare Correnti was, as I have said, the chief-of-staff. His was the directing mind, as he had an absolute predominance over his friends. This he used in maintaining concord between the different currents of opinion. He did it by inciting us all to an idealistic conception of patriotism. In this work, which was revolutionary in character, he had an adversary in Carlo Cattaneo.

Cattaneo was one of the most conspicuous citizens of Milan. His studies in economics (subjects which were not then pursued by the Milanese) and his "Politecnico" gave him great authority. His house was a center for students of philosophy, jurisprudence, and political economy. His character was haughty and disdainful. His pride of intellect led him to withdraw from the criticism of the many. Besought often to take part in the preparation for the demonstrations, he refused, and condemned them as puerile.. His opinions led him an entirely different way, in which, to speak truly, he was almost alone.

He was a federal republican, and dreamed of an Italy divided into various republics. To arrive at this end he was inclined to come to an understanding with the Italian, and even with the foreign, princes; provided that, one by one, all civil liberties could be wrested from them. He believed that we could arrange in this way

with Austria for Lombardo-Venetia, and dreamed of an administrative and military autonomy, such as exists now in Hungary. He abhorred, above all, the calling-in of Carlo Alberto to lead the war for Italian independence, the consequence of which he thought would be the formation of a strong monarchical state in the north of Italy. As a republican and democrat, he saw in such a course only a conspiracy of nobles and conservatives.

When Alessandro Manzoni was interrogated upon this difference of opinion between Correnti and Cattaneo, he replied: "Every end we desire is an utopia, but in the choice between the beautiful utopia of unity and that of federation, I stand for the beautiful utopia."

Correnti and his friends had many times sought to gain Cattaneo, but in vain. He looked haughtily at the young conspirators; and these naturally complained. Many, too, criticized him sharply; whereupon Cattaneo called them boys.

Correnti cultivated an understanding with the aristocratic party by means of Cesare Giulini, Carlo Porro, Carlo d'Adda, and Anselmo Guerrieri. He saw, also, the Podestà Casati, frequently, as he was the teacher of one of his sons. He thus gained many recruits. The aristocratic Milanese families which, after 1815, had received the Austrians with some favor, whether because of antipathy to the Napoleonic régime, or because of the pleasant memories of the rule of Maria Teresa, had become disillusioned and irritated. They banded themselves together resolutely in opposition to Austria, and looked toward Piedmont. The revolution in Paris of February, and the Liberal movement which manifested

itself everywhere in Europe, pushed Milan, also, into a revolt.

The first to depart were the Envoy and the Viceroy with their families. They went to Bolzano at the beginning of March. Ficquelmont, who had been sent as a diplomat, discovered that the Milanese were bored. This was true, but it was not the whole truth.

The Viceroy, Raineri, uncle of the Emperor Ferdinand, had two daughters (one of whom was the wife of Vittorio Emanuele, Prince of Piedmont) and five sons. When we boys met the five Archdukes, who looked so stiff and severe, with their high silk hats, all in the care of a big tutor, we used to laugh; they seemed to us so ugly. On the other hand, their mother, the Archduchess Elizabeth, the sister of Carlo Alberto, was very beautiful. There was much gossip regarding the ugly Viceroy and the beautiful Vice-Queen, an echo of which reached even to us boys.

The Governor, Conte Spaur, also went away, after having declared martial law. "They pack off; they pack off," the people said, rubbing their hands with joy. But Radetzky, Hübner, O'Donnel (the Vice-Governor), and Torresani remained. The most important persons, therefore, refused to pack off. To Radetzky, who had given the alarm at Vienna, reinforcements, to the number of 80,000 men, were sent. With him were Generals Walmoden, Schwarzenberg, Gallas, Wohlgemuth, Wöcher, and Schönhals. The garrison of Milan was increased to 18,000 men.

There was room for reflection, but no one reflected; no one except Carlo Cattaneo, who refused to join the

revolution.[6] He proposed, instead, to publish a journal, the "Cisalpino," the programme of which was in its name.

There was in us all a presentiment of coming events. No one could say just what they were to be; but every one talked of them. Suddenly there came a report that a revolution had broken out at Vienna, the 13th of March. Although no one knew anything about it, all became agitated and exclaimed: "And what are we doing?" A little while after a command came: "Make a great demonstration, ask for reforms, and maintain your demands, if need be, with arms."

Several evenings before the 18th, I perceived that something unusual was going on at Correnti's. Many occasional visitors were present, and all had a mysterious air and looked resolute. They exchanged a few words, then went their respective ways without stopping to talk. Each one was in a hurry to go to some other meeting. I heard two cafés especially spoken of, the Peppina and the Cecchina. I knew that the café of the Peppina (situated on Via del Cappello) was a rendezvous of men of democratic tendencies, and I heard the names of De Luigi, Gerli, Maestri, Cantoni, Tagliaferri, Lazzati, Gadda, Brioschi, and Finzi mentioned in connection therewith. I knew also that the café of the Cecchina was a sort of club (situated on the mezzanine floor of the Café Martini), and that it was frequented by many of the young swells of the aristocracy, among whom the most noted were the brothers Giovanni and Carlo d'Adda, Guido Borromeo, Cesare Giulini, Giovanni

Curioni, Carlo Taverna, Alessandro Porro, the brothers Guy, the brothers Prinetti, the brothers Jacini, Simonetta, Camperio, Manara, Besana, and the Mainoni. These two cafés were the general quarters for the demonstrations, especially since the Casino dei Nobili was closed by order of the police.

I saw nothing of Correnti for some time after the 18th. Emilio, who went to his house the evening preceding, returned with an air a little mysterious. The next morning I met the young engineer, Angelo Tagliaferri, a faithful friend of Correnti, and asked him, what was going on? He replied: "We expect a great event on Saturday."[7]

In the mean time we learned that dispatches had been received from Vienna containing decrees abolishing the censorship, promulgating a law on the liberty of the press, and convoking the States and the Provincial Congregations for the 3d of July next. We heard, also, that the Podestà and the Delegate had urgently called a meeting of the Common and the Provincial Councils.

We have seen the dispositions of many persons of the directing class; but what did the people think? The people, at this epoch, had no way of expressing themselves. As there were no journals and no meetings, their opinions could not be made known even partially. Nevertheless it was evident that the national sentiment had been awakened. The blood-shedding in the demonstrations of September for the Archbishop, and in those of January 3d, and the more recent high-handed acts of the Government, had caused the agitation that had begun with the higher classes to extend to the lower. The

ground was good, as the harsh ways of the police and the difference in language tended to cause a breach between the people and their rulers.

After 1815 the vaunted affability, of which there had been a tradition from the time of Maria Teresa, disappeared. In contrast to Spanish haughtiness and French arrogance the Austrians were less odious to our great-grandfathers than to us. But they were now detested by all, and were the objects of popular raillery. Our oppressors, from the simple soldier to Radetzky, from the policeman to the Emperor, were called "Tedeschi." "Abbasso i tedeschi" meant so many things. Yet with the Germans themselves we did not have much to do. The distinction between them and the Austrians came later on. "Fuori i tedeschi" meant the Austrian Government; it was the cry for liberty and independence. It was a certain cry, accepted by us all without discussion. In it was a bond of fraternity and of unanimity. Therefore, with "Fuori i tedeschi" we descended into the street.

The morning of the 18th, between ten and eleven o'clock, a crowd that had gathered in the Piazza del Duomo started to go to the Broletto, the seat of the municipality, to request the Podestà and the authorities to proceed with them to the palace of the Governor, and to demand reforms. The mass moved forward and filled the streets, making a noise as of a strong sea.

With this procession began the revolution of the Cinque Giornate, a revolution which had various episodes that have been narrated and described by many witnesses, and by others who have written of the events.

It is not a history of the Five Days that I will write. I propose only to describe some episodes that were seen by me, or which I heard spoken of at the time by people whom I knew well.

At an early hour my brother, who had just returned from Casa Correnti, told my mother and me that there would probably be a great demonstration that day which might end in a revolution. Our mother's eyes filled with tears as she recommended prudence to Emilio. There began that day in her heart a struggle between her love for her country and her love for her sons, a long struggle which was full of sorrowful contrasts and that caused her great anxiety and many tears. Poor mother!

At Emilio's announcement I determined to prepare for war, so I went stealthily out of the house, as, up to this time, according to the custom of those days, I had had only a limited liberty. I purchased two innocuous pistols and a hat *alla Calabrese*. When I returned I took from a box a tricolored cockade, that a little cousin had given me a few days previously, and sewed it on the front of my hat.

It was midday. A noise, at first dull and distant, but which soon seemed like that of a crowd of people clapping their hands and crying "Evviva," called every one to the balconies and windows, which were thrown open wide. It was the demonstration that was arriving. The crowd was preceded by the carriages of the Archbishop, the Podestà, and the municipal officers on their way to the palace of the Governor.

We lived on Via della Cerva, on the first floor of the house, at the angle of that part of the Via Monforte

which leads to the church of S. Babila. Pushed by a desire to do something, I descended into the street and went toward the crowd, which was marching in a serried column. Upon the landing of the stairs I met Dr. Restelli, who lived on the second story of the house, and a young physician by the name of Angelo Tizzoni. They both had guns on their shoulders. These were the first armed men I saw going to join the (so-called) pacific demonstration.

I had scarcely joined the moving crowd when some one, seeing a youth with so large a tricolored cockade (no one wore it as yet in his hat), began to draw attention to me, saying "Bravo, ragazzo!* Evviva la coccarda!" No sooner had he said this than several persons took me in their arms and raised me up on high, making a demonstration in my honor. But when I was raised up, I wanted to get down, and begged them to let me go; but it was in vain. I was carried in triumph for a hundred steps or so. Only one single face did I recognize among the many; it was that of Carlo Tenca, who laughed and nodded and greeted me pleasantly.

All at once there came a report of a gun which delivered me. I was let fall and rolled upon the ground. My triumph was short-lived. I had been raised up, and let fall, precipitously, as so often happens in revolutions.

The crowd halted, and we heard a deafening noise of cries and yells that came from the vicinity of the palace of the Governor. Then the crowd began to run as if seized by a panic. Then the voices became distinct, as we heard only the cry: "To arms! to arms!"

*Boy.

I drew behind the door of a house so as not to be overthrown. A little after, near the bridge of S. Damiano, I saw an overturned cart of empty barrels. It was the beginning of the first barricade. Then I heard the bells of the neighboring church of S. Damiano ring discordantly, then the sharp noise of some fusillades, then a cry: "Evviva i morti!" It was so high, so terrible, it seems to me I can hear it again to-day, as I write, after so many years have passed away.

In a short time the Via Monforte was deserted; so, pressing close to the wall, I ran to the church of S. Babila, to the column where the Corso Venezia, called then Porta Orientale, begins. I stopped awhile to look at the spectacle which made us all rejoice, that of the tricolored flags which waved from every window. The flags, improvised that morning, were made of coverlets, shawls, rags, anything, provided only they were white, red, and green. From the windows the ladies threw tricolored cockades and bouquets to the applauding people. In the crowd I saw some men armed with fowling-pieces, or carbines, that had been brought from Piedmont. Among them I recognized some friends and acquaintances, Lodovico Trotti, the Mancini brothers, Emilio Morosini, the Dandolo brothers, Luciano Manara, Carlo de Cristoforis, and my cousin, Minonzio, who afterwards became chief-of-staff of General Cialdini.

These young men, in union with some others, under the leadership of Manara, had secretly imported arms from Piedmont, had drilled together, and had prepared ammunition.[8] About twenty of them, filled with mystic and religious ideas, had gone to a church to receive

absolution from the coadjutor Sacchi, as if "morituri." The Barnabite father, Piantoni, and Professor Angelo Fava, the preceptor of the Dandolo brothers, had led them. From the church they ran to the barricades, and were ever in the front of the battle during the Five Days.

Fava was the instructor of several of these young men, especially of the Dandolo brothers and Morosini. He became during the régime of the Provisional Government the head of Public Security, and, later on, the Secretary-General of Public Instruction in Turin. When I descended this morning into the street, I had a glimpse of him from the Piazza di S. Babila, as he came quickly, in the midst of a crowd, from the Via Bagutta. This crowd had just come from the Via Monte Napoleone, and was pursued by some troops that, a moment before, had fired upon it.

Many years afterwards, when talking of the Five Days with Fava, and telling him that I had seen him coming from the Via Bagutta, after the firing in Via Monte Napoleone, he said: "I had just met Carlo Cattaneo. I had been one of those who had tried to persuade him to unite with us, but he had refused. We had discussed the matter a long time, but each of us was fixed in his own opinion. He thought that the revolution was an erroneous and impossible enterprise. "Now that the revolution has broken out," I said, "there is nothing further to discuss. Where are you going, Cattaneo? Come with me." "Where am I going?" he replied; "when boys have the upper hand, men go home." And he turned his shoulder.

But upon this outburst reflection followed. Cattaneo

had too exalted a nature to maintain a disdainful attitude. Three days afterwards I saw him at the Municipio at the head of the Committee of Defense, with Enrico Cernuschi, Giorgio Clerici, and Giulio Terzaghi, taking a resolute part in the movement of revolt.[9]

In the mean time the revolution had begun. Barricades were rising everywhere. From the courtyards carriages were brought and overturned; from the windows tables, chairs, mattresses, and utensils of every kind were thrown; and upon the top of all were piled the stones of the pavements and sidewalks. Every street was barred.

I had been away for several hours before I returned home to reassure my mother. Emilio did not return until late, and we were greatly worried about him. He had been detained with Lodovico Trotti in one of the streets that flanked the Piazza del Duomo by the Tyrolese *cacciatori*,* who, stationed on the cathedral, fired upon all who passed. Emilio told us of the events in which he had taken part and of others of which he had knowledge. He said that the Austrians had assaulted and taken the Broletto, and had made prisoners of some of our friends, whom they had taken as hostages to the castle. He told us the names of some of them and also of the first who had fallen. Among these was that of the director of our former school, Boselli. He had been killed by a thrust of a bayonet at the door of the Broletto.

* Hunters, sharpshooters.

CHAPTER IV

(1848)

The second day of the revolution. — The streets. — Broggi. — Engineer Alfieri takes command of our quarter, and stations me on guard. — Hospitality. — Monday morning. — Attack upon the house of the Duca Visconti. — The son of our doorkeeper. — An officer wounded. — Don Cesare Ajroldi, and the barricade of S. Babila. — The third day. — We go to the Garnier College. — The papal consul. — Engineer Alfieri insane. — The barricade and the balloons of the seminarians. — The Provisional Government. — An armistice proposed. — The Austrian garrison. — The capture of the barracks of the engineers.

AT sunrise the following morning Emilio went out very early, and I followed him, but stopped at the door of the house, which had been left ajar, as were the doors of all the other houses. In the Via della Cerva no one was to be seen. It rained, and there was silence except for the ringing of the bells and the firing of an occasional cannon. All the Venetian blinds were closed or ajar. I ran softly to the end of the street, and saw that the Via Monforte was, also, silent and deserted. The barricade at the bridge had been destroyed by the Austrians, and part of it had been thrown into the Naviglio Canal. On the other side of the bridge, near the Palazzo del Governo, some soldiers could be seen going forth to mount guard, and, returning, keeping close to the houses. They kept their guns pointing at the windows, ready to shoot as soon as they should see a half-opened blind.

All at once I saw, coming from the Piazza di S. Babila, a young man with a carbine, hugging the walls. He stopped at the Alley Rasini, and stationed himself behind a corner. This man, who was to die a few hours

after, was Giuseppe Broggi. From his station he began to fire upon the soldiers who were in the vicinity of the bridge. Every one of his shots brought some one down. Thus, alone, for at least half an hour, he drove the soldiers to the bastions. They had been slowly advancing, and were preparing to occupy Via Monforte. Broggi, when he saw that the street was empty, advanced to the bridge, taking the street of the Naviglio. Here he posted himself again, and fired from the corner of the corso. He had, at first, the same success until a ball, bounding from the jamb of a door (which yet preserves the trace), rent his breast.

For some hours all remained quiet in the Vie Cerva and Monforte. Occasionally some one came to a window or went out of doors, and asked for or gave information; but all, naturally, were not heroic. Some had a frightened air; some uttered words of reproof or of prudence; some boasted, and some, again, made plans and proposals. All, even the wisest, were exalted, and appeared to be changed from their usual manner and deportment.

Among the persons the most excited, I observed an engineer by the name of Alfieri, who lived in our house. A man usually reserved and quiet, he became more talkative. The day preceding he had been in Via Monte Napoleone when the crowd, that was returning from the Palazzo del Governo, had been fired upon by the soldiers. Impressed by this outrage, he had had a high fever the whole night, his servants afterwards told me, and had become insane.

Alfieri immediately called all the neighbors to a meet-

ing in a courtyard. He said that he took command of the quarter, and that every one must obey him under penalty for a refusal to do so. This seemed to all of us natural enough, and he commenced to give his orders. He commanded us to prepare wet linen cloths for extinguishing the bombs, and to put boilers on the fires to heat oil and water to throw upon the soldiers. Then he sent some of us to the cellars, and some to the roofs, to look for enemies and spies. And in this, too, there seemed to be no cause for laughing. To me, who was provided with pistols, he gave an order to conceal myself behind a dormer window of a roof whither he conducted me, so that I might surprise a dwarf, who, he said, made signals to the enemy. Not one of us suspected that Alfieri had lost his head, so eager and exalted were we all. The more mysterious a command was, the more did we approve it. We lived outside of reality; reality was the sum total of our hopes; it was an infinite love for Italy; it was assurance of victory. I remained several hours on the roof, waiting for the dwarf, looking at the soldiers defiling upon the bastions, and watching the bell-ringers as they hammered the bells in the towers of the city and of the churches. During the whole time cries and fusillades and cannonades and hissings of bombs and rockets assaulted the air.

In looking down the street I saw, near the bridge over the Naviglio of S. Damiano, stretched upon the pavement, two bodies of persons who had probably been slain the day before. Indeed, I heard afterwards that the soldiers, advancing from the bastions to occupy the Palazzo del Governo (after O'Donnel and the authorities

had left it), had pushed the crowd beyond the bridge, and had entered several houses, in one of which they had found these two unfortunates upon the roof and had thrown them down.

At this moment there resounded in my soul the piteous cry, "Evviva i morti,"* even as I had heard the crowd salute the first victims of the revolt. The dead were there. I could not cease to look at them, held by the fascination which binds us to the things that make us think. Who were the dead?

The evening came, but not the dwarf, and I became hungry. This helped to persuade me that my mission was, perhaps, ended. I sought the ladder by which I had ascended, but, to my dismay, found that the exit had been locked. My commander had, perhaps, closed the door with a key in order to assure himself that I would follow his commands. What was to be done? There was nothing but to prowl on the roofs from chimney to chimney, like a cat, in search of an open attic with a ladder.

I found one, and descended, when, behold! I was in a house and in the midst of people I did not know. On other days I should have been taken for a thief, but on this I was welcomed as a friend. I told my adventure, and we discussed the dwarf. They would have made a fête for me and detained me to supper; but I excused myself as I was in haste to join my mother.

It is not easy to describe the hospitality that reigned everywhere in these days. The dangers of the struggle often made people seek refuge in the nearest house, in

*Hurrah for the dead!

which they were sure to find a fraternal and joyous welcome. It seemed as if Milan were one single family. All were friends and brothers; all assisted all reciprocally; all embraced all; and all addressed all in the second person singular. From the streets we ascended directly into people's apartments, where we found a glass of wine, or something to eat, and sometimes a bed to repose upon. This often was necessary, as communication throughout the city became difficult and, in some of the streets, the shops were shut. An occasional servant, who had hazarded going in search of eatables, had been killed or wounded. The wide-open hospitality, therefore, that placed in common the provisions of those who possessed them was providential. The rich and the well-to-do distributed supplies in their houses and in the streets. They gave generously to the populace and to the operatives who were without employment. They helped the necessitous, courageously took part in every action, and willingly obeyed those who commanded them. No theft took place in these days, though all the houses were left open and unguarded. Milan was a single family. Such was the moral physiognomy of the revolution.

Early Monday morning some one informed us that the soldiers were advancing, and that they had passed the bridge and were about to occupy our street. This would have been an excellent move on their part, as it would have enabled them to take the barricades in the Corso Orientale in the rear. The alarm in our neighborhood was great, and we all closed our doors for fear of an invasion. The son of our porter, a tall and strong lad,

Cecco Migliavacca by name, began to tear up the pavement of the courtyard and to carry the stones to the balcony of a house which dominated the street. I helped him, and in a short time we had an arsenal of stones. Then, suddenly, we saw the soldiers advancing rapidly with their guns pointing at the windows. Four sappers were in front, who with their axes began to deliver vigorous blows upon the great door of the house of the Duca Visconti di Modrone, which is situated on the corner, between the Via Monforte and the Via della Cerva. The house was full of people who had taken refuge from houses, more menaced, in Via Monforte. They had been received by the Duke with gracious hospitality.

My young friend began to throw stones, and I assisted him as well as I could. The soldiers receded here and there without noticing the place from which the hail of stones came. This happened in a moment. In the mean time the door of the Casa Visconti was about to yield, and misfortune was imminent, when, behold! the window of a house that stood at the corner of Rasini Alley was opened (in it lived some of the canons of S. Babila), and a priest stationed himself in it, in spite of the firing of the soldiers. He seized a gun, and, taking aim at the officer in command of the sappers, knocked him over. This unforeseen act terrified the soldiers, and they hurriedly fled across the bridge, carrying the wounded man with them. The Visconti house was saved.

Who was this priest? The neighbors said it was Don Cesare Ajroldi. I saw the priest while I was throwing stones, but, in the excitement, I could not bring his face

to mind. Regarding his name many rumors were afterwards started in order not to draw especial attention to any one. Several people were indiscreet enough to ask Ajroldi himself if he were not the hero of this episode, but he always parried the question. A man of genius and a distinguished preacher, he was, after the return of the Austrians, kept in a sort of exile for years. They sent him to a little rural parish of a few hundred souls. After 1859, he returned to Milan, became Monsignore del Duomo, and filled various civic and eleemosynary posts with the esteem of all.

After this episode there came an order, I do not know from whom, to erect a barricade by the side of S. Babila, in order to defend the corso, and to follow it with others as far as the bridge. Behold, then, all of us making a barricade of the household and other goods, that were generously furnished from the neighboring houses. Don Cesare Ajroldi descended into the street and undertook to direct its construction. The barricade was finished, and we contemplated building another, when the Austrians advanced as far as the bridge with two pieces of artillery and fired upon us. Our barricade soon lay in heaps, turned upside down. We began in haste to reconstruct it, but, while we were calling for sacks and mattresses, a cannon ball came which cut off the head of a man by the name of Perelli who stood in our midst. Don Cesare and Migliavacca carried him to the church of S. Babila, while we witnessed, distracted, the destruction of our barricade. We did not dare to raise it again, and, a little while afterwards, the Austrians withdrew their cannon and made no other attempt to advance.

The events of the evening put the whole quarter in alarm. The Duca Visconti began to enlist a company of men to defend his house, which became the nucleus of the regiment which he afterwards equipped, at his own expense, and led to the field. The Duke was ever in the street with a bag of *zvanziche** [Austrian coins], distributing assistance to those who had need. In the mean time the houses in the neighborhood were partly abandoned by their inmates, who sought refuge in the streets and in places less exposed. There was a rumor that the Austrians were preparing for a new attack by way of Via Monforte.

The morning of the third day Emilio returned home and persuaded our mother to leave the house and take Enrico and me elsewhere with her. My mother thought she would go to a house on Via Durini, to Madam Garnier, whom she knew, who was the directoress of a college for girls, in the Palazzo Durini. I cannot describe the joy with which this good lady received us. She had already placed her premises at the disposal of some other friends who had come to ask for hospitality. So there was, in this girls' college, a continual coming and going of armed youths and other combatants, who came to see their mothers and sisters, to give or to receive information, to be refreshed, if exhausted, and nursed, if wounded. But no one paid any attention to the fact that these things were going on in a girls' school. All were brothers; all were preoccupied with matters utterly diverse.

After we were settled in our new home, the desire

*Twenties.

came to me to return to Via Cerva to see if the Austrians really were advancing up Via Monforte. In Via Cerva I found a crowd of people that seemed to have gathered precisely before the house in which we had been living. In this house a man by the name of De Simoni, the papal consul, lived. A messenger, escorted by some citizens, had come to invite him to a meeting of the consuls, who, as we learned subsequently, desired to ask for an interview with Marshal Radetzky. But the messenger had been stopped by the engineer Alfieri, who proclaimed that the consul could not leave the house without his permission.

The consul, in the mean time, had stationed himself at a window, and a curious conversation ensued between him, Alfieri, the messenger, and the people in the street. Finally the consul, in uniform, descended into the street, and Alfieri began to cry: "You see that man! He is the spy that we have all been looking for . . . kill him for me!" The poor consul, who understood nothing, was greatly shocked and alarmed; but fortunately the frenzy of Alfieri had become so violent that all perceived it, a thing not easy when reason was so bewildered. After a great hubbub, Alfieri fell struggling to the ground. He was taken up by some pitiful people and carried to the hospital, where he died a few days after. This was not the only case, in these days, of sudden and violent dementia.

The following morning very early, after several hours of heavy sleep in a hammock in an anteroom of the Garnier College, I descended into the street, and ran into some people who, with tricolored shawls worn

across their shoulders, were giving orders in the name of the Committee of Defense. They were trying to discipline the revolution. Falling into their hands, I was stationed as a sentinel at a useless barricade which shut off Via Durini from the Verziere. The commander, having inspected my pistols and perhaps not having found them murderous enough, placed in my hands a fencing-foil. Then he gave me the countersign: "Papa Pio."

A little while after, another chief came along who reinforced the post, and gave me as a companion a good old man who was armed with an antique lance. I told him the countersign, and we soon became friends.

A patrol appeared. "Halt!" cried the old man. "The countersign?"

"Concordia, coraggio," replied the captain of the patrol.

"Truly," replied my companion, "the countersign is something else . . . however, we are all Italians, so pass on."

We remained leaning against the barricade talking for a couple of hours. The old man told me that the Podestà had been promoted to the post of Provincial Governor. He confided to me also the injustices he had suffered during his career (he was a retired employee), and he said, if ever we should become German . . .

At the end we asked ourselves what we were doing there. We saw no enemies; but there was fighting in other parts of the city, so we saluted one another, and each went his own way. I went to the Corsia dei Servi (now Corso Vittorio Emanuele), and then ran toward the corso of the Porta Orientale.

I saw, with admiration, the barricade of the seminarians, the most formidable of all. It was made entirely of the granite slabs of the sidewalk, and was several meters high. I also saw, waving from the topmost pinnacle of the Duomo, the tricolored flag, which, I heard afterwards, had been placed there by Torelli, a friend of my father. Then I saw arise the little balloons, made by the seminarians. They were to send the proclamations and bulletins of the Government beyond the city.[10] Many serious things, and some comic ones also, struck my eyes. I saw the litters upon which the dead and wounded were transported, and the dandies who (decked out in shining cuirasses and gay shawls, with plumed hats and ancient swords) were passing by. I even admired them.

I returned home late, and heard the news of the things that had happened elsewhere. I heard how the Provisional Government had been constituted, and how Conte Martini had been able to enter the city and bring assurance from Carlo Alberto that the Piedmontese troops would cross the Ticino. I heard, too, that the consuls had gone to the Marshal, and that, the day before, an Austrian major had proposed an armistice.

At this news the face of Madam Garnier (whose heart had become troubled by reason of the continual coming and going of her guests) was illumined by a ray of hope. But her eyes immediately fell when it was heard that the Provisional Government had refused the request. This news was joyously repeated by all who came, who spoke of it in a way that convinced us of its truth. The Government called together the committees and the principal commanders of the barricades for consultation. The

discussion was short. Conte Durini and Conte Pompeo Litta observed that the armistice would be useful to allow Carlo Alberto to come to Milan; but the others put forward the popular reasons for rejecting the proposal. It was also opposed by the committees. Cattaneo had accepted a place upon the Committee of War which had been constituted on the third day of the revolt.[11]

The success of the fourth day, the capture of the barracks of the engineers (now the palace of the Savings Bank), and of other barracks in which prisoners had been made, had increased the faith of the many and had silenced the fears of the few. After the taking of the barracks and of other posts, the number of armed citizens increased, the fusillades became clearer, and the reports of arms resounded throughout the city. There was a presentiment of victory, and all seemed to be crazed with joy. No faces were seen that were not lined with sleeplessness, fatigue, and the excitement of the struggle. The voices of all were hoarse from shouting; and all were hungry and sought for something to eat.

The Austrians, whether from indecision or design, allowed themselves to be surprised the first day, and afterwards they did not seem to be able to recover by an offensive attack. On the fourth day this had become difficult, but on the first two days, before the intervention of Carlo Alberto had been proclaimed, they could easily have suffocated the revolution. Radetzky afterwards justified his retreat by some reasons which seemed to be good, but which had but little relation to the actual facts. At the end, the barricades, the tiles thrown from the roofs, and the incessant clamor of the bells

bewildered and discouraged the soldiers. The generals, alarmed by the news from Vienna, from Turin, and from the Lombard cities (nearly all of which were in revolt), were dubious and inert. The troops remained on the defensive, and were valorous enough; but their attacks on the barricades were few and fitful. The evening of the fourth day the Austrians had lost nearly all their posts and all their barracks; but they were still the masters of the castle, of the bastions, and of the gates.

Among the posts captured within the city was, as I have said, the barracks of the engineers. Augusto Anfossi (who had had experience abroad) took command of the attack upon it. He directed it from the balcony of a house opposite, when a ball struck him in the forehead. But the assault was continued by a band of volunteers led by Manara, among whom were Dandolo, Morosini, Camperio, the Mancini, Minonzi, and others, until a lame cobbler, by name Pasquale Sottocornola, set fire to the gates. Then it succumbed.

"Attack a city gate" was the command of the Government and of the committees, the night between the fourth and fifth days. With its capture the ring around the city would be broken, and recruits and provisions (which had begun to be scarce) could come in. The undertaking was difficult, but, in the intoxication of our first success, everything seemed possible.[12]

CHAPTER V

(1848)

The fifth day. — Porta Tosa. — The priest who blessed the combatants at the bridge. — In Piazza del Verziere. — The wounded. — The "Martinitt" of the Asylum. — The flag of the Madonnina on the cathedral. — Capture of Porta Tosa. — On guard on a roof. — De Albertis. — The appearance of the city the night of the 22d. — The retreat of the Austrians. — Public enthusiasm at the announcement. — Clothes *alla Lombarda*. — In the castle. — The departure of the volunteers with Manara. — The hostages. — News from the districts in insurrection.

I HEARD it said that the plan was to make an attack upon Porta Comasina, but that, owing to the death of Borgazzi, the undertaking had failed. That, afterwards, Porta Ticinese had been substituted, but that this had been abandoned because of the vigorous resistance that had been encountered, and that, in the end, an assault upon Porta Tosa was proposed.

The assault upon Porta Tosa was certainly one of the most important events of the revolution. It was planned and directed with order and caution. There was a right and a left wing to the forces of the combatants, on either side of the corso, which advanced and attacked the troops on the bastions to distract them from the central point. Against this, moving barricades were directed, along the corso, under cover of which the gate was eventually won. The most resolute and the best armed of the citizens were intrusted with the command of the various bands of combatants.

The moving barricades were large rollers, made of fagots, tied with ropes, which were slowly pushed ahead. Antonio Carnevali, formerly a professor in the military

school of Pavia during the Napoleonic régime, planned these rollers and superintended their construction. These barricades made possible the advance of our men, in spite of the firing of a regiment of infantry and the discharge of a battery of artillery which defended the gate.

I assisted in the construction of one of these barricades in the Piazza del Verziere; and later on, toward midday, pushed by curiosity, I went toward the bridge of Porta Tosa, hoping to go as far as the entrance to the corso. From afar, from the bastions and the gate, the continuous sound of the fusillades of the soldiers and of our men could be heard. At intervals grapeshot came bounding along the pavement as far as the Naviglio.

The bridge, between the Verziere and the street that leads to the corso of Porta Tosa, was barred by a barricade protected by some troops. When I arrived (I was a slender youth), they did not even ask me where I was going. One of them, seeing the foil with which I was armed, smiled and made a gesture which seemed to say, "Leave the way to others, and go back." They did not permit any one to pass except those who possessed arms or who had come with fagots and ropes to reinforce the rollers. To pass the bridge meant to come within the range of the grapeshot, to throw one's self into a terrible conflict, to brave death.

While I remained a little mortified to have been tacitly called incapable, I saw a priest standing erect beyond the barricade. He had a crucifix in his hand, and gave absolution to the combatants kneeling before him *in articulo mortis*. This spectacle, so solemn in its

simplicity, which was so characteristic of those days, will never fade from my memory.

I passed nearly all the day in the Piazza del Verziere and in the neighboring streets, doing a little of everything. I helped to carry beams and props and sacks and utensils to strengthen the barricades. I assisted in casting balls, or in making cartridges, in some tavern or café. I carried notices and orders. In the interim, as the wounded were taken into the houses or to the hospitals, I saw borne on a litter the engineer Stelzi, torn by a grapeshot. In the midst of all the bustle an occasional rocket fell into the piazza: rockets were still used by the Austrian artillery. They were generally harmless, but occasionally they wounded some citizen.

Little courageous messengers, who had free passage, went to, and came from, the bridge. They were the pupils of the orphan asylum, and were called by the people the "Martinitt." By their aid the combatants of the corso communicated with various parts of the city and with the Committee of Defense. These brave children were the objects of universal admiration.

And all of us, every little while, raised our eyes to the highest pinnacle of the cathedral, on which stands the statue of the Virgin in which the Milanese have great confidence, as in a tutelary genius. They call her the Madonnina. She had seen from on high, for so many years, our joys and sorrows; she seemed so near to heaven, surely we could have hope that she would say a good word for us. When, on the third day, a tricolored flag was seen in the hand of the Madonnina, waving in the wind, there could be no more doubts of victory.

From the whole city there arose a cry of joyous triumph, as if the Madonnina had made common cause with us, and had taken Milan under her protection.[13] Again and again we looked on high to assure ourselves that the flag of the Madonnina was still given to the breeze.

Toward the evening of the fifth day the cry of victory made all who were in the piazza run toward the bridge; the barricade was no longer able to hold us back. Even I could advance to the entrance of the corso. The combat had been reduced to the gate itself. It was taken and fired; then it was retaken by the Austrians; then again by our people, and burned. But the Austrians retired laterally, and fired from the bastions upon the crowd. The first houses in the vicinity of the bastions were set on fire and the flames crackled and shot up high in the darkening sky. The terror of the spectacle was intensified by the shouts of victory, the yells of defiance, the lamentations of the wounded, and the cries of the women. Every once in a while a panic seized upon the crowd, which dispersed and then came together again with renewed fury.

When I ran home to tell my mother the great news of the taking of Porta Tosa, called from that moment Porta Vittoria (decree of April 6, 1848), I found her most agitated because Emilio had not been seen for twenty-four hours. We did not see him until the morning after, when he arrived and told us of the vicissitudes which had prevented his coming before.

After the night had fallen, the fires at Porta Tosa ceased. Then we heard a cannonade which seemed to come from the direction of the castle; whereupon an order

was issued that we must watch our roofs and attics, as it was evident that our enemies were beginning a more vigorous bombardment. Behold me, then, again on a roof, this time in Via Durini. I passed there a cold, wet night, wrapped up in a blanket, leaning against a chimney. Neither sleep nor fatigue could conquer me in face of the fearful spectacle before me. From parts of the castle and along portions of the bastions, I could see long trails of fire; and in various points of the city, high and sinister flames mounting to the sky, all in the blackest night.

The firing of the Austrian battalions and artillery was directed against the city. Many houses were burning, from which columns of fire and smoke arose. A fiendish noise shook the earth and sky. It was a grand spectacle, which the night made mysterious.

Every one remained on foot that night, overcome by a sort of dumb terror. Every one asked his neighbor whether a corps of rebels or of Piedmontese had attacked the walls; or whether the incineration and sacking of the city were in preparation. All trembled, and were silent. Even the bell-ringers were still in certain districts.

"Halt! Who are you?" I demanded suddenly of a white-robed figure that slowly advanced, making the tiles squeak.

"I am a sentinel; viva Pio Nono."

"What 's the countersign?"

"Augusto Anfossi."

He who thus spoke came and sat beside me. He was wrapped in a white coverlet, and had a huge two-handled antique sword strapped across his back. I recog-

nized him as a warrior I had seen many times at Porta Tosa, who ran toward the firing lines giving his coverlet (which he had folded in a bizarre fashion) a certain artistic turn.

We began to speculate upon the causes of the fires and of the diabolical noises. My companion knew no more than I; but he admired greatly the incandescent tints in the sky. Then he told me, in a hoarse whisper, and in language free and fantastic, the episode of the capture of Porta Tosa, and of some other actions in which he had taken part, first with a gun, which he had broken, then with the antique sword which he said was a beauty. I asked him: —

"Are you a student?"

"Never," he replied. "I am an artist, a painter."

"And have you painted many pictures?"

"No, but I have three in my mind, and now I am thinking of a fourth . . . the panorama of this night, seen from a roof. The light of the coming day and that of the bombardment, what a contrast! what magnificence!"

"What 's your name?"

"Sebastiano De Albertis."

The friendship, commenced upon the roof, continued. He painted several pictures (not the scene from a roof) which gave him some fame. He was a Garibaldian in 1859, and painted some military pictures. Many times did we recall the night we passed together, leaning against a chimney. We recalled it even a few days before he died. We were members of a committee that was preparing for celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the Five Days — festivities which he was not to see.

At three o'clock in the morning the commotion ceased. Then there followed for a couple of hours a period of profound and anxious silence. Then we heard cries afar off that sounded like *evviva;* then some bells began to ring as in a fête; then a new noise, as of a joyful people, broke out from every side, and increased.

But "What is it? What can it be?" we both exclaimed as we ran rapidly to the street. People were descending from all the houses. We could hear no other cry than "They have gone, they have gone!" All repeated the news; all embraced and kissed one another; all wept. The doors and windows were thrown open wide; many windows were illuminated; and from all waved the tricolored flag: "They have gone, they have gone!"

How can I describe the joy and the frenzy of that hour? We, who had endured the shame of servitude, tasted now the delight of freedom, the confidence begotten of strength, the faith that gives assurance for the future. We made no analysis of our feelings, yet there were all these things in our joy and gladness. "They have gone, they have gone!" broke forth as from a single voice.

After having exchanged embraces and kisses, not only with my mother but with all who were at the Garnier College, I visited all the points where I had learned that the principal combats had taken place. Everywhere I saw the same things; everywhere were tricolored flags waving in the breeze. The people continued to inebriate themselves with looking at them. All wore large cockades in their hats or on their clothes; and from many, medals hung. They were stamped with the portrait of

Pius IX, and with the motto: "Italia libera, Dio lo vuole."*

In the streets there was a continual exchange of salutes and embraces between acquaintances and non-acquaintances. At every step I saw gatherings of people, discussing the events and episodes of the preceding days. I soon learned the reason why the Austrians had made such an uproar the night before: it was to protect their retreat.

"They have gone, they have gone!" Many seemed to be delirious. All were seized by a mania to hurry, to expand, to do something. Some continued to work upon the barricades, those especially who had remained away. They reinforced and even embellished them, glorying in this palladium (as it seemed) of our common liberty.

The comic types did not lack; indeed, they abounded. They were afterwards called the heroes of the sixth day. They marched pompously about in the strangest costumes, in plumed hats, yellow boots and dresses of the theater, with antique cuirasses and arms. These bizarre fashions of patriotic habiliments were in vogue for a long time. There appeared also a mode of dressing, called "alla Lombarda." It consisted of a shirt or blouse of homemade black velvet. The blouse had a broad white collar, and was girded by a leather belt, from which hung a sword or dagger. The hat was plumed and was *alla Calabrese*. And from the neck descended a long chain with a pendent medallion, commonly the effigy of Pius IX.

* Italy is free, God wills it.

Even serious men, in these days, wore clothes somewhat after this absurd fashion; and it did not seem strange; nor did it seem queer that Cesare Correnti, the Secretary-General of the Provisional Government, should be seen clothed *alla Lombarda*, with a tricolored girdle or sash, from which hung a sword. Some elegant ladies also adopted this fantastic costume, and wore, as ornaments of the toilet, tricolored girdles, hats *alla Calabrese*, pistols, and, may God forgive them! swords and sabers.

The festivities, half serious and half comic, were prolonged for several days. No extravagance surprised after the great event, which surpassed so much our imagination. There were actions, however, that were much more serious. On the 24th a company of the most valorous young men, under the command of Manara, issued from the city and followed the Austrian rear guard. These youths formed the nucleus of the Lombard battalion of eight hundred which, after having fought by the side of the Piedmontese army on the fields of Lombardy and Piedmont, closed its brief yet glorious career, decimated, on the glacis of Rome.

Another group of Milanese citizens, in another band, advanced painfully, in the Austrian train, toward Vienna; these were the hostages. Following the taking of the Broletto (the evening of the 18th of March) about fifty prisoners were made and conducted to the castle. Among them twenty were chosen as hostages when the army retired the night of the 22d.[14] The troops arrived the evening of the 23d at Melegnano, and left the hostages in charge of a commissary of the police by the name of De Betta. They were shut up in an obscure

room, from which, a little while after, they saw a sinister light. It was followed by a report and a cry. One of the hostages had been shot and fell mortally wounded. It was Conte Carlo Porro. The commissary was accused, but he exculpated himself, attributing the shot to a soldier, and alleging that it was a casualty. Conte Porro died the following day. His death was a great loss. Learned in the sciences, he was one of the founders of the Museum of Milan. He was a man of authority, and was one of the leaders in the movement for the freedom of his country, of which he was an ornament and a hope.[15] The hostages were taken to Klagenfurt, and were afterwards exchanged for Austrian prisoners.

The cry of triumph after the departure of the Austrians smothered many groans and tears; but the joy was so great, even the afflicted rejoiced, and, at heart, were resigned in their grief.

In the mean time news came from every part of Lombardy and of Venetia. Everywhere the same things had happened, as if a powder magazine had exploded. In every city and town and village every one, in his own way, had begun a revolution, almost as if by agreement. And everywhere the same characteristics of concord, of enthusiasm, and even of ingenuous improvidence had been manifested. The hard and inexorable experiences came afterwards; but nothing troubled us in these happy days.

CHAPTER VI

(1848)

After the retreat of the Austrians. — Public opinion. — The arrival of the volunteers. — The National Guard. — Cartridges. — The Palestra Parliament. — My watch is stolen. — The National Italian Association. — The procession of Corpus Domini. — Mazzini. — The newspapers. — Weakness of the Government. — Cattaneo, Cernuschi. — Demonstrations and agitations. — The battalion of the students and seminarians. — My uncles and cousins.

WHEN I return in memory to the short time in which Milan was free and think of it with mature judgment, I do not find that which I so much admired and which so exalted me during the revolution. I do not find the energy, the self-abnegation, and the concord which then seemed to me to be so prevalent and so admirable. After the victory many people thought that everything was ended: heroism reposed.

The things that came after did not have the same seriousness, if I may so speak. They have need of all the justification that can be alleged in their favor by reason of our inexperience. We passed the greater part of our days in the streets, going from coterie to coterie, asking for news from foreign lands, from the Lombard provinces, and from Venetia; or we listened to the obscure and naïve discussions of the embryonic politicians. Then there was a demonstration or a celebration for the living or the dead. Then a reception of a troop of volunteers. These troops were invariably poorly or strangely clad; and they uttered still stranger cries, extolling concord with discordant voices. Among these arrivals I recall that of a band of Neapolitan volunteers, led by the

Principessa Cristina Belgiojoso Trivulzio, who had enrolled them. She paid their expenses.

These troops were assigned to various corps of volunteers which left, from time to time, for the front. The corps, in which were many excellent young men, were badly commanded. They demonstrated the inefficiency of the methods with which, it was then believed, the war could be brought to a successful termination. There were some then who thought that the support of Carlo Alberto and of the Piedmontese was superfluous.

The streets were suddenly filled with agitators, who always indicate (like worms) a body in dissolution. Great importance was given to the National Guard which was called the "Palladio della Libertà." The guard had been one of the dogmas of the Liberalism of 1830, and had become a part of the faith of the times. Many who would have preferred disorder passed to the side of order because they had donned the uniform of the National Guard.

On the 26th of March, Generals Passalacqua and Bes, at the head of a splendid corps of Piedmontese troops (five thousand infantry and a thousand lancers), passed through the Porta Sempione. They made less commotion than fifty Genovese or twenty Pavese, or other volunteers, dressed *alla Lombarda*. The official journal, "Il 22 Marzo," the day before the arrival of the Piedmontese, exhorted the people to give them a good reception, and not to heed the report of political differences, because their coming was in the nature of a fraternal cooperation; and they were glad to have the opportunity of ranging themselves on our side. The Milanese, in their

honeymoon of victory, were jealous lest others should gather their laurels. They were blinded by, and intoxicated with, their success. What hard experiences awaited them!

It was a great affair, even to organize the infantry and cavalry of the National Guard, to elect its petty officers, to choose its uniforms, to establish its prerogatives, and to assign to it its duties. Everything was the subject of discussion. There was a strife even among those who had beards, who aspired to leather aprons and axes. How many good fathers of families have I seen in the parades (thanks to their beards) with ferocious faces, in the uniform of the pioneers!

More serious was the business of preparing linen and cartridges. I recall my mother and other ladies attending to these matters with scrupulous care. The cartridges, when made in the families, were taken to the barracks of the engineers, where there was a continual coming and going of ladies (married and single) who brought cartridges, and received ammunition for their daily task. The manufacture was under the supervision of Dr. Giuseppe Terzaghi, who, eleven years after, was my colleague in the first municipal junta of emancipated Milan.

In this, as in many other matters, we proceeded with small and inadequate means, which were respectable only because of the sentiment which animated us. Devotion to the country was the motive of every act in the first hours of liberty.

The rights of property were universally respected, and generosity was everywhere exhibited. Many soldiers

and police agents were taken prisoners. These last recalled unhallowed days and private griefs; yet were they all pardoned. "Offer them to Pius IX," a proclamation announced. No vendetta was exacted, no blood was shed, no reprisals were made, for the many ferocious acts the Austrian soldiers and police had committed.

Among the little things I recall is a club, the Palestra Parlamentare. It was formed, as its name indicates, to prepare, by vocal gymnastics, the future orators of the Chamber. In it they were to treat, in the abstract, the problems of political and administrative reforms, and to make plans for the war and for the future of Italy.

The Palestra was the meeting-place of all the idle braggarts, who gathered there to display their empty and comic rhetoric. I must confess I did not think so then; young and inexperienced, I took this nonsense seriously. I envied the fecundity of the orators. If I had been alone in my approval there would have been no harm; the harm arose out of the fact that many people applauded these talkers and believed in them. Thus the strangest and most deplorable conceits were engendered and disseminated in a time of great gravity. We had been free but a few days when the Palestra demanded institutions which the most civilized peoples had obtained only after many years and through hard vicissitudes.

One of the things demanded was a *costituente*. The constitution of Carlo Alberto was to be abolished as soon as the war was ended, and a constituent assembly was to present a new constitution to the Kingdom of Upper Italy. Think what kind of a constitution an assembly,

elected in the midst of such confusion, would have given! History has shown us constituent assemblies and the kinds of constitutions they have put forth; many of them so impracticable that no government was able to live under them. However, the idea of a *costituente* gained headway, and entered into the plans of the most influential politicians and of the Government itself. It is useless to say that I, too, was in favor of this proposal, without understanding anything about it.

An episode, in which I was concerned, showed me how the rights of a free citizen (as interpreted by the Palestra) were now regarded. One afternoon I stood reading a proclamation fixed to a wall when I saw a hand snatch my watch. I turned immediately and caught the thief. He protested and called upon the public. I cried out, too, and demanded my watch. The people who stood about heard now one, now the other, and did not know whom to believe. Finally a citizen came forward and decided that we should go to a neighboring post of the National Guard; but not to the police, as "the act was supposititious, and not proved." Every one said he was right; so we all three went to the post of the guard.

The commander and the soldiers formed a circle and stood to hear the case. I asked that the contents of the pockets of my opponent should be produced. This course the fellow objected to, saying that it was contrary to the rights of a free citizen, as expounded by the Palestra. Then I proposed that they should conduct us to the police, but this did not prove acceptable to the thief either. He said that if it did not displease me, it displeased him to cross the city escorted by the guards.

Then the worthy citizen gave sentence a second time. We could go to the police, but alone and unaccompanied by the guards. It was evening when we two set forth from the post of S. Babila to go to the station in Via S. Margherita. We had to traverse the long and deserted Alley Bagutta. I was not very tranquil, and asked myself how the matter would end. It ended suddenly. When we reached the middle of our route, my companion looked about, and, seeing no one, gave me a great push. I fell behind a barricade that had not yet been taken down and he took to his heels. He was gone, and so was my watch. A little after, I was at home, relating my adventure to my mother. I cried as I put my arms about her; the watch was the last gift I had received from my father.

A club, more serious yet not less dangerous than the Palestra, was founded in April by Mazzini. It was called the Associazione Nazionale Italiana, and had for its organ the "Italia del Popolo." I had read various writings of Mazzini and had become enthusiastic about him. His faith in God and in Italy and his mystical and humanitarian language found their way to my boyish heart and mind. My brother Emilio knew Mazzini personally. I was too young to attain to this honor; but I had a great desire to know him, at least, by sight. My curiosity was satisfied under circumstances which, today, his co-religionists would scarcely credit; I saw him in the procession of Corpus Domini.

As everything was still done in the name of Pius IX, and of the marriage between the country and the church, every order of citizens took part in this procession. The

Archbishop was followed by the clergy of the city, the members of the Provisional Government, the municipal authorities, and by all the societies, including the Associazione Nazionale Italiana, which was preceded by the editors of the "Italia del Popolo," of which Mazzini was the chief.

The procession made a long tour through the city, which was adorned with flags, festoons, and tapestries. The legions of the National Guard formed the two wings. But as soon as this manifestation of concord and fraternity had ended, the honeymoon between the classes became disturbed. A divergence of ideas and opinions arose. Men began to group themselves about the old political parties, or the parties that were now in process of formation.

The subject which raised the first tempestuous discussion was whether the Lombard provinces should be fused with Piedmont. Some desired the fusion to take place immediately; some wished it to be deferred to the termination of the war; while others did not want it at all. The party for immediate fusion was the most numerous, as the vote showed; but the other two parties were the noisiest. To the first party the merchants, as was natural, belonged; to the other two the republicans and the unsophisticated. The republicans, again, were divided. One part were unitarians, and were led by Mazzini; and the other part were federalists, and were led by Cattaneo. Cattaneo had unexpectedly become belligerent in behalf of his future federated republics, and a bitter enemy of the Government and of Carlo Alberto, of the monarchists and of the unitarians.

The Provisional Government, though composed of dignified persons, was weak, and this weakness was increased by the demonstrations of the people and the attacks of the newspapers; so much so that, toward the end of May, a man named Urbino, at the head of a little band of enthusiasts, invaded the Palazzo Marino and attempted to overthrow it. It was a senseless act and was quickly suppressed; but it showed that the powerlessness of the Government had impressed itself upon the people.

The most militant journals were the "Italia del Popolo," the organ of Mazzini; the "Voce del Popolo," directed by Maestri and Griffini; and the "Operaio," edited by Pietro Perego, who, after the return of the Austrians, offered his services to Radetzky. He thereupon conducted an official journal of the military government at Verona. The "Operaio" was violent, and sometimes libelous. It is sad to say that, occasionally, Cattaneo and Cernuschi gave vent therein to their partisan wrath against the Government. The Government was defended by "Il 22 Marzo." Carcano, Sala, and Broglio wrote for it.

Cernuschi came from a modest family of Monza, and finished his career as a French millionaire. He was one of the original types of the revolution. However devoted he was to Cattaneo, he was among those who furthered it, and he showed his bravery therein. He was a youth of talent, of some culture, and of much courage. Of republican opinions but of aristocratic tastes, he frequented the noble families of Milan while agitating against Carlo Alberto. A democrat, so far as to

collaborate in a plebeian journal, he loved to show himself in the best society. He dressed differently from others, with a certain affected elegance. He was clean-shaven, and wore a low hat with wide brims, a black coat, an ample white cravat, and a waistcoat with lapels *alla Robespierre*. His shoes were always of patent leather. During the period of the Provisional Government, Cernuschi was only an agitator. The year after, in Rome, he closed with valor his career as an Italian revolutionary.

The demonstrations, the agitations, and the fêtes of an impressionable people, unconscious of the seriousness of affairs, exercised a very bad influence upon the march of events. The National Guard was beaten to quarters continually, for a demonstration, for a victory, for the departure or the arrival of some volunteers, or for honoring some distinguished foreigner. Among those so honored was the Polish poet Mickiewicz. He turned half of Milan upside down. In the mean time the organization of the army, of the defenses, and of the finances proceeded very slowly.

I can still recall the wretchedly dressed volunteers and the fantastic students and seminarians. They were decked out in some ridiculous jackets that had been found in the Austrian magazines. The yellow (Austrian) trimmings had simply been changed to red. We laughed, but we ought to have cried. These studious young men, the hopes of so many, departed for the war in one corps. What a grave misfortune it would have been if this corps had met with disaster! I went to see them depart. They left amid the tears and the embraces of their

families: it was a pathetic spectacle. Among the seminarians I recall my cousin Ignazio Borgazzi (who afterwards died as a missionary in Borneo) and some others who became members of the Lombard clergy who knew how to unite religion with a love for their country.

I was a student of the gymnasium, studying at home. It is easy to imagine what kind of scholastic year it was. The call of "news" by some raucous voice, or the roll of the drums, was enough to make both student and professor descend into the street. In July we took an examination in haste, and were passed, without much questioning, with a sort of absolution.

My brother Emilio was a student in the university, but I do not believe that the "Pandects" took much of his time; rather was he occupied with clubs and meetings. He had made the acquaintance of Mazzini, who manifested for him much predilection. Mazzini liked to surround himself with intelligent young men, whom he easily made his obedient followers, because of his prestige, which he knew how to impress upon them.

My brother was, also, closely allied with Carlo Tenca, the editor of the "Rivista Europea," around whom, as around Correnti, many youths had gathered. Though very young, Tenca asked him to write some articles that I heard praised.

I was too young to belong to similar circles, and, as there were no more reunions in Casa Correnti (he was absorbed by the work of the Government), I had to content myself with the receptions in the houses of my relatives. My mother and I went to the houses of my grandmother (Donna Rosa Borgazzi Caimi) and

of my uncle Luigi Borgazzi. My grandmother received her sons and daughters in the evening. They were all mature and serious persons, a little heavy, with the exception of my mother, who was the youngest.

My uncle Giovanni (who was our guardian), excelled all the rest. He had occupied some high post (I do not know what) in the administration of the first Kingdom of Italy. His wife was a sister of Conte Paolo Taverna, who founded the institution for poor deaf-mutes. The other brothers were Don Luigi, an intimate friend of Conte Mellerio and of the older Conservative clericals; Don Gaetano, who in his youth, with his brother Carlo (since deceased), had been an officer in the Grande Armée of Napoleon; and lastly, Don Giacomo, who had done none of the things his brothers had, yet who gave himself the air of having done more. He was on horseback from morning to night.

The sisters of my mother, with the exception of Donna Giuseppina Campeggi, did not have the grave manners of their brothers. They were all distinguished by great goodness and playfulness of spirit. Donna Giuseppina, who, in her youth, must have been beautiful, had a maternal air. It came, perhaps, from long association with her deceased husband, who had been President of a Court of Appeal during the Napoleonic régime. I can recall my uncle still, dressed in black, with a white cravat, twice folded, about his neck, in a powdered peruke. When I was little, my uncle and aunt Campeggi occasionally asked me to dinner. My constraint was so great I never talked while I was with them. When the dinner was finished my uncle would solemnly

say: "Boys, after dinner, should amuse themselves." For my amusement he assigned me to a mean room where I was made to play at *gioco dell' oca.**

Nearly all these uncles and aunts had many sons, several of whom were young men of talent and energy who took active parts in the events of the revolution. The conversations in the salon of my grandmother developed gravely, and the discussions were nearly always the same. The revolution against the Austrians was mentioned with indulgence because it was made with the cry of "Viva Pio IX"; but it was viewed with indifference. We talked of it in a low tone of voice because no one dared to tell Donna Rosa that there had been a revolution. This would have revived memories of the Jacobin régime, and have caused her to swoon.

During the Five Days we had succeeded in making her believe that a dreadful storm had prevented our coming to her salon. We told her that the cannonading was thunder. Her deafness and great age had made possible the deception we practiced upon her. In the two or three years she survived the year 1848, she occasionally recalled the great tempest that had interrupted her *conversazione* for five days, obliging her to keep her windows closed.

Much brighter was the other reception to which my mother took Enrico and me. It was in the house of Don Luigi, where we went every Sunday. It was a joyous circle of young men and beautiful girls, children of relatives and friends. My uncle, who must have been a veritable wet blanket, left the house immediately after

* Literally, game of the goose.

dinner, and did not return until midnight. In the mean time, under the auspices of my kind and sympathetic aunt (who loved to make her numerous family happy), we had great fun. We were all very young; so we played and danced, and we sang the patriotic hymns merrily. My beautiful little cousins! I loved them all a little fraternally, so as to do no one any wrong.

CHAPTER VII

(1848)

Apprehensions and fears. — Peace offered as far as the Mincio.— Refusal of the Government. — Carlo Alberto and his generals. — Hurried armaments. — Gifts of the Milanese, and other Lombard families. — Bad news and anxieties. — Public distress. — The Committee of Defense. — Fanti, Maestri, Restelli. — Mobilization of the National Guard.—Emilio enlists in the Garibaldian volunteers. — My mother, Enrico, and I leave Milan.

THE halcyon days of public happiness began to be clouded. Toward the end of May, however, the combat of Goito and the surrender of Peschiera were like rays of light to the people, who rejoiced as they did on the 22d of March. But the sad news of the rout of Curtatone and of Montanara, of the dubious fights at Rivoli, of the defection of the King of Naples, and of the withdrawal of the papal troops soon obscured our sky, which was further darkened by the fall of Vicenza. Victory is a great talisman; woe to him who lets it escape! We had in these days our first sorrowful experience of this truth.

The indications that fortune had commenced to abandon us produced an anxiety that weakened our spirits. A vague feeling of discontent arose, and increased every day. Accusations were made against everybody, and suspicions were cast upon all. Political discussions became more and more bitter every day. Our imaginations, which had become inebriated by so many successes, recalled to reality, sought for explanations of our reverses in the strangest notions. People

began to speak of treason, and to seek for traitors and spies.

Then there arose a disposition to deny the facts and to accept the suggestions of fancy. The consequence was an excitement which aggravated our disasters, and left a sorrowful heritage of disorder. A principal cause of suspicion arose out of the rumor that the Government and Carlo Alberto had entered upon negotiations for terms of peace, which, if accepted, would limit our demands to the Mincio. The facts were different, but the suspicion continued.

The truth of the matter was, as is now well known, that, in the latter part of June, the Austrians, at the suggestion of England, offered to treat for peace with Carlo Alberto and the Provisional Government on the basis of the cession of Lombardy. Baron Wessemberg, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, made such a proposal in an official dispatch, directed to the Provisional Government. The Government, in a remarkable Note, was, perhaps, more generous than it intended to be; it refused the offer, saying that it did not want to make a Lombard cause of an Italian one. Afterwards it charged Antonio Beretta, one of its members, to inform Carlo Alberto of this decision. The enemies of the Government denied that such an offer and refusal were made; but the truth is as I have stated it.

The King, who knew of the initiative of England, heard in silence the communication of the Provisional Government, meditating upon the reasons which inspired its action. As Beretta explained them, he remarked with much finesse: "The reply of the Govern-

ment is worthy of the city of the Five Days." Then he invited Beretta to pass into an adjoining room, where some generals and his staff were conversing. The generals were more explicit and less regardful than the King. They said that the Government showed that it did not understand the state of affairs, that Marshal Radetzky had doubled the number of his troops, and that the Piedmontese army was fatigued, and was without the hope of reinforcements. They complained, too, that the recruits from the various Italian States had begun to lag; and said that Lombardy, itself, had not done all that had been expected of it; and concluded by saying that, if Radetzky should make an energetic offensive movement, the Piedmontese army would not be able to resist him. Beretta immediately communicated these things to his Government. His letters are preserved in the Milanese archives of the Museo del Risorgimento.

Since the Provisional Government did not favor the negotiations for peace, Radetzky (who had been ordered to conclude an armistice) now took the offensive. He sent General Schwarzenberg to Vienna to show the Emperor that he could repulse the Piedmontese army and recover Milan in a short time. So the plan of peace to the Mincio had but a few days of life, because of the disdainful refusal of the exalted patriots. It was this project that we were destined to see brought about after eleven years of misfortune and sorrow for Italy.

The reinforcements, which would have been most valuable a month before, were now hurried forward; but they left their camp too late. Among them was a

regiment of infantry that had been enlisted by the Duca Uberto Visconti di Modrone, of which he was the colonel. This regiment was well equipped, but it was composed of persons hastily gathered together, and was poorly drilled and disciplined. Other families of the aristocracy contributed generously to the expenses of the war. Among them I recall the ducal family of Litta, which equipped a battery of artillery. But none of these efforts were seconded by the vigorous measures that the circumstances demanded. They were not comprehended, either by the Government or by the country at large.

A new feeling of dismay now possessed the minds of all as the sick and wounded soldiers arrived at the city hospitals. They were so numerous that they filled them. All were depressed, and they diffused such discouraging reports that they shook even the morale of the Piedmontese troops.

In the last days of July a report came of the winning of a great battle. Then it was said that the battle had been renewed the next day, to our discomfiture. But no one believed this last report, though it alarmed us greatly. There were no telegraphs, and the news was tardy and rarely exact. Our anxiety grew as the reports of increasing misfortunes came to us. Some of us were troubled and sorrowful, others despaired, and raged. From this time there ensued a succession of accusations, and of foolish projects. The only people who were heeded were those who spoke of mysterious treasons.

Every time a carriage stopped at the Palazzo Marino, or an officer or a messenger descended, the crowd gath-

ered in the Piazza di S. Fedele, and cried that the members of the Government should come to the balcony and tell the news. The Government, whose authority became weaker every day, yielded to these demands. Every moment one of its members, or a secretary, could be seen reading letters or dispatches aloud. In the midst of so many serious affairs comic incidents did not lack. Between the balcony and the piazza occasional dialogues, and even quarrels, arose. One day Conte Cesare Giulini, tired of having to go out so often, exclaimed: "In this way no one can govern." "Do not govern, then, you simpleton," replied a voice. This episode Giulini, afterwards, often related.

The peril increased so fast that the Government determined to nominate a Committee of Public Defense that should provide for all the extraordinary measures that had become necessary. On the 28th of July, General Manfredo Fanti, Pietro Maestri, and Francesco Restelli were appointed on this committee. They were all honest and intelligent men, and all were republicans. But this measure was not sufficient to strengthen our confidence in the crisis that confronted us.

The Committee of Public Defense published decree after decree, — of finance, of order, of defense; but it was not by belated decrees that the outcome of so many errors could be changed. Their multitudinous provisions were without effect. The committee decreed, among other things, that those who spread false or exaggerated reports should be arrested and brought to trial; but the public believed more in such reports than in the threats of the committee.

The Provisional Government has often been accused of incapacity, especially by those who helped to upset it. Composed of eminent persons, of the greatest respectability, if it was not always equal to its tasks, we must admit that the entire country fell below what was required of it. The members of the Government had the good qualities, and the defects, of their fellow-townsmen. To steer a vigorous course against the current of illusions of the day was impossible. What was needed was a single directing mind, dominating the others, but no such mind was forthcoming. The events did not produce the man.

Among the patriotic acts that honor the members of the Government I recall one that manifests their good qualities and their defects. Pinched by financial difficulties, and not knowing how to establish a proper system of finances, they resorted to a quixotic project. Not succeeding in raising even a small sum for the pressing needs of the day, they determined to start a subscription among the principal landowners of Lombardy, and asked them to offer their possessions as a guaranty for a loan of twelve millions. The subscription, headed by Casati, Borromeo, and other members of the Provisional Government, soon reached the sum demanded; so that the Government confided to the banker, Carlo Brot (a German established in Milan, and a friend of the Rothschilds), the charge of procuring the amount upon the hypothecated lands. Signor Brot was about to accomplish his mission in Paris, when the misfortune of war cut it short. Some letters of Signor Brot, now preserved in the Museo del Risorgimento, give the details

of this matter, which honors, not only the members of the Government, but likewise many others of the principal proprietors of Lombardy.[16]

The last act of the Provisional Government, and the first one of the Committee of Public Defense, proclaimed the truth of the alarming reports and the gravity of affairs. To thoughtlessness succeeded fear, which soon spread throughout the city and gave it an agitated appearance. The most serious-minded people, of every age and condition, enlisted in the National Guard, or, going through the country, sought to raise the levy en masse. They did what they could to aid the Government. The boasters, on the other hand, who never fail in the gravest crises, chattered away, and called for impossible violent measures. They increased the discord and disorder. Some left the city, panic-stricken.

My brother and some of his friends departed for Bergamo, and enlisted in the corps that Garibaldi, lately returned from America, was recruiting. The Garibaldians did not then wear the red shirt. It was worn first by the Mille,* twelve years later. They had now a modest gray surcoat. Only the officers, whom Garibaldi had brought with him from Montevideo, wore red tunics. They had green cuffs and *revers*, trimmed with little gold buttons.

"Behold a young man who wishes to die with us," said Garibaldi, when he presented Emilio to Giacomo Medici, then a captain of one of his companies. Who would have said of these young men, in the midst of so much discouragement, that they would one day meet

*The Thousand; the expedition to Sicily.

again, the one a general, and the other a commissioner, of the King of Piedmont; and that they would pass together the Ticino on their way to triumph?

My uncle and guardian came one morning and persuaded my mother to leave Milan, as the Austrians were rapidly advancing. There was no time to lose, as the danger was increasing, and would soon render our departure more perilous than our remaining. How can I describe our anguish; yet only in the severe school of adversity did my generation, and the succeeding one, acquire the virtue that gained them a country.

CHAPTER VIII

(1848)

We leave Milan. — The attitude of the peasants. — The journey to Bellinzona. — The appearance of the town. — The news gathered by the Contessa Sormanni. — Sequestrations. — Disbanded soldiers. — Gustavo Modena. — I go to Lugano. — Lost on Monte Ceneri. — I find Emilio. — Casa Kramer Berra. — Mazzini. — The expedition to Val d'Intelvi. — Poor result. — The emigrants scatter. — My brother goes to Genova and Pisa. — We remain at Tirano.

THERE departed with my mother, Enrico, and me, two of my aunts, Donna Carolina Minunzi and Donna Giuseppina Campeggi, and two cousins. Donna Giuseppina was accompanied by her friend, the Contessa Sormanni. The Contessa was an old lady, of I do not know what origin, who had passed her youth at one of the little courts of Parma, or Modena. She did not understand, or talk of, anything but what she had seen or heard at court. Coming to Milan after the marriage of her daughter, she conceived a great affection for my aunt Donna Giuseppina, who, in her turn, loved her, yet who scolded her friend, even when she agreed with her.

We went by rail as far as Monza; it did not, at this time, go any farther. There we took carriages for Como. On our way we had some adventures that were not without danger. In the piazzas of the villages, and along the roads, we met peasants who had been summoned by the levy en masse. They had more the air of people in rebellion than of patriots going to defend their country. Threatening voices were heard, and even our modest carriages were saluted by the cry,

"Death to the signori." The carriages that appeared to belong to the gentry were stopped and turned back with menaces and injuries. Everywhere we saw evidences of panic. Old men, women, and children were flying with their household goods, uttering curses upon the signori. The gentry were also cursed in a song that was a mixture of patriotism and of hate, that, to-day, would be called anarchistic.

Yet the peasants were neither the enemies of the landlords nor the partisans of the Austrians. The peasants were usually on excellent terms with the proprietors. For Austria they had no love, but they had great respect and fear. A number had passed eight consecutive years in active service and two years in the reserves. They returned home, disciplined, and with a great idea of the power of Austria. The "Tedesco" was for them the master of masters. In their cottages a legend was current that the family of the Emperor was descended from relatives of the Madonna.

The general enthusiasm, the momentary decline of the power of Austria, and the influence of the landlords and of the priests (who, in the Pope's name, had thrown themselves into the national movement), induced the peasants to take part, without understanding why, in the events of March. But bad news had come; and fearful rumors had been diffused in regard to the vengeance the Austrians would take, if they maintained their union with the signori. A great number of the priests, too, had become cautious, since Pius IX had abandoned the war for independence. And lastly the disheartening effects of our sorrow and distress were not lacking.

But to return to our journey. It was difficult to find carriages at Como to take us to Bellinzona, whither we were going. In the end we found an old, ramshackle omnibus, into which we all crowded, and began our exodus. We passed the frontier with the agony of mind of people who do not know when they will pass it again. But, as in the melancholy moments of life, things always happen which lead to laughter, suddenly, in the night, one of the long seats gave way, and half of us were seated on the floor with our knees touching our chins.

No harm was done, but the Contessa Sormanni, without altering her position, began to intone the prayers for those who are *in articulo mortis*, in a high and solemn voice. In our position, as also in the voice of the Contessa, there was something so comical that we all burst out laughing. As it was not possible to raise the seat, one half of the company had to continue their journey on the floor. When the Contessa heard that we were all living, she began, without changing her voice, to recite a return of thanks. This was followed by a rosary which finished with especial prayers for travelers, for those who are in peril, and for Christian princes and rulers. When we arrived in Bellinzona we took up our abode in a furnished apartment in the house of some people called Moro.

In the mean time matters hastened on. There was a succession of sorrowful rumors; and soon we heard of the capitulation of Milan. As it was difficult to verify the reports we received, the contradictions made our uncertainty agonizing. We hoped until the last, believing that Milan would be defended at any and every

cost, and that its successful defense would restore the fortunes of war. Our sorrow, therefore, can be imagined when it was learned that the Austrians had, indeed, entered the city.

The Contessa Sormanni, who believed it was her duty to console the afflicted (she was much less afflicted than we), went out occasionally in search of comforting news. She succeeded generally in making us more miserable, and in securing a scolding for herself from my aunt. My aunt liked to hear the news, but only the kind that pleased her. She never, therefore, read the newspapers. In Milan she had a secretary whose duty it was (among others) to go to a café to read the "Gazzetta di Milano" in order to be able to relate the news which he thought would divert his employer.

The Contessa, who knew this peculiarity of her friend, went about incessantly in search of comforting information. Behold her one day coming into the house with a journal in her hand, crying "Good news! Good news!" All gathered around her. The news was that Prince Felix von Schwarzenberg had been appointed Governor of Milan. There was a howl of vexation.

"How!" exclaimed the Contessa; "do you not know that Prince Felix is a relative of reigning houses, and almost a prince of the blood? Do you not know that his nomination is an honor for Milan, almost as if the viceroy had been sent back?" The poor Contessa betook herself off, grumbling, and calling us all malcontents.

A few days after, the "notificazione" of Marshal Radetzky was published; it mortified even the good Con-

tessa. The Marshal demanded a contribution of twenty millions from one hundred and eighty-nine citizens, chosen from among those who had held places under the Provisional Government, or who had, he understood, favored the revolution. The list began with the name of Principessa Belgiojoso, mulcted in the sum of 800,000 lire. Then there followed the names of the principal families, or citizens, of Milan and Lombardy, who were taxed from 20,000 to 500,000 lire. It was not possible to collect these sums, as the country was exhausted; moreover, a majority of the citizens who had been fined were absent. But the Marshal had great need of funds, since, in several instances, the people who presented themselves with the cash contracted for, and secured, large reductions. The goods of many, who could not pay, were sequestered. For some this meant actual ruin; for, as no one could be found who would become the keeper of the sequestered goods, the military government took all it could find.

A celebrated case was that of Beretta, who became the mayor of Milan in 1859. Beretta, under the Provisional Government, had had the care of the finances. The Austrians, succeeding to it, recognized only its administrative acts. It placed to the charge of Beretta all the expenses of a revolutionary character that had been confirmed by him. The sum was very great, and the Austrians to satisfy it sequestered all Beretta's goods. Out of this arose a trial between Beretta and the Government. Beretta believed himself to be protected by an article in the treaty of peace, and brought into his defense even the Government of Piedmont. With

a council of lawyers he succeeded in prolonging the litigation for ten years, when the battle of Magenta delivered him.

We passed our exile at Bellinzona in the streets or in the cafés. The most improbable reports were the most accredited. The number of the refugees increased daily, and gradually the piazzas and streets overflowed with them. They were not always animated by the right kind of spirit. Many remnants of the Free Corps, that had been disbanded, wore military dress, but the rags of some volunteers moved us to pity. The greater number of these last came from the corps of General Griffini, that had crossed from Brescia through the Valcamonica and the Valtellina, on their way to the Grisons. This troop had directed its steps toward the Canton Ticino and toward Piedmont.

The Swiss, especially the inhabitants of the Grisons, did not exhibit a friendly spirit. Whether it was because of fear of the Austrians, or of greater sympathy for them, they often treated the fugitives with harshness. How miserable were the wanderers! They had left their homes, believing that the war was easy, and that triumph was secure. They had passed through these illusions, and were confronted by the hardest facts. Their minds had, therefore, become shaken, and they could not reason. They accepted, and repeated, the strangest notions.

Treason! mysterious treason! was the great word. It gave an explanation to everything. In misfortune, men seem to have a need of finding in occult causes an explanation for their errors. They are wont to let their

faults rest upon the head of some one, who becomes a traitor. Accordingly, it was said that the members of the Provisional Government, the generals, and many others, had betrayed the people. The greatest traitor of all was Carlo Alberto. If any one hazarded a doubt he risked being placed in the same category himself.

I remember hearing some persons trying to persuade a few Piedmontese soldiers (they had become separated from their command) that their king was a traitor. The poor fellows did not want to believe this, but the others insisted upon it, and wanted them to desert. The soldiers, in whom the sentiment of faith and of discipline was worth more than words, were not to be led astray. They took the road to their homes, and the way of duty.

Gustavo Modena, a warm patriot, gave recitals at Lugano, Bellinzona, and Locarno in behalf of the emigrants. In the interludes he declaimed Berchet's poetry, the "Esecrato Carignano,"* amidst great applause, as he broke the chair against which he leaned.

Poor Berchet, how would he have liked this applause in after years at Turin? Returning from exile, he was most profoundly convinced that the only safety for Italy lay in its union with Piedmont. Taught by misfortune, he deplored the words that were wrung from the sorrows of a patriot, disillusioned by the misadventures of 1821.

Lugano, Bellinzona, Locarno, the whole Canton Ticino, overflowed with the emigrants. Many, especially the volunteers, were quite without means. The richer emigrants were not able to afford much help,

* Execrated Carignan, Carlo Alberto.

since, fugitives themselves, they were often living in distress.

I cannot tell the pain the good Contessa had in seeing so many young men encamped in the streets and in the courtyards, suffering from fever and fatigue. We could see her, in the company of volunteers of every sort and kind, who listened with pleasure to the good "Mother Superior," as they called her. She looked like a nun, as she dressed in black, and wore a white coif, and a long black veil. Nor were her comforts limited to words. Every morning she led a little squad of exhausted men to breakfast, but, before so doing, she took them to hear a mass.

After the surrender of Milan, the hopes of the refugees were centered in the Free Corps, especially in that of Garibaldi. "The royal war is finished; now begins the war of the people," Mazzini proclaimed. As phrases had great weight, all looked forward to it. But soon we learned that Garibaldi's corps, which was the last in the field, after the combats of Morazzone and Luino, had been outnumbered, and driven into Canton Ticino. This news made us apprehensive for Emilio and his friends.

We made anxious inquiries of all who might give us any information, but in vain. After several days, perceiving that my mother was most unhappy, I resolved to go to Lugano where, I was told, there were some of the Garibaldians. Deciding one evening to go, as I could not find any cart or wagon, I departed on foot. I would have done better to have waited until morning, but I was moved by my mother's affliction.

I go to Lugano

I had trusted in the moon, but she is sometimes fickle. In traversing Monte Ceneri I thought I would take a byway, when, suddenly, the sky became dark, and it began to rain. The path I took led to a wall beyond which I could see nothing. I cried aloud; but no one replied. I heard only the mysterious voices of the night, the rustling of a leaf, the falling of a stone, or the flight of some little beast to its den. I sat upon the ground, and remained there until dawn. Then I found the path, and crossing the mountain, I regained the post-road. Some hours after, I entered Lugano, seated on a trunk, behind a coach.

Lugano presented the same aspect as Bellinzona, but in greater proportions. The piazzas and streets were crowded with soldiers of all conditions. Among them I found some acquaintances to whom I told my mission. They referred me to a soldier who had helped the sick and wounded across the frontier. He took me to a house, in the stable of which I found Emilio, wrapped in a greatcoat, stretched upon some straw. He had been smitten with fever because of the fatigue of the long marches, and had fallen out by the way. With some others he had been taken up and carried to this stable.

Seeing me he revived, and, a short time after, we left this improvised hospital. He was still feverish, but, above all, he was exhausted. He needed food and rest; he did not have a cent in his pockets. A short time after, we left for Bellinzona, where my mother's loving care brought about Emilio's speedy recovery. After a fortnight he was called back to Lugano, and I followed

him, as I was anxious to know something of the events that, I learned, were in preparation.

The cream of the radical Lombard emigration had gathered about Mazzini in Lugano. Emilio took me to call upon Signora Teresa Kramer Berra, the mother of Edoardo Kramer, who had been one of his school friends. In her house many emigrants came together, all of whom were agitated by the schemes that were at once their comfort and the cause of their unrest. I made the acquaintance of some personages who procured for me the honor of assisting at some of the meetings in which a new insurrection was planned. A number of them were held at Capolago, in the printing office of De Boni. Here I met Mazzini.

Mazzini was the ideal of nearly all the emigrants. No one talked of, or listened to, any one else. His utterances were dogmas. His intimate friends, and many who wished to appear to be intimate, called him simply "Pippo." He who spoke of a matter in the name of "Pippo" had no need to discuss it further. His word was absolute and infallible.

Mazzini had a gentle way of speaking and acting. He discussed affairs in a sweet tone, with an air of inspiration. He did not like to be contradicted, and was especially deferential to those who were of his opinion. It is useless to say that I was one of his enthusiastic admirers, and that I listened to him in religious silence.

In the meetings I attended I heard the particulars of the preparations for an armed invasion of Lombardy, a project which gradually became the secret of all, and was soon discussed in the cafés. One of the busybodies

was a man by the name of Mora, whom I had seen the previous year in Casa Correnti. He was always in the uniform of I do not know what corps, and went about with the air of a man who has his head full of schemes and secrets. He was quiet, but his quietness seemed to say more than another's speech. Evidently he believed himself to be the chief-of-staff of the army that Mazzini was preparing; but events soon cut short Mora's military career. Many years afterwards he became the steward of the Royal College for Girls in Milan.

The war of the people, destined, as it was said, to repair the errors of the royal war, finished with two attempts; one from the Valle d' Intelvi, and one from Chiavenna. To judge from the plans, great deeds were to be done in the valleys and in the lake districts. When October came, Emilio left Lugano and, passing through Switzerland, went to the districts where the insurrection was to break out. But when he arrived in Valtellina, he learned to his surprise that no one knew anything about it. He talked with the principal patriots, and found that they were all opposed to the projected movement. He consulted, also, with Enrico Guicciardi, who had come from Piedmont to look into the supposititious preparations. Guicciardi was a brave man, but not one who was easily deceived. He discouraged the enterprise, and returned to his Valtellinese battalion, which soon distinguished itself at the battle of Novara.

In the mean time Mazzini ordered D'Apice and Arcioni, called generals, to advance into the Valle d' Intelvi. This valley opens behind the district of Argegno on Lake Como. The Comitato Insurrezionale

of Lugano, in order to second this movement, ordered a corps, supposed to have four hundred men, of emigrants and disbanded soldiers, to march to the valley. This corps, which was only partly formed, was dismissed by D' Apice after the first skirmish.

On the 28th of October, General Wimpfen sent seven hundred soldiers, embarked on two steamers, from Como to Argegno. As they approached, a boat suddenly put forth with the intention of boarding the steamers. From one of them a cannon was fired, whereupon the boat turned back, and ran upon the beach. The attack of the few upon the many failed, as did all the other foolish attempts of the year 1848. This serious, yet comic, episode was told me by Antonio Lazzati, who was aboard the boat.

The Austrians marched into the Valle d' Intelvi where a republic (which lasted three days) had been proclaimed. It was defended by a handful of poeple, commanded by Antonio Cresseri and Andrea Brenta, two brave men, who almost alone resisted them. They were captured, and shot at Como.

Contemporaneously with these events, another group of emigrants penetrated the Valtellina nearly as far as Chiavenna. It was commanded by the patriot Francesco Dolzino. There were with him the Marchese Vitaliano Crivelli, Alberico Gerli, called Pepe, Giovanni and Gaetano Cantoni, the notary Bordini, and the engineer Tagliaferri, all of Milan. The Austrians arrived shortly after, and occupied the Valle del Mera. Shots were exchanged, and the Austrians burned the village of Veccia; but no one moved. The few emi-

grants who had attempted the attack were dispersed. So finished the expedition that the best informed people had sought to prevent. Adventurers and dreamers planned it; and Mazzini had given them his support.

After the outcome of their unfortunate enterprise, the emigrants, persuaded that nothing further would be attempted, began to strike their tents. The least compromised returned to Lombardy, going first to their country-houses. The most exalted of the volunteers directed their steps to central Italy, where, it was hoped, new movements were on foot.

At the end of October our little colony determined to return home. The Contessa Sormanni was the most impatient of us all. Hearing of the archdukes and princes who had received commands in Lombardy she was anxious to see them. All raised their voices against her, and many discussions ensued. My Aunt Giuseppina, returning to the memories of her youth, invoked a new Napoleon, who, she said, would soon put an end to all confusion, while the Contessa maintained that no confusion would have arisen if only Maria Luigia Duchessa di Parma * were yet living!

My aunts, cousins, and the Contessa departed directly for Milan. My mother preferred to go with Enrico and me to Tirano, although Emilio, who had gone there some days before, had left.

* Second wife of Napoleon I.

CHAPTER IX

(1848)

Return to Milan. — Appearance of the city. — We leave for the Valtellina. — Under military government. — A condemnation. — The Croatian soldiers. — Military cantonments. — Major Krall. — Mazzini and the expeditions. — I study German and music. — Milan again. — The prevalent sadness. — The revolutionary movements in central Italy.

BEFORE going to the Valtellina we had to return to Milan for a few days. We went from Arona by night. At the frontier we were received by a commissary, who, after questioning us, let us pass. We entered the city early in the morning by the Porta Sempione. What agony I suffered as we crossed the Piazza d'Armi! How many times I had been there, during the preceding months, to see the volunteers, or the National Guard, or the soldiers of Piedmont march by, with a feeling of assurance that Milan, and perhaps all Italy, were henceforth forever free. Now the Austrian soldiers bivouacked or maneuvered on the piazza as our masters.

The first soldiers I saw were the Croats. They were dressed in maroon, with tight blue trousers. The Croats were to us, Latins, the typical barbarians, as many stories of their ferocity had been repeated. They were, moreover, the objects of our contempt. The Croats, as masters, filled up the measure of our grief and humiliation. I closed my eyes, and perceived that they were bathed in tears. I felt my blood boil; and my heart experienced all the bitterness of a cause that is lost. Out of all this came a feeling of hatred and a determination of revenge. These sentiments were

shared by all the young men of my age for ten years to come.

We remained in Milan only a short time. In the prevalent squalor it was impossible to recognize the festive city of a few weeks before. The streets were deserted but for the military. The few citizens I saw went about hastily as if ashamed. The piazzas and other places were full of soldiers who conducted themselves as if they were in an encampment. Along the bastions artillery were planted, and in the public gardens a regiment of the hussars bivouacked. The greater number of the palaces and houses of the aristocracy were used as barracks or as military hospitals. I often saw soldiers, under the portico of some palace, cooking their mess with the gilded legs of tables and chairs, or with other pieces of broken furniture.

As soon as we could, we fled to the Valtellina. The country through which we passed presented a spectacle not less disheartening. Everywhere we saw menacing soldiers, and everywhere there were signs of military arrogance. In a province a general or colonel was in command; in a city or town, a major; in a little country district, a captain or a subaltern. Alongside of the military rulers the civil authorities nominally existed; but they were without power. The officers resorted to martial law with ruthless and ferocious severity. Daily we heard of some unfortunate who had been mercilessly shot: a broken weapon, or even a piece of one, had been found in his possession. And such things were done in order to pacify us. What a government! Doubtless the army wished to revenge itself because

it had been defeated and driven away in the month of March.

The common soldiers, too, were generally irritated, suspicious, and fearful. They were irritated because, belonging chiefly to the reserves, they had had to leave their wives and children. They were suspicious and fearful because they had crossed the Alps with their heads filled with stories of treasons, and brigands, and poniards, and of other things which were to be found in Italy.

In the country districts it was necessary for us to take many precautions, yet they were not always sufficient. One day, at Tirano, a youth named Ricetti, a student of medicine, stood smoking at a window. Some soldiers passed, and one said that Ricetti had spat upon him; whereupon he denounced him to the major, who ordered his arrest; and, without trial, condemned him to be whipped in the courtyard of the Municipio. The major, also, obliged the municipal authorities to assist at the whipping. Ricetti was crippled by hip disease, and the doctor and the chief of the commune had protested. It was because of this protest that the major had obliged them to assist at the whipping.

The soldiers who occupied the Valtellina were Croats, and belonged to the countries then called the military frontiers. They had many primitive and horrid customs. As several were quartered in our house, I had the means of observing their habits and of learning the working of their minds. Although barbarians, they had the aptitude of Slavs for learning languages. After a few weeks' sojourn, they acquired enough Italian to make them-

selves understood. I sometimes diverted myself with making them talk; whereupon I perceived that there was in them a strange mixture of goodness and of ferocity.

"Thou art a good Italian," they said to me, if I gave them anything, but hastened always to add, "We will thrust our bayonets into the stomach of every revolutionary Italian brigand."

They were under strict discipline, yet they took things with a free hand, fruit especially. When the peasants surprised them they would say, "Pius IX pays." It would seem as if to this robbery, discipline shut its eye. I saw them sometimes prepare their mess in the courtyard. They planted their kettles in a row. Then they threw in some nasty-smelling fat and their ordinary rations; then all that they had stolen during the day, beans, cabbages, potatoes, and even bunches of grapes. Among the things they took with predilection were tallow candles. These were likewise thrown into the pot, unless they were reserved for another use. This was to smear the bands which they wound around their legs up to their tight pantaloons. They kept them on for weeks and even months. They even smeared their bodies with tallow. They averred that this practice was good for the health, as it preserved them from insects. Let us believe it, but this sweet preservative made them smell horribly! When they left a lodging an odor remained which lasted for years.

These soldiers often gave vent to their animosity against us. They were soldiers for life, but generally, after a certain number of years, they remained in their

own country. Now, Austria had to call out all of her reserves, on which account it was not exceptional to see a son, a father, and a grandfather in the same company. One of them told me that, in leaving his wife, he had said to her: "I leave you three pigs, five sheep, seven hens, and two little children; if, when I return, I find four pigs, six sheep, and eight hens, I will say good wife; but if I find three children, I will send wife and children away with a beating."

Among the Austrian officers there were some who belonged to good and distinguished families, but among the Croats there were none. Their habits showed that they were all rustics of little training and education. Equally with the common soldiers, the Croatian officers uttered their hatred of the Italians who had caused them to leave their homes, and, equally with them, were their minds filled with vague fears.

One day one of these officers, who lodged in our house, but with whom I had never exchanged a salute, suddenly approached me and, in a jargon like that of his soldiers, said, "If a revolution should occur, you would kill me in your house?"

I was a youth and he a big strong man. Then he added quickly: "You cannot kill me because I am your guest."

"Guest, no," I replied, looking at him in surprise. "You are here as a conqueror and not as a guest."

"I am in your house, therefore guest, guest," he continued.

"I must see you without a uniform to call you a guest," I answered.

He regarded me fixedly, and then went his way, studying, perhaps, the question of hospitality from this point of view. Afterwards we continued, as we were before, without looking at, or even saluting, one another.

The commander at Tirano was a major called Krall, who, like his soldiers, was sometimes ferocious and sometimes good-humored. His Tiranese subjects, who had learned this, knew how to obtain their desires. Bottles of Valtellina wine often obtained graces and favors, and occasionally saved some one from death. "I am Emperor of Tirano," he exclaimed once, when tipsy; "and my wife leads the pigs to pasture!"

The plans of the Committee of Lugano, which had become known to all, helped to make the soldiers suspicious and alarmed. They ended disastrously, as we have seen, but they were the excuse for the occupation of the Valtellina with troops scattered along the frontiers.

The Valtellina took an important part in the revolution of 1848, and furnished many recruits to the volunteers, some of whom had deserted from the Austrian ranks. Joined by remnants of the Lombard corps, a battalion of Valtellinese was now formed in Piedmont under the command of Major Enrico Guicciardi, of Ponte. Other patriots followed the profession of arms in this battalion or in some other command, among whom was Luigi Torelli who had planted the flag on the cathedral in the Five Days. He was a major of staff in the Solaroli brigade.

Some friends who had gone to Poschiavo or to the Canton of the Grisons were still absent. Emilio, after his conference with Guicciardi, convinced that the revo-

lutionary movement existed only in the fancy of the committee, had left for Tuscany. Here it seemed that something was in preparation, in which he intended to participate while pursuing his studies, as the young men of those days so often did.

In the mean time I reflected upon past events with the little understanding that I had. No one seemed to have a great deal. The Hungarian insurrection continued; Venezia still resisted; and revolutions were in progress in all Italy. We hoped for much from them. We hoped also for a democratic ministry at Turin which would force Carlo Alberto to break the armistice, and to return to the fields of Lombardy. There were, therefore, matters in abundance to nourish our illusions.

Time passed slowly. I rarely went out of the house. To occupy my days and nights I undertook the study of German and music. To learn German was not allowed by the puritanical patriots of the day; so it was always studied in secret. It seemed to me that I might study it, so I turned to the only professor of German that was at Tirano. He was a man from the Engadine, and he taught me the principles of a language that made my first true German professor laugh.

The parish organist undertook to give me my first lessons on the pianoforte. He put all his good will into the task, and I put in a little, but, after a few months, I became convinced that my inaptitude to learn was equal to my pleasure in hearing music; so I discontinued my lessons.

In order to continue our serious studies, my mother determined, in December, to take Enrico and me to

Milan. The university and the lyceums were closed, but permission was given to the students to follow the courses privately, in groups of not more than ten. The courses commenced at the beginning of the year, and were followed at best, or at worst, by professors and scholars with thoughts fixed upon other things than study.

What a sad winter it was! Whosoever could, remained abroad or in the country; and the city was depopulated. The streets looked squalid and deserted, and were occupied only by the soldiers. The state of siege was most rigorous. Nearly every day placards of the Government, called "Notificazioni," ordained some rigorous measure or published some sentence of the council of war.

To raise up our spirits there came occasionally from Piedmont some report that the war would be renewed; and from Tuscany and Rome there came the news of the things that had been done. These things were only convulsive movements of sorrowful augury; but hope transfigured them as the beginning of a new revolution.

My brother Emilio, who was in the midst of these movements in Tuscany, at Pisa, or at Florence, sent us, from time to time, some hopeful tidings which, however, were only the reflex of the illusions in which we all lived. Persuaded that the war for revenge was near, he enlisted in a battalion of students.

CHAPTER X

(1849)

Winter of 1849. — The end of the armistice. — The battle of Novara. — Attempts to make Lombardy rise. — Brescia. — The reaction. — Venice remains in arms. — The Manara battalion. — The veterans. — Demonstration of the 18th of August. — Whippings publicly administered. — We return to Tirano. — Military cantonments. — A saucepan thrown out. — A condemnation. — Military perquisitions.

THE winter of 1849 was very sad. Everything looked squalid and neglected. Some people returned to their city houses, but as soon as possible, when they were able, they retired to the country. All who remained in town lived quietly, and ceased from going to the cafés, theaters, and assemblies. Fear and sorrow kept people off the streets, where they might be brought in contact with the soldiers. Friends who had lately returned talked only of the incidents of their emigration, or of discouraging reports from foreign countries, over which, also, triumphant reaction had extended itself like a fog.

We hoped no more for help from France. In August, when the fortunes of war were running against us, the cabinet of Turin thought of requesting her aid; and the Provisional Government sent a mission to Paris. It was composed of the Marchese Anselmo Guerrieri Gonzaga and Giulio Carcano, who, uniting with the Piedmontese (the Marchese Brignole, the Sardinian Ambassador, and the Deputy Ricci), asked for intervention.

Cavaignac, the chief of the executive power of the Republic, soon robbed our mission of every hope. He said "that a war for independence and for a strong Italian

State was not for the interests of France." He promised them, at the most, a mediation in union with England. France, which we had surrounded with an aureola of ideality, in the day of our misfortune repulsed us. What a disillusion!

When we sought for encouragement we looked to Hungary, which was still in arms and, at times, triumphant. We looked, also, to the central Italian States, or to rebellious Rome, or to Venice, over which the banner of Italy yet waved. In the end we had to look to Piedmont where the extreme opinion of Parliament was that the war should be immediately resumed.

An immediate renewal of the war! A dispassionate observer could easily have foreseen that this was not possible. The army, reorganized in a hurry, was depressed. It had no faith in its leaders, and was not eager for the fray. Search had been made abroad for a general to command it — in Switzerland and in France — but in vain. At the end, a Pole, Chrzanowski, who was recommended by the insurrectionary committee, was chosen. He was honest and studious, but he was a poor soldier, and he did not know either the army or the country. Ramorino, a survival of the "Giovane Italia," was also summoned, and was given the command of a brigade. As he disobeyed (it was said he betrayed), he was shot.

In the interim there was an Anglo-French mediation, which dragged along. Austria did not wish to concede anything; so the mediators counseled resignation, and abandoned us. Gioberti would have liked to have shuffled along; to have intervened in Tuscany in behalf

of the Grand Duke, and to have controlled the liberal movement, before Austria should enter. This may have been good politics, but, as Austria desired to renew the war, she never would have acquiesced.

There was no one in authority to impose a policy that would patch up a peace, and there was no disposition in the public to accept it. The Parliamentary Left was thought to favor it, but it lacked energy, and Gioberti fell. The democratic ministry of Rattazzi succeeded him. It would give, it was said, a chance for revenge to those who desired it. The consolation of the public was great for a while.

The anniversary of the Five Days approached. Upon the 12th of March, the citizens were aroused to their former enthusiasm in an inexpressible commotion. They learned that a Piedmontese officer, Raffaele Cadorna, a major of the royal staff, had descended at the Villa Reale, and had denounced the armistice to Marshal Radetzky.

The day after, the Austrian troops were in motion. The bands played, and the soldiers were gay; and all marched off, crying, "Hurrah!" The officers had a more provoking air than ever. The spectacle made our hearts ache. Radetzky had published two proclamations, one against Piedmont, and one directed to the Milanese and Lombard revolutionaries. The citizens were more surprised than happy in the thought of the renewal of the war; sorrowful forebodings possessed them.

In a few days Lombardy was so stripped of troops that it could easily have risen behind the Austrians

if the populace had not lost courage. The emigrants had hoped that the provinces would revolt, and had supplied the people with arms; but to faith, diffidence had succeeded. All stood expecting good fortune rather than trying to promote it.

The committee of the Lombard emigration and the Piedmontese Minister of War had charged Gabriele Camozzi to incite an insurrection when the war should break out. Camozzi passed the frontier when the armistice had scarcely expired, and, traversing Como and Lecco, came to Bergamo (where he was very popular) with his bands. After surrounding the Rocca, he summoned it to surrender. A group of emigrants joined him here. Among these were some friends of mine, Luigi Sala, formerly secretary of the Provisional Government, Paolo Belgiojoso, and Agostino Frapolli.

In the mean time the battle of Novara was fought. We could hear (on the 22d and 23d) on the bastions, a droning on the wind. Some said that it was the noise of cannon. On the faces of all we read distressful, rather than hopeful, anxiety. Then two days passed in an alternation of news, now good, now bad. Some said that Piedmont, others that Austria, had gained the battle.

At the end, alas! came the truth. Shortly after we witnessed the entry of the Austrian troops. They returned victorious and arrogant, crowned with myrtle! I will not forget my anger when I saw a regiment cross the Piazza del Duomo, crying, "Viva Radetzky," and carrying a tricolored flag of the Guard captured in Piedmont! Thereafter came only a succession of misfortunes and sorrows.

The garrison, which occupied the upper city of Bergamo, received the immigrants with cannonades. Gabriele Camozzi had summoned the inhabitants of the neighboring country to arms in a revolutionary proclamation, and had enlisted eight hundred volunteers which he directed against Brescia; but he had to retire before the advancing Austrians.

At Brescia itself false and fantastic rumors had been spread. There were reports of a victory won by the Piedmontese, of the retreat of the Austrians, and of things still more improbable. The republican committee published these reports as facts; and Brescia revolted bravely. The struggle lasted ten days. General Hainau only entered the heroic city on its ruins, over heaps of the slain, after having shot some fifty prisoners. He marched in at the head of fifteen thousand troops.

A squadron of rebels was to have penetrated into the Valtellina, but it did not appear. The Austrians, however, reappeared, more numerous and more arrogant than ever. They occupied the principal districts throughout the valley.

In every part of Italy everything that the revolution had raised, in haste and frenzy, crumbled away. Only in Venice did the tricolored flag still wave. The eyes of all turned to it with a melancholy satisfaction. We hoped that, before it fell, or Rome was captured, or Hungary became pacified, something would happen, in which we would find again the good fortune that had abandoned us.

But months passed, and the shadow of the reaction

deepened over Italy, and over Europe, a shadow that enwrapped and depressed everybody and everything.

The last acts of the valorous defenders of Rome filled our hearts with fear and sorrow, for Milan counted many of her sons in the troops of Manara and Garibaldi. The conduct of these young men was heroic. Their ranks had been decimated, for they had desired to die as martyrs for a great idea, and thus to close the Italian epoch of 1848. Manara uttered this thought in a letter which he wrote from Rome: "We ought to die to close with seriousness the year '48. . . . In order that our example should be efficacious, we ought to die."

Luciano Manara, the leader of the Lombard battalion, was then but twenty-six years of age. He was of a rich family, and before 1848 had led a life of leisure, notable only for the adventure of his marriage. Being wildly in love with a beautiful girl, the Signorina Carmelita Fè, and not having obtained the consent of her parents, he persuaded her to elope. The adventure naturally ended in matrimony, but the talk that it gave rise to brought the young couple into much prominence. Molteni, the celebrated artist, painted Carmelita in his picture of the Confessione, which I saw, years afterwards, in the gallery of the Belvedere in Vienna.

When 1848 came, Manara abandoned his idle life and devoted himself to politics. In the Five Days he fought at the gate of the Via del Giardino, now Manzoni, where the struggle was of the fiercest kind, and commanded at the capture of Porta Tosa. Afterwards he issued from Milan with his troop, and followed the

Austrians. In his actions he gave proof of a valor and an audacity which have become legendary. After the capitulation, he led his volunteers into Piedmont, where they were formed into a battalion of *bersaglieri** of which he became the commander. This battalion was in the vanguard at Cava when the Austrians passed the Ticino. It covered itself with glory, as before, until it was obliged to retire pursuant to an order (which has remained mysterious) of General Ramorino. After the battle of Novara, as the battalion wished to remain in arms as long as Italian liberty was fought for, it betook itself to Rome. These volunteers (the officers of which were well-known young men) carried into the midst of the republican troops the colors and the cross of Piedmont, and its cry of war: "Savoia!" Their faith and valor secured the respect of the volunteers from every part of Italy, which was augmented by the motive that led them to Rome.

Among the remnants that returned I had several friends, of whom, however, I saw but few. Some were wounded; as, Emilio Dandolo, Lodovico Mancini, Gerolamo Induno (the painter), and Dr. Scipione Signoroni; some retired to the country; and some hid themselves so as to escape arrest. The bodies of Manara, Morosini, and Enrico Dandolo, after long negotiations, were taken to Vezia, to the tomb of the Morosini family. Manara's remains were afterwards transported to Barzanò, to the chapel of his family, which to-day belongs to Casa Manati.

The next month I saw some of the veterans of Venice,

* Skirmishers, sharpshooters.

who, according to the terms of the capitulation of the city, had the right to return home. They were watched, but were not molested. I saw them in groups on the streets. They all showed the marks of their long sufferings; nevertheless they maintained their morale as men who knew they had done their duty. It was a spectacle of pain and pleasure to see these remnants of our short-lived hopes.

Rome fallen, Venice fallen, Hungary broken, the year 1848 seemed like a nightmare. Our hearts were heavy, thinking of the years of servitude before us as if 1815 had returned. Milan was in a state of siege, and a proud military government, which was without responsibility, regarded us with contempt. One of the acts of arrogance that made our hearts boil was a public whipping. This took place in August. On the 18th the garrison celebrated the fête of the Emperor, and a certain Teresa Olivari, a milliner (who, it was said, had relations with the Austrian officers), placed a yellow and black flag in her window. The house that Teresa inhabited has since disappeared. It was in a street called Via dei Borsinari, which no longer exists. The display of the flag attracted the attention of the people, and a crowd assembled and began to hiss and cry. Thereupon the police ran up, and, supported by a company of soldiers, surrounded the people and made some prisoners. I happened to be in the crowd, but managed to slip out of it. A few days afterwards thirty-four of the people arrested, among whom were two women, were publicly whipped upon the square before the castle. The military commander sent an account of the proceeding to

the municipal government. The Podestà Pestalozza sent it back with disdainful comments.

The indignation aroused by this act was intense. A new cause for hate was added to the ancient score. The abyss between the country and its rulers became daily more profound. But we made no lament; the ignorance and the brutality of the governors contributed to the final outcome of the struggle. They gave to the country the appearance of provinces occupied by force of arms, and increased the hatred of the subject peoples. With a military government and a state of siege for eight consecutive years, the Austrians kept the Italian question alive before Europe, and offered the victory to Cavour. Statues have been erected to the marshals and generals of Austria in their own lands; in truth we could well afford to erect them ourselves.

When the autumn came we all went to Valtellina. Emilio had returned, after the restoration of the Grand Duke to Tuscany, and the disbandment of the battalion in which he had enlisted. The life we led in the cities was bad enough, but that of the little country districts was worse. The abuses and the arrogant acts of the seconds in command (less respectful than their chiefs) made existence unbearable.

We were badly off in Milan, but we found that we were worse off in Tirano. The country was crammed with Croats, who were suspicious, wrathful, and alarmed. The Swiss frontier was occupied by soldiers, and was constantly patroled. Every flock of sheep, seen from afar, was thought to be a band of revolutionaries. Even the friendship of the Grisons did not reassure the Austrians.

We had been at home only a few days when an impatient act of my mother's brought a punishment upon us. In order to enter the salon which she ordinarily occupied, she had to cross a large hall which led to some rooms that were tenanted by some of our unwelcome guests. My mother, one day, saw that the attendants of the officers had placed a stove in the middle of the hall, and were burning in it the little columns and the front of a balcony, which they had destroyed. These they lighted with pieces of broken chairs. Upon the fire they had put a saucepan, from which proceeded a nauseating smell.

My mother, stirred by this sight, took the saucepan by the handle and threw it out of a window, before the attendants could interfere. Then she retired, and shut herself in her room. For some minutes the house resounded with angry voices and with swords striking the stairs; then all was still.

Some days after a sentence was pronounced upon us by the commander in Sondrio. The family Visconti Venosta was declared guilty of injurious conduct to the attendants of the officers lodged in their house, and was commanded to give lodging to an entire company, i.e., to two hundred soldiers, for an indeterminate length of time. A few hours after we received this announcement, a company arrived and occupied nearly the whole house.

Condemnations of this kind, fines imposed for frivolous pretexts, arbitrary arrests, and occasional executions, — such were the things that filled out our days. We lived in a state of apprehension. The vexations of

the commandants of the districts alternated with those of the commanders of the provinces. Every once in a while a superior officer or a commissary, accompanied by an escort, came from Sondrio to make perquisitions or to take measures for security.

I do not know how (since it was a secret), but some one generally sent word when these visits were to be made, so that the principal patriots were able to escape. Among these were the parish priest, Don Carlo Zaffrani, my brother Emilio, my uncle Merizzi, the brothers Salis, Dr. Andres, the engineer Antonio della Croce, and Luigi Negri. Sometimes the word came during the night; whereupon, one by one, they crossed the mountain and the Swiss frontier at Campocologno or at Brusio.

One day a great peril confronted us. Very early my uncle came to tell us that a major and a commissary had arrived, and that they had sent their soldiers throughout the country, who had begun a strict search of all the houses to see whether there were any hidden arms. My mother knew that some arms had been surrendered; but to make sure that all had been, called the steward to advise with him. He told her that he had delivered the arms that were out of use, but that he had retained a gun which had been confided to him by a volunteer the year before.

This caused us great anxiety, and my mother sent at once for an old butler of the family and told him to break up the gun and to hide the pieces. The butler, seeing my mother agitated, said to her: "Be quite tranquil; the weapon shall disappear, but I shall neither break it up nor surrender it. I shall hide it safely, I know where."

Every protest upon our part was futile. He hid the gun in some hay in a basket; then, with the basket on his back, he traversed the country, passing through the soldiers, and buried it in a vineyard. A little while after, as our house was being searched, the good old butler returned quietly from the expedition which might have cost him his life. My mother did not neglect to show her gratitude for his generous action.

The autumn was made more mournful by the reports of the harsh measures, arrogant acts, arbitrary arrests and shootings that came to us from every part of the Lombard and Venetian provinces. All of us lived in fear and suspense. Every evil tool of the police, for revenge or for gain, could turn informer; and every informer was believed. It is impossible to describe the agony of these days.

CHAPTER XI

(1850)

The prevailing squalor. — Rigorous state of siege. — Plans for resisting the Austrian Government. — Patriotic discipline. — We abstain from amusements. — The Contessa De Capitanei Serbelloni and her family. — The *salle d'armes* in the house of a cousin. — My cousin Carlo Minunzi. — I make the acquaintance of the Contessa Maffei.

OUR house at Tirano became almost uninhabitable after it was occupied by the Croats: therefore, as soon as some business affairs permitted, we returned to Milan. The city was very dirty in appearance; the state of siege was most rigorous; and the town looked like a camp. The rich families had retired to their country-houses, and every vestige of civic life was extinguished as in a city afflicted by an epidemic. The emigrants, with the exception of those most compromised, had returned; some for domestic reasons; some because of affairs; and some because one can do more for one's country at home than abroad; but they had returned as shipwrecked mariners. The most active in the revolution came together to narrate their sorrows, and to take counsel for the future of their country and the life that lay before them.

Everything was ended, everything was lost, not only battles, but the concord that had made them possible. The sentiment that had inspired the revolution seemed to have died. Piedmont had fallen, the monarchy was suspected, and the old popular leaders were scattered abroad. Europe had become tired, and told us to resign ourselves to our fate, and not to bother her any more.

It seemed that the destiny of Poland was to be ours. Every illusory hope was gone; we could see no opening through which a ray of light could come.

In such a state of mind it was reasonable that the country should have a momentary feeling of resignation, and should wish to heal its wounds and augment its resources. But a high and noble patriotism repudiated the counsels of reason. All is lost; therefore, let us begin anew. Such was the glorious word of command. It came spontaneously forth from the breasts of all.

Toward what end? By what route? Under what flag? Every one had his own idea; but all agreed not to stop, but to push ahead, and to resist our rulers at every cost, however obscure the future might be.

The Lombardo-Venetian provinces, with Milan at their head, gave for ten years an exhibition of how a country can exist separated from its rulers. We had nothing whatever to do with our government, and we treated those in authority as if they were a horde of passing occupants. The daily life of this programme was difficult, but we lived through it; and no one yielded.

The Five Days fill a splendid page of Milanese history, but he who studies the facts of our revival must conclude that, in the decade of resistance, the Milanese have written a yet more glorious page. It is easier far to be a hero in battle than to keep a brave heart during ten years of imprisonment.

It is especially of these ten years of resistance that I will write, gathering together the scattered events that I have retained in memory, sorry only that I can recall but a small part of them. Others I hope will remember

more than I; yet it seems to me that I am fulfilling a duty in bringing my contribution to the history of the time which forms so glorious a part of the annals of Milan. The city, at this epoch, saved the cause of Italian independence.

Young men and boys, students in the university and lyceums, all breathing the atmosphere of patriotism, followed without question the programme of those who were more experienced than they; and they put their hearts and souls into it. The veterans of the campaigns of 1848, of the siege of Venice, and of the defense of Rome became our models. We proposed to emulate their conduct and to follow their counsels in the daily conflict of resistance. Thus there grew up in us that unlimited devotion, that discipline, and that self-abnegation, which contributed so much to form the character of the rising generation. It was thus that the torch of hope was kept alive which led us to the fields of battle in 1859 and 1860.

In our programme there was no going to the theaters and to amusements, of which, indeed, there were but few, as the state of siege prohibited them. The theaters were closed with the exception of the Scala, which the Government kept open to divert the officers. In the houses there were neither receptions nor balls that were not of a domestic character. In the evenings I went to my relatives, to little festivities with my cousins, happy, indeed, to combine the exigencies of our resistance with my mania for dancing.

My reputation as an indefatigable dancer procured me the pleasure of a presentation to the Contessa Giovanna De Capitanei di Scalve, *nata* Serbelloni, in whose house

her daughters, sons-in-law, grandchildren, and their friends came together. We young people danced there one evening in each week.

The Contessa De Capitanei, as she was generally called, but who had married a second time Luigi Attendolo Bolognini, was a daughter of the Duca Alessandro Serbelloni and of the Principessa Sinzendorf, of Vienna. Thus she had many relatives in Austria, among whom were some commanding officers. She had a conspicuous position at court as lady of the palace and of the Croce Stellata. She was a friend of the Vice-Queen, the Archduchess Maria Elizabeth, sister of King Carlo Alberto. Her parentage and position had made for her many ties of friendship in the social and political spheres of Vienna; yet she manifested much tolerance and some sympathy for the revolutionary movements at Milan, in which her sons-in-law and some other relatives had taken active parts. She usually dismissed the matter by saying that the Austrians were not as they had been, alluding to the times of Maria Teresa and of Giuseppe II. After 1848, she broke off all relationship with her Austrian kindred and friends.

Contessa Giovanna was a type of the times long since past, and was an interesting study. When she spoke of her youth she never failed to show her dislike of Napoleon, who once said something rude to her. This was the only memory she had of him. As General Bonaparte, he was dining one day in Casa Serbelloni, and asked her her name. When he learned it he said: "Oh, yes, I should have taken notice of the nose." All the Serbelloni had prominent, aquiline noses.

The Contessa had had one son and three daughters. The son, Conte Pirro, enlisted early in the cause for liberty in spite of his Austrian kindred. He became compromised in the affairs of 1821, and joined the Piedmontese army, and emigrated. The Contessa had a long correspondence with Metternich (my wife, her granddaughter, has preserved the letters) to obtain grace for her son. It was not granted until very late, when Conte Pirro, who was sick and exhausted, was permitted to come home to die. With him this branch of the De Capitanei di Scalve became extinct. The oldest of her daughters married a Carcano, and the other two married the Marchesi Francesco and Giuseppe d'Adda Salvaterra.

When I knew the Contessa Giovanna she was an old lady of seventy years of age. She wore habitually a strange head-dress, made of a cap of black velvet, which descended in a point upon her forehead, as we see in the pictures of Maria Stuart. Though kind-hearted, she had an imperious and resolute manner; and it pleased her sometimes to don the dress, and to manifest the ways, of a man. She rode about her estate on horseback alone; and she told me that she herself shod her riding-horses, when she was in the country, as she had no confidence in the blacksmiths.

At the receptions of the Contessa I made the valuable acquaintance of her sons-in-law, Francesco and Giuseppe d'Adda, two of the fervent patriots of the Milanese aristocracy, and brothers of the Marchese Camillo d'Adda, who figured so honorably in the trials of 1831. And I met again Lauretta, daughter of the Marchese

Francesco, with whom I was teased because of the quadrille in Casa Trotti, when we were babies. She had now grown to a marriageable age, and was, as I have said, to become one day my wife.

But, besides dancing, we undertook exercises of a patriotic character, such as gymnastics and fencing. Fencing we preferred, as it would be useful in case of duels with the Austrian officers. Duels were already in the programme of our resistance.

But the *salles d'armes* and gymnastic halls were closed, so some of us determined that we would have a hall of our own. One of my cousins Lamberto Paravicini, a student of medicine, was the soul of the enterprise. He secured a room on the ground floor, in the house of his sister, and proposed that we should furnish and decorate it ourselves.

For several months we passed our evenings in our hall upon ladders with pails and long-handled brushes, drawing and painting patriotic emblems, usually the trophies and arms of the Italian cities. We celebrated the inauguration of our *salle* with a supper and a toast pronounced *sotto voce*. We resorted there, in groups, for a number of years, to exercise and practice fencing. Occasionally we diverted ourselves with conspiracies. Fencing was taught us by some friends who were approved fencers; among whom I recall Battaglia and Francesco Rosari. Our swords had handles of iron, but blades of wood, as none others were permitted. Once the gendarmes of Tirano sequestered even my wooden swords.

Another cousin of mine, Carlo Minunzi, an officer in

the Piedmont army, occasionally made a clandestine trip to Milan, and came to our hall. Carlo was a handsome young man, of a bold and jovial disposition. He had the good will of his friends and relatives, and preserved a certain authority over them because of his well-known courage. In the Five Days he had been one of the bravest of Manara's troops, and had joined the volunteers that pursued the Austrians. Later on, when Carlo Alberto had desired to reward some of the most meritorious of the volunteers, he was given a commission in the Piedmontese army. After the battle of Novara he remained in Piedmont, and continued his military career. He was in the Crimea as a staff officer. He also took part in the campaigns of 1859, 1860, and 1866. In this last campaign he was colonel and subdirector of the staff of General Cialdini.

We always received Minunzi with a fête, when he came to our *salle d'armes*. He was a good gymnast and fencer, but, above all, he was a soldier in the Piedmontese army; and to Piedmont we turned with sympathy, even in the first years after 1849, although we were supposed to be Mazzinians.

In the winter of 1850 I made an acquaintance which I valued very much; it was that of the Contessa Clara Maffei, in whom I was to find an affectionate, almost maternal, friend. Her salon has left memories with me that I can never forget. My brother had known her for some time, and the Contessa, hearing me spoken of, asked him to bring me.

On the Contessa Maffei, Raffaello Barbiera has written an excellent book with most appreciative judgment.

I will add but little to the information he has given, but the name of the Contessa will come often under my pen, for it is entwined with the principal memories I have of the years of resistance.

CHAPTER XII

(1850)

Contessa Clara Maffei and her salon. — Conte Cesare Giulini. — Intimate friends. — The Crepuscolo. — Carlo Tenca and his collaborators. — Carmelita Manara Fè. — Contessa Ermellina Dandolo. — Hungarian officers. — Conte Bethlen and his nephew. — New conspiracies. — Organization of the committees. — A ten-million loan announced by Mazzini. — First prosecutions at Venice. — Dottesio condemned to death. — Central committee at Mantua. — The Lombard clergy and the Austrian Government.

CLARA MAFFEI was at this time thirty-six years of age. She had been separated for several years from her husband, the poet Andrea Maffei. She was the only daughter of Conte G. B. Carrara Spinelli; so people generally called her Contessa. She was an elegant little lady, pleasing rather than beautiful in appearance. Her manners were gentle and distinguished. She talked well, and impressed an ardent patriotism upon all she said. She manifested so much affection for her friends, male and female, and in so impartial a way that it was said that she had an especial predilection — for all.

The first time I entered her salon, in the Via Bigli, with Emilio, I felt greatly constrained, but the Contessa received me so affably, envying so pleasantly my youth, that it seemed to me I had known her for a long while. From that evening, as long as she lived, I passed no day when in town that I did not call upon her, if it were only for a few minutes.

At this time, and until 1859, the intimates of the Casa Maffei were few; to whom, however, the saying could be applied — "few but good." All were friends, and all were sincere and vigorous patriots. From this salon

there radiated a light, I could almost say a compelling power, which exercised a great moral influence in the difficult years of resistance.

When I was presented to the Contessa, I met Conte Cesare Giulini, whom I had not known before. He had been a member of the Provisional Government, but, profiting by the amnesty, he returned to Milan, convinced, as he said, that he could do more for his country at home than abroad. He was, in truth, among those who served their country with the greatest efficiency. He served it with the authority of his name, with his talents and generosity, and with his example and faith. Always firm in his belief in a limited monarchy, he was tolerant toward those who professed different principles; provided that they were as stanch as he was himself in their desire for the independence of Italy. His large income was devoted to good works and the service of his country. He was continually purchasing books (some of rare editions), which he loaned to those who asked for them; so that he kept a sort of circulating library, in order to diffuse knowledge and culture among those who were less favored by fortune than he was himself.

Cesare Giulini had had an older brother, Rinaldo by name, whom I have heard Correnti and others mention with praise. He was of the group of Liberals to which Correnti himself, and the brothers Porro, and Giovanni and Carlo d' Adda belonged. His death was a great grief to his party. Their grandfather was Conte Cesare, the historian, and their father was Conte Giorgio. Conte Giorgio was a member of the regency after the passing of the Napoleonic régime.

Among the daily inmates of the Salon of the Contessa Clara I recall, besides Giulini and Emilio, Carlo Tenca, Tullo Massarani, Giulio Carcano, Antonio Gussalli, Dr. Romolo Griffini, Antonio Allievi, Antonio Lazzati, Carlo De Cristoforis, Giacomo Battaglia, the engineer Tagliaferri, Dr. Bartolomeo Garvaglia, Innocente Decio, and Emilio Bignami Sormani. I recall also (when they came to Milan) G. B. Camozzi, Giuseppe Finzi, Marchese Fossati, Giuseppe Zanardelli and Giuseppe Verdi. In the daytime certain ladies of the aristocracy called. In the evening there came a few intimate friends, Signore Saulina Viola Barbavara, Orsola Bianconi Robecchi, Giulietta Pezzi, and some others. Several years afterwards the number of the frequenters of the salon increased, and though it still preserved a character of intimacy, people who were simply noted in the field of research, or for their patriotic efforts, were received. Thereupon the salon attained the apogee of its fame and importance.

In the beginning of this year Carlo Tenca had founded a weekly journal, which he called the "Crepuscolo." He desired to make it a medium of serious study and of political aspiration. It was not, as it could not be, an exclusively political periodical. The influence of this journal became very quickly widespread. Its articles were all colored by the nobility and firmness of character of its editor. In them one could always perceive an elevated patriotic aim, as distinctly as the time permitted. In every number there was a review which treated, with rare ability, the political events of the week in foreign lands, but which never touched upon the things which

happened in Austria and in the subject Italian provinces. This silence, which could not be deemed criminal, was the standing protest of the "Crepuscolo." All understood it, and it had a far greater effect than any wordy comment could have had. The "Crepuscolo" was an example of how great an influence a journal can have, not because of the importance of its articles, but because of the character of its contributors.

Tenca's first collaborators were Tullo Massarani for *belles-lettres* and art; my brother Emilio for literature and the political and social sciences; Antonio Allievi, Antonio Colombo, and Innocente Decio, for political economy, statistics, and jurisprudence; Eugenio Camerini for literary criticism; Giuseppe Mongeri, for criticism of art; and Dr. Romolo Griffini and Giovanni Cantoni, for the natural sciences and hygiene. Later on Emilio Bignami Sormani, Enrico Fano and Giacomo Battaglia (who died at S. Fermo), wrote for the journal. Among its correspondents I recall Gabriele Rosa, Giuseppe Zanardelli, and Giovanni Rizzi.

Tenca, who was a sound, talented, and cultured man, wrote not only the political reviews, but a little of everything. Moreover, he censored the writings of his friends in order to keep the journal uniform in its aim and in the manner of expressing it.

This same year I made another precious acquaintance. I was presented to the Signora Carmelita Manara Fè. She was an intelligent and interesting lady, who, notwithstanding the ravages of her poor health, still preserved the lineaments of her youthful beauty. She said that she had only one lung, which was probably

true, as she died of consumption; as did also her three children. Her little salon was frequented by prominent young men, nearly all of whom had taken part in the last campaigns. Some had been soldiers and officers in the Manara battalion. Among the most assiduous was Emilio Dandolo, in whose arms her husband had breathed his last at Rome. Dandolo, however, left this year for a long voyage to the Orient with Ludovico Trotti.

In the salon of the Signora Manara I made the acquaintance of the Contessa Ermellina Dandolo, the second wife of Conte Tullio, the father of the Dandolo brothers. The intimate life of little groups of friends became precious and necessary because of the hardness and restraints of the military government. The slightest manifestation of public life was impossible, so the many rendezvous and the exchange of confidences (sometimes in the face of peril) created among friends a feeling similar to that which exists among soldiers in the day of battle.

Life seemed to be sad everywhere. In Hungary twelve general of the honveds* had been hanged; soldiers had been forcibly incorporated in the Austrian regiments, and officers of high grades had been reduced to the ranks.

There was in Milan a Hungarian, by the name of Conte Bethlen, formerly a major in the hussars. He had resigned from the army before 1848, and had established himself in Milan, where he had married a cousin of my father, Donna Teresa Gianella. He was tall and strong. He had a flat face, a long nose, and a bristling red mous-

* Militia.

tache. He was gentle in disposition, and had the suave manner of the *gran signore*. One morning he came suddenly to my room; my mother had gone out. His good-humored face was utterly changed. He looked wrathful, not to say ferocious. His manner was so violent it made me afraid. I seemed to look upon a barbarous soldier.

"What is it? What has happened?" I asked.

"Come quickly with me, . . . you will see," he said. And he drew me along, at a rapid pace, into Via del Monte di Pietà, where he had a beautiful house. Arrived at the door, he pointed to the palace opposite (now the savings bank), which was the barracks of the Engineer Corps. Before its large gateway a sentinel passed to and fro. He was tall and handsome, and was wrapped in a great surcoat which was covered with flakes of snow.

"Do you see that soldier?" he said. "He is my nephew, the future head of our house. It is the Conte Bethlen, colonel of the honveds in the war for independence."

Over his face, the expression of which had become ever more menacing, there fell two tears. How sorrowful was the revolt in his aristocratic soul![17]

Several soldiers of a smart and distinguished appearance were seen in the streets of Milan at this time. They had been officers in the revolutionary army, but were now reduced to the ranks.

The possibility of our recovery seemed very far off; yet the threads of the old political bonds were gradually retied, and, here and there, some spark of the former conspiracies was uncovered. The conspiracies, which

now began to grow, were Mazzinian in character. The monarchical idea had lost prestige in Lombardy, where there were no royal traditions; and Piedmont, intent upon healing its wounds, was not able to aid the oppressed.

The nebulous and mysterious promises of Mazzini, set forth in mild, yet decided language, and his plans for an immediate insurrection, charmed the imaginations of the ardent patriots. It was, therefore, natural that the followers of Mazzini should increase, and that all the new conspiracies should be Mazzinian. Some followed him in the name of unity; others because they believed that only by constant agitation could the programme of resistance be maintained. Many patriots, however, withdrew from Mazzini when Cavour, with his strong hand, took charge of affairs and raised the banner for liberty. In the winter of 1849 and 1850, as I heard from Emilio, a meeting was held in the study of Francesco Brioschi (then a teacher in mathematics), in which a divergence between the different tendencies commenced to manifest itself.

Tenca, Allievi, my brother, and some others maintained that the sentiment of resistance should be kept alive by publications and the propagation of ideas; while others were in favor of organizing secret societies. Tenca outlined his plan of publishing the "Crepuscolo"; but a committee of conspiracy, of which De Luigi, Pezzotti, Mora, and Gerli were members, was nominated. This committee was afterwards broken up by the prosecutions of Mantua.

In the different cities of Lombardy and Venetia, other

secret committees were formed, under the auspices of Mazzini, with the idea of maintaining relations with the different provinces, and of securing a concerted action. Mazzini planned that these committees should prepare for an immediate revolution. The National Italian Committee, which he had organized in London on the 10th of September previous, had issued a proclamation asking for a loan of ten millions to hasten the independence of Italy.[18] This proclamation seemed at the time to be of the highest importance, but effectively it demonstrated only the ingenuity and imprudence of its projector, as it put all the police of Lombardy and Venetia on guard against the revolutionaries; and no one could have supposed that ten millions could be gathered together during a state of siege.

As many patriots dissented, the loan met with much opposition. Among the noted emigrants who did not agree with Mazzini were Garibaldi, Manin, Montanelli, Cattaneo, Cernuschi, and Giuseppe Ferrari. He had a greater following in the provinces, especially in those that were occupied by Austria. Throughout these, desperation took the place of reasoning, and every hope, however foolish, seemed better than hopelessness.

For what the few thousand lire, which were painfully gathered together, were to serve we shall see hereafter; as we shall also see what was the tragic end of the committees.

The members of the committees had been charged by Mazzini to place the bonds for the loan on sale, and many patriots, without thought of the uselessness, or of the danger, of the project, devoted themselves to the work.

Giuseppe Finzi and Tullo Massarani had gone to London to meet Mazzini, and had returned with the papers. Both my brother and I put some of the bonds in circulation. At first the distribution was made with great secrecy, but afterwards with less care. The risk was understood, but no one heeded it. No one supposed that so many patriots would be led to the gallows by these bonds.

But a new proof of the severity of the Government was given us in the trials at Venice. Among those condemned was Dottesio, for having brought through the frontier at Como some books and papers. He was hanged at Venice on the 11th of October, 1851.

Except for the sale of the bonds of Mazzini the committees did nothing this year, although they knew of the impatience of the master. In the mean while a better arrangement of the various committees had been planned. In a reunion of eighteen delegates at Mantua (November, 1850), a central committee, under the presidency of the priest Professore Enrico Tazzoli, was formed, which was to direct the actions of the provincial committees.

Although the first acts of the Mazzinian conspiracy proceeded with little caution, the Austrians for a while were aware of nothing. The separation between the people and the Government was so great, it was not easy to find spies. And, indeed, our rulers cared very little for what the country thought, or for what might happen. Their chief endeavor was to conceal every trace of the Quarantotto, and to encase, as it were, the country in a coat of lead.

One of the things which excited the Austrians was the conduct of the priests during the revolution. The greater part of the Lombard clergy, especially those who were eminent for talent and character, had promoted the national movement, and had aided their fellow-citizens by word and deed. The severe régime of Archbishop Gaisruck, as I have said, had helped to form a good and respectable clergy.

As soon as the Austrian Government had been restored, it began to persecute the priests suspected of patriotism. It aimed at the best, and chased them out of the seminaries and eleemosynary institutions, and sent them into little parishes, or obliged them to retire to minor posts. The weak and timid Romilli, who was disliked by the Austrians because of his patriotic sympathies, did not know how to protect his clergy; nor did the other bishops know what to do when the Government succeeded in entangling their priests in the political trials and had them hanged or shot. It is superfluous to say that these unhappy men were abandoned at the same time even by Rome, which permitted the desecration without protesting. Already were the days forgotten when the Pope had blessed Italy, and the Austrians had insulted the Pope.

Many students in the Lombard seminaries who had fought in the campaigns of '48, had donned their cassocks again. Some of them, moved in their consciences to see the Church turn away from every sentiment of patriotism, became missionaries. I have known several of the priests, called, with reverence by some, and with irony by others, the "priests of the Quarantotto." Some

with bitterness, yet with fearlessness, had been able to preserve their ideal of religion united with patriotism. They were esteemed and revered by persons of every party, and were true ministers of peace and of every Christian virtue.

CHAPTER XIII

(1851)

The closing of the university; private instruction. — The duel of Luigi Della Porta. — The lesser committees. — G. B. Carta and his colleagues. — Dr. Vandoni. — The assassination of Corbellini. — Antonio Sciesa. — Condemnations and executions. — The priest Giovanni Griola, of Mantua. — A meeting at Mantua of representatives of the committees. — A trip through Switzerland. — The Emperor at Milan, and the manœuvres at Somma. — Execution of Dottesio. — The death of Berchet.

THE university continued to be closed, and the students to study privately with instructors in groups of ten. The group to which I belonged was instructed by the Avvocato Barinetti (afterwards professor at Pavia), in history and mathematics; by Antonio Allievi, in the philosophy of law and political economy; and by the Avvocato Antonio Mosca in the codices, and in civil and criminal procedure. Generally the lessons began and ended with a political discussion, or with an exchange of the news of the day. But this was natural. The sorrowful, and sometimes terrible, episodes, during the state of siege and the recurrent agitations distracted our minds from peaceful pursuits. The political discussions followed usually the line of Mazzinian ideas. His axioms convinced us; his patriotism exalted us; his formula, "Dio e il popolo, pensiero ed azione," relieved us from the necessity of thinking, and prepared our hearts for action. Why? We did not know; but we were all vaguely disposed to act. There were but few who brought the discussions of the day to the hard test of reason. I was not among them.

The warlike feeling of the students soon found a vic-

tim. Luigi Della Porta was of a distinguished Milanese family, and had fought in the campaigns of '48 and '49. He went to Pavia to pursue his studies. One evening, on leaving the theater, he had a dispute with an Austrian cavalry officer and challenged him. Della Porta was a bold young man, but he knew very little of fencing. I do not know whether it was because of his pride, or through the inexperience of his seconds, he chose to fight his adversary (who was an expert fencer) with swords. After a few passes, he received a mortal thrust in the breast, and died in the barracks where the duel had taken place. The impression made by this sorrowful event was very great, and many went to Pavia for the funeral. Emilio interpreted the general feeling at the tomb, where he made a courageous address, in the midst of the students and of the police.

During the winter and spring we began to see the first fruits of the money collected through the Mazzinian loan. They were the foundation of a number of little committees which sprang up and agitated, here and there, outside of the principal committees which had their center at Mantua. This was the way of Mazzini. He had the chiefs of his various bands watched, and the principal committees by the secondary; so that all were under the surveillance of those who followed them.

One of the secondary committees was formed at Milan under the leadership of G. B. Carta, an old man, who had been, I believe, a soldier of Napoleon, and who had done nothing but conspire all his life. He had been several times in prison, and he returned to it in 1852, and remained incarcerated until 1857. He was of a mild and

gentle disposition, but when a conspiracy was on foot, he hesitated at nothing. Among the adherents of this committee was a man named Azzi, a dyer, who was a thoroughgoing revolutionary, and was capable of anything. And there was a man by the name of Corbellini, and the head porter, Francesco Ferri. Ferri was a bold, violent, but honest, man. Then there was the upholsterer, Antonio Sciesa.

With this committee some other men of the party of action were associated who were of a higher social grade, such as De Luigi and Carlo De Cristoforis, Guttierez and Maiocchi (future deputy), and Gerli, I believe, who afterwards became a sub-prefect.

This committee began with scattering leaflets and proclamations. It tried, also, to prepare for a demonstration; it finished with a deed of blood. An act had occurred which had outraged public opinion. Dr. Vandoni, a provincial physician, had denounced Dr. Ciceri, his assistant, who, he said, had some Mazzinian bonds in his possession. This was a trick that was likely to send Dr. Ciceri to the gallows. He was arrested and prosecuted, but, by chance, the papers that he had had, and which the head physician had seen, had been spirited away.

The committee, in its turn, imitating a council of war, met, and condemned Dr. Vandoni to death. Azzi made the preparations for the execution, which was coolly carried into effect by a man named Claudio Colombo, a worker in sculpture, a *puntatore*.*

Colombo met Dr. Vandoni, as he was returning home,

* Literally, a pointer; he who carves by means of points.

in Via Durini, and stabbed him in the breast with a stiletto, without any one noticing him. Then he went quickly along the Vie San Stefano and Cerva, and through an alley to the canal of San Damiano, where he found some of his companions (among whom was Corbellini), who helped him in his flight. I passed, a few minutes after, the place where the assassination had taken place. The deceased had just been carried to his house. In the mean time a crowd of people had collected, and the police and gendarmes came running up from every quarter. The news was diffused in a breath throughout the city, and, it must be confessed, it was generally received with an explosion of joy; so quickly are honest feelings warped in times of violence. Several months after, it was known that the assassin had succeeded in fleeing to London.

This assassination had another as its sequel. Corbellini continually demanded money from the members of the committee, threatening to denounce them if they refused. They gave him some many times, but at last there was little left; so they found it more economical to kill him. One night Corbellini was found lying on the pavement of Via Chiaravallino, mortally wounded. He expired without being able to tell the names of his murderers. Azzi gave me these and other particulars of these wretched events.

Most pathetic was the fate of poor Sciesa. He was arrested on the 31st of July, while he was posting an aimless proclamation of the committee. Many were the promises made to, and great was the pressure brought to bear upon, him if he would reveal the names of the

committee. All was useless, and his words, "Tirem innanz" (fire ahead), which he is reported to have said to an officer while he was walking to the place of execution, in response to an offer of pardon, have become celebrated.

I asked the priest, Giuseppe Negri, who, as prison chaplain, accompanied Sciesa, about this report. Negri said that Sciesa did not utter the words, "tirem innanz" on the way to the place of his suffering, but probably to the friar who exhorted him to confess. This is more in accordance with the formalities that were then observed.

Gian Battista Carta, the head of the committee, in a letter to Vittore Ottolini, author of the history of the Rivoluzione Lombarda, wrote: "I saw Sciesa walk fearlessly to his death. With his glance he assured us of his silence." Poor Sciesa! Simple and serene in his heroism, his is certainly a name that ought to be remembered. His education did not enable him to judge whether the work to which he was assigned was worth the sacrifice to which he exposed himself. He gave himself to his country as a soldier who obeys, and who disputes no order.

Arrests were made every day, and were often followed by condemnations, and sometimes by sentences to death. Among the most terrifying was that of a priest, Giovanni Griola, of Mantua. Having given two francs to a soldier, who asked for them, he was accused of having tried to induce the man to desert, and was condemned upon his testimony and that of another soldier, and shot.[19]

The principal committees which were, as we have seen, under the direction of the Central Committee of Mantua,

had but little relationship with the little committees which sprang up sporadically, and agitated on their own account. These last had desired to be called into action, but perceiving that their hopes were vain, they began to ask themselves whether they ought not to seek to promote something. The Central Committee, which was interrogated in regard to the matter, determined to call the representatives of the different provincial committees to Mantua for consultation, and to decide upon a course for the future.

The committee, of which Dr. De Luigi was the head, called for advisement a meeting of some of the principal members of the party of action in Milan. My brother, who attended this meeting, told me that it was agreed that it was better to abstain from attempts the outcome of which could only be disastrous. He also told me that Antonio Lazzati had been selected to go to Mantua to state and sustain the opinion of the committee. Accordingly Lazzati went to Mantua, and presented the opinion of the Milanese Committee in a reunion of the representatives of all the committees. This meeting, in spite of the fact that it adopted no revolutionary measure, cost the liberty and life of several of the delegates.

There was no thought of waiting in the mind of Mazzini; and his devoted adherents made no secret of it. "Mazzini does not approve," they whispered; "he desires us to agitate." And they produced one of his leaflets, written in the diminutive characters in which he communicated his thoughts and orders to his intimate friends. As I have said, those who wished to give them-

selves airs called him "Pippo" in a little mysterious way. When they said, "Pippo wishes, or does not wish," something, they became immovable; yet events were to move some of them. Still, Mazzini had his "legitimists," who, even in the great year of 1859, forgot nothing and learned nothing.

There was no committee in Valtellina, but there were many patriots who met together, and who received letters and journals from Switzerland and, occasionally, the leaflets of Mazzini. The smuggling in of books and papers, through the frontier of high Valtellina, was the principal business of these patriots, of whom Emilio was the head.

In the little country districts everything strikes the eye. We were, therefore, strictly watched by the police and the gendarmes. My mother preached prudence, and often gave us permission to take trips to escape their surveillance. This year she gave us some money with which to make an excursion into Switzerland. So we thought we would go to Lucerne by way of the Bernina Pass and the Engadine. At this time students of our age could only take a trip through Switzerland on foot and with knapsacks on their backs. Thus accoutered we walked from Tirano to Poschiavo. These first fifteen kilometers persuaded us that we could, just as well, send our knapsacks by post to Coire, and take up our programme there. The day after we reached Samaden.

Neither at Samaden, nor at St. Moritz, nor in any other part of the Engadine were there the great hotels of today. Some little mean taverns gave board and lodging

to the few travelers and carters who happened in. We stopped at a little inn called the Posta which was the predecessor of the grand hotel now called the Bernina. On the ground floor there were two little rooms that were full of the smoke and smell of pipes, one of which served for the people, and the other for the distinguished guests. On the upper floor were some small sleeping-rooms that were occupied by great beds, arranged for three persons.

When the hotel-keeper conducted us to the only vacant room, he told us that one of the places in the bed had been retained by a lieutenant in the reserves, who, however, had not arrived, and that, therefore, the whole bed was at our disposal. Little reassured, but very tired, we threw ourselves, all dressed, upon the big bed, when, suddenly, the knocking of a sword upon the wooden stairs advised us that the lieutenant had arrived. He came; but he took no notice of us. Sure of his place, he lighted his pipe and began to undress. In silence we left the two places we had occupied to the lieutenant, and descended to the guest-room below. Stretching ourselves along a table, we sought the sleep that the hardness of our couch yielded to our fatigue.

The continuation of our pedestrian trip was adjourned unto the day after. Woe to him who abandons a plan; he will never take it up again! The railroads were few in those days, but there were many diligences. We went to Coire, to the Righi, to Zurich, to the Gottardo, to Lugano, to Capolago, for the most part, in diligences. At Capolago, we took a look at the library of De Boni, but he did not ask us to bring in any books at Chiasso,

as poor Dottesio had done. Then we left for Como and the Valtellina. Emilio stopped on the lake.

When I came to Sondrio I found I had miscalculated, as there remained only a few sous in my pocket. I should have asked some one to let me have credit, but my youthful bashfulness prevented me. I laid out my number of sous in as many little rolls, and, having nothing with which to pay for a place in the diligence, I took a carriage and pair for which I paid when I arrived at Tirano. So I finished my pedestrian trip in a landau.

In September the Emperor Francis Joseph came to Lombardy. He was received without any pomp or festivities, which, indeed, were impossible. He came, as the head of the army, to attend the manœuvres on the heaths of Somma. The Lieutenant-General Strassoldo had informed the municipality that it ought to prepare for some festivities, but Conte Lorenzo Taverna protested in a meeting of the council, saying that the economical condition of the city did not permit of sumptuary expenditures, and that the "notificazioni" of Marshal Radetzky, which made the city responsible for the acts of individuals against order, did not encourage fêtes and popular reunions. So nothing was done. The municipality of Como was, also, invited to celebrate the coming of the Emperor, but it did nothing because of the absence of its councilmen. For this cause it was dissolved.

The authorities were furious, especially as the manœuvres went off badly. Some bungled order and mischance incited the troops to acts of insubordination; and they laid violent hands upon the tents and kitchen destined for the Emperor and the foreign representatives. Out

of this much confusion ensued, and the Emperor left in disdain.

The Emperor, who came to Lombardo-Venetia for the first time after his succession, remained in the midst of his troops, and left without having spoken a word of kindness or of peace. He left on the 29th of September. On the 11th of October, a gallows was raised in Venice, upon which Luigi Dottesio, of Como, was hanged. Dottesio and Maisner had been condemned on the suspicion of having smuggled in some books from Capolago. When Radetzky was asked for grace, it is said that he replied that one example was sufficient; and Dottesio was hanged.

Giovanni Berchet died at the end of the year. In the failure of hope and in the extinction of every spark that nourished it, the passing away of the poet who had kept alive the hearts of an entire generation was a sad omen.

CHAPTER XIV

(1852)

Arrest of the priest Tazzoli. — A sad Carnival. — The Theaters della Scala and Carcano. — Young men and their festive patriotism. — Antonio Lazzati and Carlo De Cristoforis. — The portrait of Conte Nava. — Numerous arrests. — The trials at Mantua. — The treachery of Luigi Castellazzo. — Lazzati and others arrested and taken to Mantua. — Episodes of Pasotti and of Cervieri. — The suicide of Giovanni Pezzotti. — The *coup d'état* in France. — Hopes and fears. — The first death sentences at Mantua.

THE year 1852 began with grave forebodings in the patriotic camp. Some arrests had been made in Venetia; and on the 27th of January, the priest, Enrico Tazzoli, the president of the Central Committee, was arrested at Mantua. Tazzoli was a strong man, of fine character, and generous spirit. His high standing as a citizen and priest made him an authority in his city. The news of his arrest awakened a widespread feeling of sorrow and unrest throughout the provinces. The committees were cast down, and the people, oppressed by the state of siege, were saddened more than ever. The days dragged along in an endless monotony. The very economic condition of the country languished, as every initiative that indicated activity was regarded with suspicion, and was watched or suppressed. The whole commonwealth suffered, and all became impoverished.

The two or three theaters that were open represented all the joy of the Carnival. The Scala was avoided by the people, but was filled by the officers of the garrison. The generals and their staffs occupied the boxes of the exiled Milanese aristocracy. The officers took possession of the first rows of the stalls.

The Theater Carcano was out of the way, and was not frequented by the officers. It became, therefore, a proof of patriotism to go there. Some of my gay fellow-students and I rented two boxes, and, when we occupied them, we made the greatest noise possible. We desired that the representations should be clamorously successful to counterbalance the cold official evenings at the Scala. At the Carcano they gave operas, with poor singers and with a thin and discordant orchestra, but who cared? The worse the representation, so much the more we applauded. We took under our protection the two principal singers, a little light voiceless tenor and a stout prima donna, who shrieked like a machine that needs oiling. After every piece we asked for a repetition; and our protégés had scarcely opened their mouths before we cried, "Again."

The public caught on and applauded. The commissary of the police tried to restrain our excessive enthusiasm, but we endeavored to persuade him that the representation was marvelous. The impresario made our acquaintance, and, at the end of the season, invited us with the singers to a party behind the scenes. We all sat down to a table prepared by our "Lucrezia Borgia," and drank toasts in the wine, that, it seemed, belonged to her.

"Let us amuse ourselves," we said, "but let us do our duty, and go forward joyously and without fear." This conduct was not always approved of by the dark and dismal conspirators; but it was an attitude in consonance with our age, and was attractive to youth. It was a good way to gain recruits for a militant patriotism.

This festive note was struck not only by us very young men, but by many who were far older than we, among whom were Antonio Lazzati and Carlo De Cristoforis. Even in the tragic vicissitudes of their lives they preserved smiling faces and an air of inexhaustible gaiety.

Carlo De Cristoforis was a lover of all that was generous and adventuresome. He was accustomed to say that the resolute will of a man could accomplish great things. For his part it did accomplish many. Though he often put his head in jeopardy, he always kept his joyous manner and put his friends in a mirthful mood.

To the hardness of the Government the citizens opposed not only resistance but mockery. This was the more successful because of the facetious character of the Milanese populace. There was a succession of jokes and songs and satires — of the things in which we often associate laughter with tears. Among the little episodes which diverted us, I recall one that not only made us laugh, but which also astonished us.

Conte Ambrogio Nava, the president of the Accademia di Belle Arti, and an adherent of Austria, had had the unhappy idea of sending his portrait to the annual exhibition at the Brera. It was painted by Hayez, in a chamberlain's costume with Austrian decorations. The portrait offended our patriotic sentiments, and was guarded by officers of the police. However, one fine day, it was cut from top to bottom, and withdrawn.

It is impossible to describe the importance that the authorities gave to this act, from the policeman to Marshal Radetzky. They said that it was an insult to the Emperor's household, and that, looking at it from a

broad point of view, it was a crime and a proof of the existence of a conspiracy that sought the ruin of the Empire. No one for several days talked of anything else. It was an amusing little diversion in the midst of our sadness.

Many years afterwards I heard that the cutting had been done by Carlo De Cristoforis, who withdrawing, one Sunday, from the eyes of the police, as the people were circulating about, had hidden himself behind the canvases that covered one of the side walls. Here he tarried until the salon was closed, and then, coming out of his hiding-place, cut the portrait of the Conte. The day following, when the concourse of visitors had become large, he seized upon a favorable opportunity to escape, and went home.

Our laughter, however, was of short duration. The anxiety which had been enkindled at the beginning of the year by the arrest of Tazzoli broke out afresh in the early summer. The orders of arrest surpassed a hundred in one week. Many of the inculpated succeeded in escaping, but the greater number were apprehended and taken to the prisons of Mantua. It was evident that discoveries of the names of the members of the committees had been made.

The agitation increased day by day. The conversations of all of us turned upon this one subject. The persons who felt themselves to be insecure kept out of sight. Many times my brother, when returning home, turned back, and asked some friend for shelter because he had seen a suspicious-looking face in the street. Grave rumours abounded. It was said that cruelty had been

practiced upon the prisoners to extort confessions, and some acts of weakness were mentioned. The worst reports (we knew not how) came from the prisoners themselves. It was avowed that Luigi Castellazzo, the secretary of the Central Committee, had confessed, and had revealed the names of his associates to Captain Carlo Krauss, the Examiner, who conducted the prosecutions.

Castellazzo had been arrested at Pavia, and it was said that, in the search that was made of his effects, a sheet of paper was found in his penholder on which were some signs, which were the key to decipher the names of the members of the committees and their correspondence. The same writings had been found in the effects of the president of the committee; but the Examiner, it was reported, had not succeeded in deciphering them or in having them explained. Now it was insisted Castellazzo had revealed the meaning of the signs to Krauss. These reports were only too true, but nobody would believe them. They became more and more insistent, however, and the numerous arrests that were made confirmed them.

The torture of whipping was held over several prisoners to obtain confessions; but it was applied only in two instances, as far as it is known. This I have been told by Finzi, Lazzati, Pastro, and many others, who were in the prisons in 1852 and 1853. The torture, as applied to several prisoners, was that of heavy chains, of hunger and cold for many consecutive days, and of dirty prisons for a whole winter.

The unhappy man who was whipped was a certain Antonio Pasetti, of Verona. It was during the trials at

Venice in 1851. His inquisitor had endeavored to entrap him in a confession, and, in order to destroy his firmness, had condemned him to receive forty blows. After he had received ten, his physician declared that, if the whipping were continued, his patient would die, as Pasetti was consumptive. After he was carried back to prison, he told his companions that he had kept a piece of his bed-covering in his mouth, during his punishment, so that his sufferings would not extort a cry. His silence saved his life. Released from prison, he was enrolled in a disciplinary company, and sent to Hungary, where he died shortly after. Poor obscure hero! your name, now scarcely remembered, was told me by Luigi Pastro, another hero of silence.

Whipping was inflicted, later on, upon a man named Cervieri, in a trial which took place in Mantua, after the conclusion of the trials of 1852. Cervieri was beaten, but he, too, kept silence, and denounced no one. He died some years after in America.

Apropos of the rumors that were current in regard to Castellazzo, a friend of his, Giovanni Pezzotti, who belonged to the Milanese Committee, had said that, if he were arrested, he would kill himself for fear of betraying his friends. On the 25th of June, certain arrests were made, among which were those of Pezzotti and Lazzati. The prisoners were incarcerated at first in the Castello, from which place they were taken to Mantua, all, except Pezzotti, who had hanged himself the day following his arrest. The vision of Castellazzo had drawn him to suicide.

Antonio Lazzati was one of my dearest friends. I had

seen him nearly every evening in the house of Contessa Maffei, where the gaiety of his conversation was a great contrast to his gravity of manner. He was an excellent *raconteur*, and loved to laugh and to entertain his friends. In the manifestation of patriotism he had always sought the most dangerous posts. The straight-laced conspirators, with their broad-brimmed hats, criticized his gay humor, and called it levity; but he soon demonstrated the seriousness and firmness of his character.

I remember well the evening, in the salon of the Contessa, when the rumors had arrived concerning the betrayal in the prisons. Many friends gathered about Lazzati and Emilio, and exhorted them to fly. Emilio refused, as he was sure that his name did not figure on the list of which Castellazzo was said to have revealed the cipher. Lazzati doubted the truth of the rumor, and said that he feared that he might compromise his friends by his flight. His doubt was fatal to him; in two days he was arrested.

His arrest, as well as that of others in the provinces who were connected with the "Crepuscolo," caused the acutest sorrow in the salon; as a fear arose lest the prosecutions of Mantua might be transferred to Milan. In the mean time the warm weather had come, and had put an end to the receptions until after the vacations. The suspension of city life had the advantage of withdrawing, for a time, some of the inculpated citizens from the vigilant eyes of the police.

When the vacations had terminated and winter had come, an event happened which changed at once the hopes and fears of men in the camp of the enemy as well as

in our own — the *coup d'état* in France. The effect with us was electrical. Some raged, some rejoiced, and some even despaired. The republicans, who had placed all their hopes in republican France and in the International Committee of London, i.e., in Mazzini, Ledru-Rollin, and Kossuth, naturally raged. They believed that the new tyrant would have to be driven away before anything could be done. Even the *plébiscite* which sustained Louis Napoleon did not convince them; it was, they said, a passing infidelity of universal suffrage.

There were many survivors of the Napoleonic armies and government, upon whom the fascination of the First Empire was still strong. These people rejoiced because they could see the new Napoleon crossing the Alps and chasing the Austrians away.

The thoughtful persons, though they were convinced that the policies of France for some years would be turned to internal affairs, were persuaded that a Napoleonic rule would have an influence upon the destinies of Europe, perhaps even by means of a war. They trusted, too, to the sympathy that the new Emperor had manifested for Italy; whereas the republic had shown itself indifferent, and almost hostile. The change of government in France, at least, opened a new horizon to hope.

While people were wondering, not only in Italy, but in all Europe, what would be the consequences of this new government for them, Austria never moved, nor gave a glance to the future. She went on, as before, with her hard, pedantic, and at times ferocious, methods.

On the 7th of December the first sentences in the

trials of Mantua were pronounced. Tazzoli, Poma, De Canal, Zambelli, and Scarsellini were condemned to death, and were hanged. Five others (among whom was Angelo Mangili) were condemned to several years of imprisonment in irons in a fortress. These illustrious victims were followed by others, the records of whose trials will remain important documents to show the iniquity and the stupidity of the Austrian military government in the provinces of Italy after 1848.

CHAPTER XV

(1853)

Mazzini decides upon a revolt. — Opposition of his friends. — He sends his emissaries. — Secret organizations. — Piolti de Bianchi. — Fears for the outcome of the rising. — The Sixth of February. — The leaders, finding themselves alone, decamp. — Ferri, with a band, assaults a police station. — Some soldiers wounded. — A short struggle.

AT the close of 1852 it was whispered that there had been many meetings of the Mazzinian faction; and it was announced that Mazzini desired to promote an insurrection. The first rumors of this came from the committee of G. B. Carta. It represented, in reality, only a minor part of the faction.

Mazzini had, indeed, decided that Milan should revolt as soon as possible. At first he had turned to the serious-minded persons of his party, but all of them had discouraged him from attempting the enterprise. They urged many reasons why the moment was inopportune. Europe was headed toward a reaction; France was quiet after the *coup d'état;* Piedmont was intent upon its reorganization; and Milan had not yet recovered from the disasters of 1848. Moreover, they said that faith in a revolution had to be born again; that the state of siege and the Austrian garrison rendered this impossible; and that in fact no one desired to attempt a revolt.

But none of these things had any weight with Mazzini, nor did the additional fact (which was insisted upon by his wisest friends) that the Austrians would surely seek reprisals upon the prisoners of Mantua for any revolutionary act. Mazzini no longer trusted his old and

approved friends, but sent his emissaries to obtain information from other quarters. The emissaries talked with the members of the committee of G. B. Carta and with some other enthusiasts, who mistook their own desires for those of the country. It was enough for Mazzini to find people who would give him a reason to convince himself; so he began to prepare for the revolt.

The first meetings to arrange for the project were held at Stradella. In them Depretis, Cairoli, and Piolti took part. Piolti had been especially summoned, as Mazzini desired to give him the direction of the party in Lombardy. As the former threads of conspiracy had been broken because of the recent arrests and of the trials at Mantua, Piolti accepted the charge.

A little while after, Mazzini sent to him from London (where he lived as a refugee) Eugenio Brizio, of Assisi, a resolute and courageous young man, who had been a revolutionary officer in the defense of Rome. I think it was this Brizio who became mayor of Assisi many years after.

The conspiracy made headway. Piolti took charge of the middle class, and Brizio of the operatives. Brizio made a sort of enrollment of the people, but he enlisted them in squads without knowing them. The differences and disputes between those who were ordering the conspiracy and those who desired to prevent it were continual. Carlo De Cristoforis (who was, at the opportune time, an audacious conspirator) and some others counseled the best of the conspirators to refrain from an undertaking the outcome of which could only be disastrous; but in vain. One of them said to me later on:

"I took part in the insurrection of February 6th because I was assured that, if we could resist for several days, some of the European Powers would assist us. It was said, too, that the Hungarians would be on our side. A friend took me to a house where he showed me the uniform of a Hungarian general who was shortly to come to our aid. At this sight my blood boiled, and I exclaimed: 'If, in 1848, we were able to fight five days, this time we will fight ten.' Therefore I enrolled myself, and became the head of a company."

This man was Francesco Ferri of whom I have spoken above. He was the chief of the municipal porters, a body which at this time was attached to the corps of firemen. He was a thin, dried-up man, who was known for his goodness of heart as well as for his audacity. His character was strangely mixed. To serve a superior or a friend he would have exposed his life to any risk, and have slain a man as quickly as an insect. His occupation brought him in contact with the Podestà and the Counselors, to whom he was devoted. He professed also affection and respect for the Milanese signori, especially for those who were of the old families. In this, indeed, he manifested a sentiment that had been preserved among the people unto his time. In the Five Days he had been among the bravest, and went with Renzo when he accompanied Ferrer, preceding, at the head of his porters, the Podestà on his way to the Palazzo di Governo. So it was not to be wondered at that Ferri would put body and soul into the new revolt.

The only person of importance that Mazzini had found who was willing to second his project was Giuseppe

Piolti de Bianchi. He was a studious and honest young man, who placed devotion to the master above all other considerations. Mazzini, who had given him charge of his party, now confided to him the ordering of the revolt; yet he gave to him, as a lieutenant, Brizio whom he sent from London. The enlisted men knew Brizio only, and only under the name of "the Roman."

Before assuming responsibility for the enterprise, Piolti requested an interview with his chief, and met Mazzini, in January, in a villa near Lugano. He laid before him its difficulties; but Mazzini met his objections with the information that others had assured him that the people were raging, that a spark was enough to kindle a fire, and that the citizens would rise en masse. He said, too, that after two hours of conflict, the "dress-coats" (as they were called) would descend into the streets and take part in the insurrection, the signal of which was awaited in all Italy.

When Piolti observed that it was impossible to initiate a movement without taking Piedmont into consideration, as it was the only country in Italy that had a standing army upon which reliance could be had, Mazzini replied that "the example of '48 must be followed"; that what he "desired was a united and free Italy"; and that he "believed the republic alone could give it." He said that he "respected the opinions of others who put their faith in a constitutional Piedmont," but that he "believed that at the announcement of the rising, either the king and the moderates would decide to assist, and to repeat the experiment of 1848 (in which case they should be received with open arms), or that, not so de-

ciding, the army and the people would come; since it was impossible that Piedmont should remain a cold spectator of a revolution. It was necessary, therefore," he continued, "to abstain from proclaiming a republic or other form of state, but to constitute a provisional government of three or five persons, who would take thought for the war and for calling the Italians to arms." [20]

As Mazzini remained fixed in his idea, Piolti bowed, and the 6th of February, the last Sunday of the carnival, was appointed as the day upon which to begin the revolt. Mazzini promised that there would be collusion with the Hungarians, and that General Klapka would come from London.

Such were the means with which Milan was to be aroused, and the Austrians, who occupied the city and the provinces, were to be attacked. The finances consisted of a thousand pounds sterling, the proceeds of the loan. The arms were some hundreds of stilettos, stuck in rough handles, of which Mazzini had furnished the model. They were wrought by the conspirator Fronti, a brass-worker. There were also some bombs of which Mazzini had likewise sent the pattern. It is noteworthy that these bombs were the first experiments which led to the fabrication of the Orsini bombs later on.

Brizio said he had five thousand affiliated men ready, and such, indeed, was the number of the names inscribed. It was strange how ignorant were the police of the projected movement. As to the Hungarians, Cairoli had, some time before, sent a letter to Piolti to introduce to him a friend, a Hungarian captain. This captain

told Piolti very politely that, with regular troops, the Hungarians might, perhaps, make common cause, but that no reliance could be placed upon them in an insurrection. The captain and Piolti parted with mutual assurances of silence, and of ignorance of one another. Instead of General Klapka there arrived a certain man by the name of Furagy, formerly an officer in the honveds, but who was now living in Geneva. It was his uniform that Ferri had seen.

According to the plan of Brizio the five thousand conspirators, divided into companies of three, or five, hundred, were to attack simultaneously the castle, the Palazzo di Corte, the fort at Porta Tosa, and some of the barracks. Furagy, in the mean time, was to make a pronunciamento to the Hungarian soldiers in their barracks to incite them to undertake the capture of the other soldiers. There was a disagreement between Brizio and Piolti because Piolti thought an attack upon the castle was too difficult an enterprise; but Brizio silenced him by saying that he would undertake the matter himself.

The dissenters who knew the particulars of the conspiracy were greatly alarmed, for they were sure that an insurrection, promoted by means so inadequate, could only lead to fearful results. The uprising, they said, would be suppressed in blood, the state of siege would be made more rigorous, the condemnations justified, and the excessive measures of the military government increased. An impotent uprising of the few, they insisted, would weaken the resistance which drew its strength from the many. They averred that nothing was more

destructive than abortive revolts, which shake the faith and fiber of the people.

Some of the initiated begged my brother Emilio and Enrico Besana (an approved patriot) to go to Mazzini and endeavor to dissuade him from the undertaking. They consented, and left for Lugano, making light of the dangers that confronted them and of the fact that they had no passports. It snowed the day of their departure and the day following. The mountains were covered; the roads became impassable; and they were not able to accomplish their mission. So they returned to Milan, as they did not wish to be absent from the city on a day of peril. They arrived the evening of the 5th. Probably their mission would have been fruitless anyway.

When the 6th of February came, Piolti, Brizio, and Fronti employed the first hours of the day in meeting the heads of the companies, in repeating their orders, and in assuring themselves that each man was ready for his appointed task. A first difficulty, which resulted in the loss of considerable time, was the claim which some of the heads made, in the name of their men, for an increased remuneration. This proved that Brizio had chosen his conspirators badly. If he had looked for them among the people of the Five Days, or the veterans of Rome and Venice, the uprising would have had a more serious meaning and a greater result. It was foolish to entrust to a Roman immigrant an enrollment of the common people of Milan.

Piolti said: "We do not intend to pay for the work which you are to do; it is not money that can reward you. You have said that you would attack the Austrians, and

we are willing to try the outcome; this is all. As you are to meet in taverns, I will give each man two francs; but woe to him who becomes intoxicated. I will meet you this evening after the *coup*. If you do not accept my offer you can withdraw." As the heads had said that the enlisted men were five thousand in number, Piolti gave them ten thousand lire. Fronti in the mean while distributed the poniards, and received in trust the balance of the money (twelve thousand lire), which remained over to Piolti.

The revolution was to begin at four in the afternoon. When the hour struck, Piolti and a friend (Maiocchi by name) went into the streets to see the uprising, but everything was still. What had happened?

Brizio with four hundred men was to assault the castle. He did not fail to arrive at his post, but he found only thirty recruits. He waited awhile, and proposed to the few that they should make the attempt; but they refused. When evening came, every man went to his own home. Furagy waited some time for some Hungarians who were to unite with him in entering the barracks of S. Ambrogio; but, as they did not appear, he searched for them, and, going astray, as night fell, sought refuge in the house of some friendly persons.

There was to be an attack, also, upon the guard of the Palazzo di Corte by another company of four hundred men; but only ten or twelve of them appeared; among whom was Ferri. Ferri did not lose courage. Seeing a stack of guns, with a flag in the midst, he ran and seized a number of them with the flag, and fled with the trophies. The sentinels fired upon and wounded him.

In the other parts of the city, where the men were to assemble, they did not do so, or they appeared in such small numbers that they soon dispersed. They attacked, indeed, some sentinel, or they poniarded some soldier along the streets; and that was all that was done. Piolti, in the mean time, sought for his revolution, but found it not. Everything was quiet. He sought also for Fronti, but he did not find him either; nor did he find the twelve thousand francs he had entrusted to him. Learning that some trouble was afoot, the citizens hurriedly shut their shops and doors, and the town was soon patroled by the guards. So the 6th of February ended.

Apropos of the disappearance of Fronti and of the twelve thousand francs, Piolti informed Mazzini that Fronti had fled to Paris. When he was asked about the money, he said he had deposited it with his wife, who had gone to Codogno. The brothers Foldi were sent to look for her; but Fronti denounced them; and they took flight, and went to America.

I had passed the afternoon of the 6th in our fencing-hall with my cousin Lamberto Paravicini and a group of dissenters. There was a continual coming and going from various parts of the city, as all of us were most anxious. Some remained on guard to call the others, in case of necessity, for no one believed that the attempted revolt would fail so miserably. At nightfall some one reported that a few barricades had been erected in the vicinity of the Ospedale Maggiore, and that some firing had been heard; so we thought we would go and investigate. We met, coming from the Caffè dell' Europa,

Luciano Besozzi, Gerolamo Induno, Eleuterio Pagliano, and my brother Emilio. We all went together toward the Piazza del Verziere. When we came to Via Durini, we ran against a patrol that notified us to go back, and separate: so we saluted one another, and each one went his own way.

Carlo De Cristoforis, a little while before, tried to go to the streets called " al laghetto," but was arrested by a patrol. He dissembled, however, so well that they let him go. His *sang-froid* saved him, for, if he had been taken to a police officer or to the castle, as the others were who had been arrested, he would have been hanged, as he was armed. In the vicinity of the hospital, some attempts were made by the common people, perhaps incited by Ferri, to raise a barricade, but the insurgents were quickly dispersed by the soldiers.

Ferri, as he told me many years after, was in hiding for several days, wandering from roof to roof, upon the house-tops of the Verziere, suffering from his wound and from hunger. He was subsequently arrested, and was condemned to twelve years' imprisonment in a fortress. He was amnestied with the other patriots in 1857. He died twenty years later at the head of the municipal porters. When he spoke of the past he was wont to say: "The Five Days went off well because there was perfect accord between the common people and the signori; but things went badly when people who were not true Milanese mixed themselves in our affairs."

CHAPTER XVI

(1853)

Surprise and disgust of the citizens. — Several of them go to General Giulay. — The first mild measures changed by orders received from headquarters. — Arrests and hangings. — The escape of Carlo De Cristoforis. — Writings of De Cristoforis. — Sequestrations. — Piedmont recalls its ambassador. — The city gates closed for a month. — Piolti, Fronti, Furagy, Brizio. — Condemnations in default. — The hardships of military law. — Rumors from the prisons at Mantua. — Episode in connection with Lazzati's condemnation. — After the imprisonment. — Mazzini endeavors to incite a new conspiracy. — A new chief of the republican party. — Ambrogio Ronchi. — The party disintegrates. — Sympathy for Piedmont.

THE people learned with amazement of the events that had happened. Such an uprising, so badly ordered, so unexpected, so hopeless, seemed suspicious; and the sort of things that had taken place — above all, the stabbings in the quiet streets — aroused a feeling of indignation. In this feeling there participated not only the peaceful citizens, but the patriots who were not believed by Mazzini when they had tried to dissuade him. They saw that their prognostications were verified even more than they had imagined.

Inspired by the events and the general feeling of disapprobation, some respectable people went to the commandant, General Giulay, and expressed the surprise and displeasure the greater part of the citizens felt at the deeds of the 6th, and begged him not to hold the city responsible. The general, who saw before him, for the first time, a group of distinguished citizens, was very courteous. He praised their action, and suggested that the higher classes should henceforth break away from

the revolutionaries, and consider them as the common enemies of society.

The action of these citizens (some of whom had given proofs of their patriotism) was condemned even by those who most deplored the 6th of February. To abstain from contact with the Government was one of our maxims, and this act was the more blamed because it repudiated an attempted revolt, however foolish, against the foreigner. The self-appointed deputation was not long in becoming aware of its error; and General Giulay saw it no more. These citizens had lost, for a while, the measure of their duty, a fact which showed us the point to which public indignation had risen. Much harm would have been done to our cause if the Austrian Government had conducted itself differently. Approbation would have followed upon the part of the timid. But, fortunately, the Government kept us all united in hatred of, and in rebellion against, itself.

The first governmental measures were mild. A proclamation of General Strassoldo, issued in the absence of General Giulay, seemed to be intended to reassure the citizens; but such mildness was of short duration. Two days after, violent and severe orders came from Verona, which were followed by others from Vienna. When General Giulay returned, the state of siege was made more rigorous than ever. The gates of the city were closed to all who did not have permits; the streets were patroled day and night; the landlords were obliged to keep lights burning in front of their houses in case the gas-pipes should be cut; and the military posts and sentinel boxes were surrounded by iron railings. This device,

which was introduced in all the cities of Lombardo-Venetia, remained until 1859 as if to attest to a state of perennial war. Hundreds of arrests were made, and some distinguished citizens were taken to prison because of fancied resemblance to the conspirators. Among them was a friend of mine, the Marchese Luigi Crivelli. He had a long red beard, which made him look like Piolti. The police knew the color of Piolti's beard, but they did not know his name.

The Government sought to terrify the city in every way. Among those who had been arrested, six were quickly chosen, indicted, condemned, and hanged outside the castle gate. A little while after, proof was offered of the innocence of at least four of these unfortunates, among whom was a steward of Conte Greppi. He was a sick man, and had gone out simply to buy some milk.

Among the people enrolled by Brizio were some of the dregs of the city. When these wretched men were brought before a council of war they told all they knew, and revealed the names of those they had heard mentioned in their meetings. When De Cristoforis was denounced he was sought for by the famous Bolza, to whom the important arrests were entrusted. De Cristoforis, fortunately, was in hiding in the house of the brothers Garavaglia. He afterwards fled to one of his aunts, and then to a sanatorium in which he was received by a friendly physician. In the mean time he made a plan of escape. He sent one of his brothers to a lady who knew Fossati, a contractor of the Austrian army, who had permission to go in and out of the city in a carriage. The arrangement was made that Fossati should place De Cristoforis on the box. At

the gate a police agent objected to the coachman, saying that he did not believe the permission extended to him; but he afterwards withdrew his objection. So Carlo made his exit. Many rumors regarding his flight were put in circulation so as to conceal the facts, but they are as I have related them.

De Cristoforis went first to Travedona, to the house of his friends, the Garavaglia; then he fled to Ispra, on Lake Maggiore, where a fisherman hid him in his boat under some nets. He landed subsequently on the Piedmontese shore while the Austrian soldiers, in a neighboring church, were solemnizing the failure of an attempt made upon the life of the Emperor. Carlo was not to see the lake and the surrounding country until six years after, on the eve of his death, in the battle of S. Fermo.

De Cristoforis was ever gay, witty, and joyous, even in the most tragic moments. He was courageous to audacity, and admired the romantic and chivalrous types; so we called him (to his delight) D' Artagnan. A lover of activity, he was always at the breach when patriotic enterprises were afoot, and was attracted to the things which others did not dare to do. From 1849 to 1853 he taught the principles of law as a *privat-docent*. In the public competition, opened by the Institute, for essays on the economical condition of the peasantry, he presented a statistical work. Stefano Jacini carried off the prize with the treatise which began his fame; but Carlo's essay was also highly esteemed. His exile opened to him new avenues of activity.

Before closing the account of the 6th of February, I

desire to recall the decree of the 13th which sequestered the goods of all the refugees, even of those who had had permission to emigrate, and had become citizens of Piedmont. Nothing justified this act; but Austria desired to hold Piedmont, in some way, responsible for the Mazzinian conspiracy. The Sardinian Government protested, and recalled its ambassador.

I must record also the condemnations, after the first summary hangings, some of which were in contumacy. Twenty prisoners were condemned to death, and forty to imprisonment, for terms running from ten to twenty years. The condemnations to death were not carried into effect, and the condemnations to irons were diminished. Among the condemnations in default were those of De Cristoforis, Guttierez, De Luigi, and Gerli, each to twelve years, and Assi to twenty years, of imprisonment. What had become of Piolti, of Brizio, and of Furagy? Piolti had taken refuge in the house of a friend of his mother, Antonietta Faido, who occasionally took boarders. He remained with her for three months without being noticed. From this hiding-place he succeeded in helping Brizio and Furagy to escape. They fled to the Canton Ticino. Piolti, after having cut off his beard, escaped by the aid of his Piavese friends, and went to Stradella.

Milan remained closed for over a month. The authorities thought that, in this way, none of the heads of the conspiracy could escape; but very few of them were caught. The state of siege was rendered more unbearable by regulations which now seem incredible. Old, and new, orders were published which made town life very

difficult. A card, called a "legitimation-card," was given us without which we were liable to arrest; and we had to be home at ten o'clock in the evening. We could go about only in couples, and no more than two persons could stand together in the streets. Moreover, we had to shave our chins because beards and imperials were suspected things. The sentinels and patrols often obliged the passers-by to turn back, and, occasionally, they arrested people at their caprice. In returning home, it became often necessary to make détours if we saw sentinels posted at the street-corners, since, if they were in a bad humor, they forbade our passing.

I recall these days with horror. The suspicion, or fear, of a soldier, or the perfidy of a police official, could send the most pacific citizen to prison for months, perhaps for years. The arrogance of the military authorities was limitless. He who has never heard the swords of the Austrians beat upon the city pavement with the disdainful pride of a master can understand neither our hatred of them nor our love for our country.

Our days were made even more sad by the news that came from Mantua. That which the wise had foreseen came about; the Government, after the 6th, pressed its hand ever harder and harder upon the prisoners, and sought to revenge itself upon them. Many reports were current in regard to their sufferings; and it was said that Antonio Lazzati would be hanged as an act of reprisal for the revolt at Milan.

It is not my task to describe the prosecutions at Mantua; so I will limit myself to telling the things that I learned from my friends who were entangled therein.

There are books and memoirs which describe these trials in detail. May the young men of the new generation read them, and may they remember the names of the heroes, and forever recall the tears that they shed!

Lazzati was the only Milanese upon whom the examining authority had been able to lay hands. The Examiner, Captain Krauss, supposed that the youth of Milan ought to give a much larger contingent to the trials. He, therefore, subjected Lazzati to punishment, and hoped to extort some confession from him. But Lazzati remained firm; and his firmness saved the lives of many of the young Milanese, among whom I can name my brother Emilio. Perhaps he would have saved himself also if Castellazzo (as was afterwards known) had not paralyzed his efforts when he underwent his examination before Krauss.

Towards the middle of February, we learned that proposals for the condemnations had been sent from Mantua to Verona, for Radetzky's approval, and that among those who were on the list for condemnation to death was Lazzati. On the 28th, some death sentences were published, to which others were afterwards added. Among those condemned were Conte Carlo Montanari, the archpriest G. Grazioli, and Tito Speri. The pain of death was commuted to fifteen years' imprisonment, in irons, in the case of Lazzati.

The trials for the conspiracy of the Mazzinian committees, a conspiracy which had committed no overt act, closed with sending nine eminent citizens to the gallows and thirty-two to the Austrian fortresses. The

news that Lazzati was to be hanged as a reprisal was true. How, then, was his punishment commuted?

On the 18th of March, 1848, General Wratislaw, upon going to the castle to take command, entrusted one of his little girls to a family of his acquaintance. When the Austrians returned, he took his daughter away, and said to those who had befriended her: "I feel the obligation of giving you some proof of my thankfulness. We are in troublous times; if I am ever able to render you, or your friends, a similar service, I will repay my debt." This promise was known to Lazzati's family, or to one of his friends; so, when the news of his condemnation arrived, the thought arose to resort to General Wratislaw who was then stationed at Piacenza. The general immediately asked for grace for Lazzati. At first he was repulsed by Radetzky and his counselor Benedek (who was in command at the battle of Sadowa); but General Wratislaw threatened to resign, as he considered his honor was at stake. Because of his firmness, he secured grace for Lazzati. Nevertheless, as it had been determined to hang three of the prisoners, the archpriest Grazioli was substituted in Lazzati's place.

This episode is true in its general lines, though I did not learn the particulars at the time. Everything was done between a few persons, among whom I heard named a lady, who must have been the principal actor in it. Years after, when, talking with Lazzati of his imprisonment, the conversation turned upon his condemnation and pardon, he always became melancholy. Perhaps he recalled his confrontation with Castellazzo; or the suspicion that his salvation had cost the life of

another troubled him; or perhaps it was that the image of the person to whom he owed most (who had died in the flower of her youth) arose before him. However it may have been, the subject was dropped.

Antonio Lazzati, Giuseppe Finzi, Luigi Pastro, and others who had shown themselves equally heroic, spoke of their trials very little, and only with their intimate friends. In political prosecutions there are always the heroes, and there are always the weaklings and the traitors. Because of feelings of delicacy they disliked to return to matters in which the strength of their own souls contrasted so nobly with the weakness of some and the treason of others. To people who questioned him upon his trial, Lazzati narrated, usually, some comic episode such as often accompanies a tragic event. He liked to choose among the sad vicissitudes of his life the things that were droll; and he depicted them with great keenness of observation. He did not reënter political life after 1859, but served his country in the administrative offices to which public confidence called him. He was a notary, and was among the most esteemed in Milan. It has been especially dear to me to recall this old friend, to whom so many young men owed so great a debt.

When the prosecutions were ended, Castellazzo was let out of prison, and changed his name. He enlisted in the Garibaldians in 1859, and, in order to justify himself, asked for a jury of honor, which was presided over by Bertani. It absolved, or rather it pardoned, him.[21] Finzi told me that, one day, when he was at Naples, during Garibaldi's dictatorship, Bertani told him that Castellazzo desired to ask his pardon. Finzi replied:

"I do not refuse to pardon him, but I refuse to see him because I cannot trust myself. The last time I saw him was in the presence of Krauss. I was in chains, and I was defending my life, while he, with his revelations, was dragging me to the gallows. How can I see him again?" Bertani did not insist.

Castellazzo became a freemason, and Grosseto elected him a deputy. The day he entered Parliament, Finzi resigned. Some members of the Extreme Left attacked Finzi violently, and a long and bitter contest ensued which shortened his life. I should not have dwelt upon these matters if they had not had a sorrowful result. The conduct of Castellazzo would have been forgotten, as was that of others who were not equal to their duty; but the impudence of his friends, who wished to make him a representative of the nation, was too much. Even if the whippings were true (as asserted by some, and denied by others) it was no reason why a man should be elected to Parliament who had sent to their deaths so many of his fellow-citizens. Nor was it a reason for vilifying so many patriots who had complained of him. Silence and forgetfulness ought to have been enough; his friends have obtained for him a sad celebrity.

The disastrous outcome of the 6th of February, and the tragic end of the committees, did not discourage Mazzini. Piolti had reported all that had happened, and Mazzini had replied as to a general in disgrace after he had lost a battle. He praised Piolti's work, congratulated himself that the forces remained intact, after having made so good a showing, and said he intended to begin again with armed bands which should descend

from the mountains into the valleys and plains. The thing of primary importance with Mazzini was to continue the uprisings, without regard to the means or to the opportunities. He did not perceive that his exigence had tired people out, and had brought his methods into disrepute.

As Piolti had been put *hors de combat*, it became necessary to look for a new head for the party; so Mazzini thought of my brother. He sent him a letter by Piolti, and Emilio sent a reply by the same hand. This is what Piolti wrote in his memoirs touching Emilio's letter, which had been left open so that he could read it. "In this letter of Visconti, the future minister of foreign affairs is revealed. To the enthusiasm of Mazzini he opposed the calculation of reason. He passed in review the political situation of the various states of Europe, and concluded by saying that Europe was tired of a period of revolution, and desired repose. As regards Italy, therefore, he said it was best to keep the minds of all in opposition to foreign rule; but that it was unwise to expose the people in vain attempts, but rather await the awakening of Europe, which, after a season of despondency, could not fail to appear."

Piolti concluded by saying that both of the letters were excellent, and that he was sorry he had not kept copies of them.

Mazzini continued on his way, and found a head for his party in Ambrogio Ronchi, who was arrested shortly after. He was taken to the castle on the 13th of November, and then to Mantua, where he died in prison after much suffering. Still Mazzini endeavored to form new conspiracies, of which we shall soon see the end.

In the mean time there was another series of arrests and trials, all of which were confided to Captain Krauss, of dreadful memory. Many cruel episodes are mentioned in their annals; but I can add nothing to the details because the thread of my connection was broken. The first trials, the condemnations of some, and the flight of other friends, and the separation of many more from Mazzini, dried up my sources of information.

In the decennial of resistance the year 1853 was certainly the darkest; still, though it was the year in which the country suffered most, it was the year, also, that counted most politically, for out of it arose the impulse to turn to a new leader by whom the forces that worked for liberty were disciplined. It was now that the plans of Mazzini, which appeared to be directed to a certain goal, were perceived to lead to an opposite one.

For four years Mazzini, with tenacious efforts, had endeavored to form the conspiracies which should prepare for uprisings, and bring about the revolution by which Italy (as he thought) should become united, independent, and republican. The disproportion between the means and the end did not present itself to his mind. The speculative deductions from his theory were sufficient. As, after 1848, the monarchical flag had become impotent, and the impatient patriots had become Mazzinian, he argued that the movement of 1848 could be repeated, and that the new revolution would be the triumph of the republic.

But the thoughtful people had counseled him not to attempt an uprising; and he had replied by the revolt of the 6th of February. They counseled him again not

to try another; and he had proceeded to prepare armed bands. This had given rise to many discussions, and the end was a complete separation between Mazzini and his staff. Still, as Mazzini was convinced that he was right, he let his old friends fall away, and sought for recruits in the lower ranks of life, where men reasoned less and obeyed more implicitly. But even among these his following decreased, as his authority was impaired by the uprising of the 6th of February. His system, of ordering from afar a little conspiracy or act which invariably terminated badly, ended with arousing in the minds of the common people a feeling of disgust; and reaction ensued.

I was not in relations with Mazzini, but I was one of the intimates of the Salon Maffei and of the group of the "Crepuscolo," among whom Mazzini had his warmest friends. The ideas which I have here expressed record the conversations I heard, and the things I witnessed, at the time. The year 1853, which was to have marked the triumph of the ideas of Mazzini, saw, on the contrary, the decline of his influence. The year of his apogee coincided with that of his decline.

While the star of Mazzini began to pale, the first rays of a new light broke upon our horizon. The dignified attitude of the Sardinian monarchy and its king, in face of the threats of Austria; the seriousness with which Piedmont had reorganized its finances, its army and public service; and the order with which liberty progressed, attracted anew the sympathetic regard of the people of Lombardo-Venetia towards the Ticino.

CHAPTER XVII

(1853)

My brother and I leave for a journey to the south. — Sojourn at Rome. — From Rome we go to Naples. — Hotels and hotel-keepers. — Naples. — Casa Gargallo. — At the Austrian Legation. — Crossing to Messina. — Catania and Taormina. — Ætna and Syracuse. — Along the coast. — Inconveniences. — Public houses. — The people. — The muleteers at Girgenti. — To Palermo by Calatafimi. — Letters from Tenca. — The conditions of civil life in Sicily. — Return to Genoa. — Letters from our mother.

AFTER passing our examinations, my brother and I were seized by a desire to take a breath of air abroad, and to ease our feelings after so many days of sorrow and peril; so we determined upon a journey to Rome, Naples, and Sicily. To secure passports for these countries was not difficult; and we wanted to see a part of "our" Italy, to which we had devoted so much anxious thought. We went first to Genoa, where we passed a few days with some friends (emigrants and refugees), and then embarked for Civitavecchia.

When we landed, we were conducted immediately to the custom-house where our trunks were examined by a commissary. He took the books (a Macchiavelli, a Molière, and a couple of novels), saying that whatever the books might be, they must be sequestered; and that we must look for them at the central police station in Rome. We saw them no more. This first impression was far from pleasing, and even less so was the journey from Civitavecchia to Rome. We made it in a dilapidated diligence, which, Emilio said, was found among the goods and chattels of Torquemada.

We remained in Rome a fortnight, going about from

morning to night, in the heat of July, worn out, but not fatigued. We visited especially the places that were hallowed by the defense of Rome — the walls, the Vascello, and the breaches where Manara, Morosini, Enrico Dandolo, and so many other brave youths had fallen for the realization of an ideal that now seemed so improbable. When we met the French soldiers we said to ourselves: "What are you doing here? Your posts should be with your friends on the fields of Lombardy." Who would then have said that this reasoning of sentiment would triumph in a few years, — so much the less by the work of him whom we, to show ourselves patriotic, called "the man of the 2d of December"?

France and the French were ever associated in our youthful minds with the epoch of the Revolution and the Italian Kingdom, and with every high ideal of liberty and progress. And now we saw the French in Rome, associated with the Swiss Guards, sustaining with their bayonets the temporal power of the Pope!

Another thing which offended our sight and feeling was to see, in every office we visited, ugly priests with clownish faces, filling positions that had nothing to do with sanctity. It stupefied us the more, to hear people swearing at the priests, for we habitually respected our excellent clergy in Lombardy. And what was not said of the priestly Roman Government! There was an avalanche of imprecations, which we wished that those who uttered them could have heard for their own amusement.

One day, as I stood looking at the Greek horses, in the Piazza di Monte Cavallo, I saw coming out of the palace of the Quirinal a great golden coach. In it was a fine

old man, dressed in white, who gave his benediction from its doors. His face seemed to be surrounded with an aureole of peace and sanctity, and his lips were wreathed in a delicate smile of goodness, — that sweet smile with which he had doubtless once pronounced the words which resounded from Ætna to the Alps: "Gran Dio, benedite l' Italia."

We thought we would go to Naples across the Apennines, and by way of Capua and Caserta. The first day we went as far as Arsoli, a charming little town. The day was sultry, and we were crammed for several hours in a wretched old carriage with a priest that snored and a woman that nursed a child. At Arsoli we were told that there was no public house fit for gentlemen. A *palazzotto* was pointed out to us, the proprietor of which we were informed offered hospitality to *galantuomini*.

Signor Marcello, the proprietor, kindly accommodated us with lodgings, and he gave us an excellent supper. He told us that he was from Rome, and that, after 1848, he passed a part of the year in the country. He narrated a lot of stories of his youth, in which Prince Louis Napoleon had a part. It seemed that his wife and daughters were in the villa; but we did not see them. When we praised his supper, he said it was prepared by a young woman cook; but neither was she visible. When, before leaving, we wanted to give her a tip, a man presented himself.

The next day we crossed the Apennines, traveling the whole day over an arid mountain by a path which took us to Tagliacozzo, from which we descended to Avezzano. The road was that which was traversed some

ten years later by the brigands when they fled from the Roman State into the Abruzzi. On one of the rocks we saw, Borjes, the Spanish bandit, was shot. He had come to Italy to command the brigands, and to teach them how to extort money from people by cutting off their ears in a pleasing way.

Towards evening we were joined by a gentleman who gave us some useful information. He came the next morning, also, to take us to see the Lago di Fucino, and the outlet constructed under Nero; and desired to go with us to Sora. At first we held back, but gradually we put aside our distrust. He told us that, after 1848, he had been banished to the provinces, and narrated some things which we knew from others were true.

The gentleman's name was Altobelli. My brother saw him at Naples in 1861, when he went there with Farini. Altobelli told him that, after his trip with us, he had been arrested by the police, who wanted to know what plots he had made with the two travelers who had come from Rome; and that they had kept him in prison for several months.

Bidding Signor Altobelli adieu at Sora, we went to S. Germano, and thence to the abbey of Montecassino. It was in August, and the heat can be imagined. The porter led us at once to a room, where we brushed off the dust and washed ourselves, while he sought some lemonade. When he returned, he bade us, in the name of the prior, to whom we had sent our cards, to take luncheon. We accepted the invitation with alacrity, and found the meal excellent. As it was being served, two monks, one of whom, I think, was the prior, came

in. The younger one took us afterwards to see the convent and the library, and made our visit most interesting. He was called Carfora, and was of Naples. He had the distinguished manners of a gentleman.

We left the abbey regretfully, as we had found in it not only a courteous hospitality, but also a devotion to the faith, to culture, and to art which made us forget the *pretacci* (wretched priests) of Rome, as they were then called.

We traveled all night, in a diligence, and arrived the next morning at Capua. A gendarme who was charged with escorting the diligence sat down between Emilio and me because he could not find another place. We protested, but in vain. He even wanted us to thank him. First he searched us to assure himself that we had no concealed weapons; then he turned to Emilio, who had a youthful moustache, and said: "I ought to make you cut off your moustache, since it is not permitted in the Kingdom;* but I see you are English and I will take no notice. You should thank me, however, since I have done you a favor. And you ought to thank me, too, for sitting between you two, and protecting you against the malefactors, of whom there are many. Sangue di! thank me! thank me!" After a while he slept with his gun between his legs, and snored until daylight.

From Capua we went to Naples by a railway of the most obliging character. The train went with the speed of a carriage, and the passers-by made it stop, in order to get on. At Naples we lodged in a hotel near the Via

* *Regno*. The Kingdom of Naples was always spoken of as "the Kingdom."

Toledo, that was called, I think, "Del Commercio." The proprietor was an old Frenchman, named Martin, who had come to Naples in the time of Murat, and who, when he was not complaining, sang *sotto voce* a song with the refrain: "Aux armes, aux armes, que vient le Duc de Parme."

No sooner had we arrived than we found some friends who became our companions during our stay. They were Carlo Casalini, of Venice; Conte Sassatelli, of Bologna; and Cristoforo Robecchi, of Milan, who many years afterwards was a consul-general of the Kingdom of Italy. If I should tell the impressions I received of beautiful Naples I would never finish; but alas! with the memories of the marvels of nature and of art there is mixed the ugly recollection of the mob. It was painful for us, who felt ourselves to be Italians, the citizens of a country that was to be, who (as the Liberals of our day) surrounded the people with poetic ideals, to see these plebeians so devoid of self-respect and honesty. The traditional *lazzaroni*, who disappeared with their Bourbon protectors, were still to be seen. The foreigners amused themselves with them; but we blushed to do so. The swarm of lazy beggars who rained upon us like locusts, who got under our feet at every step, who lied and cheated, and from whom it was difficult to get free, was a sad spectacle. We comforted ourselves by saying that the *lazzaroni* were designedly kept in abjection; but it must be confessed, however, the results of the system could not have been worse.

This rabble was in great contrast to the higher classes, above all to those who were distinguished for their tal-

ent and culture (of whom there was not, and never had been, a scarcity); but many distinguished people at this time lived apart so as not to be observed by the police, who were not less ferocious, and were more vexatious, than the police of Lombardy.

One day, after returning from a trip to Vesuvius, Emilio and I threw ourselves upon our beds without closing the doors of our rooms. When we were awakened for dinner, we discovered that all our clothes, including those in the wardrobes, had disappeared. We called the waiter, and we called Signor Martin and we interrogated all the servants of the hotel; no one knew anything. We had to dine, that day, in our shirt-sleeves and afterwards go to bed. Signor Martin swore to us in French, and in Italian, that he would discover the thief. For a couple of days we heard him storm, then all was quiet again, and he took up the refrain of his song: "Aux armes, aux armes, que vient le Duc de Parme."

The one good thing he did was to send for a tailor, who, with admirable rapidity, furnished us with such things as had been stolen. Our dress-coats had disappeared with the rest of our effects, and we had accepted an invitation to dinner. The tailor, with a benevolent smile, reassured us. An hour before the dinner he brought us each a full dress-suit that fitted perfectly.

When we departed, Signor Martin, in putting us into our carriage, whispered that the thief was a servant of a general who had come for the fête of Piedigrotta, and who had had a room next to ours; but, as the matter touched a person dependent upon a big-wig, it had been prudent to keep still.

The dinner, for which the dress-coats were required, was in the Casa Gargallo. We had been presented to the descendants of the translator of Horace a few days previously, and the whole family of brothers, sisters, sons-in-law, and daughters-in-law had invited us for the day of the fête, that is, to see the parade in the morning, and to dine with them in the evening.

We found ourselves in Casa Gargallo with other guests, who proved to be warm partisans of the Bourbons. We discovered this when the coach of the king, followed by those of the court, passed. Emilio glanced at me to ask if we should retire, as we did in Milan, when the Austrian functionaries passed. I expected that this course would be adopted by all on the balcony; but no one moved. I prepared my face to express disdainful patriotic severity, when my neighbors began to clap their hands and to cry, "Viva il Re," and to salute the persons of the suite. At the dinner the conversation turned solely upon the news of the court, and my neighbor congratulated me that, even in Lombardy, order and tranquillity had been restored!

Two days after, when we made our farewell visit to Casa Gargallo, we thought we were on the point of starting for Sicily, but an unforeseen incident detained us for another week. Our friend Cristoforo Robecchi wanted to make the tour of Sicily with us, and we had sent our passports to the police, to obtain their *visa* for the journey. After a delay of several days, a letter came from the Austrian Legation, asking us to call. At this time the Italian subjects of Austria avoided, as much as possible, presenting themselves at the Austrian lega-

tions and embassies; but no other course was open to us.

At the legation, the first secretary, Signor Rajmond, received us with politeness, and told us that a warning regarding us had come to the police, because we had taken an unwonted route in coming from Rome, and had conversed with Signor Altobelli.

It was not difficult to show Signor Rajmond the innocency of our actions; and he undertook to propitiate the police, and to request the especial passports which were necessary for Sicily. After two days we were asked to call again, and were told that the Government conceded two passports but not three. Signor Rajmond, however, who was always most polite, offered to ask the favor of passports for all three of us. The favor was granted, but an official wanted to see and question us, in the presence of the secretary. This personage, whose name I cannot remember, was a close-shaven, dried-up little man. He questioned us at length, scanning us from head to foot at each interrogation. At the end he said: "Well, I concede the passports for Sicily to all three, but I concede them only out of regard for their flag." And, so saying, he motioned to the Austrian secretary. For our flag!

So we could go to Sicily, thanks to an Austrian official, who, moreover, told us to be on guard against the regulations of the Bourbon police, which he, as we, recognized to be excessive. I left Naples with three causes of grief in my heart. They were: to have lost my illusion in regard to the people that Mazzini had taught us to place alongside of God; to have found Bourbon partisans

among the educated Neapolitans; and to have been forced to seek the protection of the Austrian Legation.

The crossing to Messina was far from agreeable; the sea was running strong, and the boat was very slow. We arrived in the evening, so had to pass another night on board. In all, we were fifty hours on the trip. Some funny things happened during the pitching and rolling of the boat. Among the passengers was the Domeniconi company of comedians. I had seen them act, and now I saw them afflicted with seasickness, tumbling about, in poses tragic and comic. Some of the other passengers, male and female, were crazed by fear. They shrieked, prayed, and invoked all the Neapolitan and Sicilian saints. As every strong gust of wind or higher wave came, they made a new vow. Some were so extravagant I am sure they were never fulfilled.

We stopped at Messina a few days, then we went to lovely Taormina and Catania. At Catania we girded ourselves for the ascent of Ætna; but the giant mountain is not always polite to travelers; and it was not to us. We stopped first at Nicolosi, where we visited Professor Gemellaro, the illustrator of Ætna. He spoke of the mountain as a father might speak of his little son, who, though he may be guilty of some escapades, is yet his consolation. After leaving Nicolosi we had to betake ourselves to a grotto, while a strong wind, accompanied by hail, uprooted the trees and hurled the rocks down the mountain-side. Later on we walked to a refuge, called the house of the English, where we passed the night half-frozen. In the early morning we attempted

the ascent of the cone, but were driven back by a whirling lot of little stones, mixed with snow.

In spite of our disagreeable experience, I have preserved of Ætna an indelible memory. My expectations had been great; but they were surpassed by the reality, for my mind, after all these years, is still filled with the splendor of the mountain.

From Catania we went to Syracuse. I will not speak of the modern city which, like a decayed gentleman, is restricted to modest quarters. I will recall simply the arid and majestic plain which stretches from the actual city over the site of ancient Syracuse, the great Grecian city, of which now only some scanty ruins remain. During our long ride we scarcely spoke, as certain spectacles make us silent, even at twenty years of age.

From Syracuse we journeyed through the coast towns, to Girgenti, and from Girgenti we went to Selinunte and Marsala. Thinking over these days, there comes back to me the memory of the suffocating sands. I can see again the parched land and the sky that made us think of the Orient. The toil was great, but, as all we saw was grand, we did not think of the toil. The azure sea and the lovely beaches fascinated us; and the Greek, Roman, Saracen, and Norman ruins told us so much of so many peoples that our thoughts were carried to a sphere where our hardships were forgotten.

Of little woes and discomforts there were plenty. The greatest were hunger, dirt, and the police. The tour of Sicily was, usually, made at this time in little steamboats, which touched at the interesting points. A journey along the coast by land was not often made, ex-

cept by an occasional Englishman; wherefore we were generally taken for English. Of the real English we encountered some who, however, were traveling with less discomfort than we were, for they had provided themselves with tents and supplies. To-day there are excellent hotels in the coast districts; but it is worth while remembering how one had to travel during the Bourbon régime.

In the taverns we found only dry bread, mouldy cheese, and some other eatables which turned our stomachs. And even in the farmhouses we could obtain, at the most, only some eggs. We argued that, if there were eggs, there ought to be hens, but no hens were forthcoming. Oftentimes we could not enter the public taverns because of the stench of the muleteers; but had to sleep in the open with our saddles for our pillows. It is impossible to speak properly of the filthiness I have seen in some of these taverns. The concept of cleanliness was not even in an embryonic state. Strange that this idea is often the last to penetrate the understanding of certain human beings. They comprehend the supernatural easier than soap. On one occasion, my brother having asked the mistress of a tavern to clean a knife, on which a long history of different uses had been stratified (pardon my frankness), she spat upon a brick, rubbed the knife upon it, rinsed it in a pail of dirty water, and then dried the blade upon her hair! — all with an eagerness and rapidity that manifested the best will to serve.

As soon as we arrived anywhere we were pounced upon by a gendarme, who, before permitting us to go to a tavern, conducted us to a police station where all our

belongings, even the contents of our pockets, were examined. We were asked the strangest questions, some of which were very diverting. At the end we were asked for a good tip. As the people rarely saw any foreigners, we were the objects of great curiosity; and all seemed to have a desire to talk with us. I must say that they were very polite and hospitable, so much so that it was often very difficult to avoid accepting their gifts. At Vittoria some persons took us to their wine-cellars, and, as we praised their wine, they wanted to give us bottles, and even barrels. On another occasion we were requested to accept a great package of cream of tartar!

The conversation of the common people showed a scant knowledge of modern events, a shortcoming which we afterwards noticed even in the cultured class. Nor was this to be wondered at, since in the *gabinetti di lettura e di conversazione* (as they called them), one never saw anything modern except the official journal of the Two Sicilies. To keep its subjects isolated from intellectual contact with the world was one of the principal occupations of the Bourbon Government.

Great was the astonishment of those who asked us what we were, to be told that we were Lombards and Italians. They turned towards us with a patriotic curiosity, which showed how much they had been kept in ignorance regarding the other parts of Italy.

While we stood contemplating the ruins of a Greek temple at Girgenti, a guard approached and questioned us. We soon perceived that he was a good soul. To make us pardon his curiosity he interpolated many excuses and

offers of service. Our answers amazed him so much that every once in a while he was dumfounded. The greatest of his embarrassments was to hear that Lombardy was in Italy. He thought it was in Switzerland. At the end of our conversation, he said he would take charge of our mounts to Sciacca, and make the contract with the muleteers. The contract could have been concluded in a few words, but the good man was verbose, and wanted to show his regard. He concluded with this peroration: "You understand these gentlemen are most excellent *cavalieri* who know how to write. At Sciacca they will send me a few lines, on paper, written by their hands . . . and if they write me that you have been rascals I will have administered to you so many blows that you will remember them." Here he made a threatening face; and then, becoming calm again, he continued: "But you are good fellows, I know. These gentlemen will be contented with you, and will give you a good tip!" Thereupon he raised his arm as if to pronounce a benediction.

We traveled with the muleteers the whole day. At a deserted spot on the road we ran against two individuals on horseback (who may have been peasants or guards), with guns slung over their shoulders. After having examined us, they drew our muleteers aside to talk with them; then they disappeared. A little while after our escort told us that the two strangers had proposed to kill us from behind, and to divide the spoil. Our muleteers said that they had refused, saying that we were armed, and that they had seen some gendarmes a little way off. Was this proposal true, or did our escort invent it to induce us to double our tip, and to assure

themselves of a testimonial of good conduct? Either hypothesis is possible.

This was the only episode that reminded us of the slight security of the roads. We had traveled them day and night, without precaution, and without giving any thought to it. Fortunately nothing happened to disturb us.

We stopped at Marsala to rest ourselves. In my diary I find the words written: "Besides the wine warehouses and some remains of ancient greatness there is little worth recording." Who would have said that there would be so much to record in a few short years? From Marsala we went in a fishing-boat to Trapani, and thence on horseback and by carriage to Palermo, by way of Calatafimi, Segeste, and Monreale.

We remained at Palermo eight or ten days, giving ourselves but little time to see its marvels. A letter from our mother advised us to hasten home, saying that we should find other letters at Genoa.

Carlo Tenca had given us letters of introduction to several Palermitans, and had asked us to secure correspondents for the "Crepuscolo," as had been done in many other of the Italian provinces. We made the acquaintance of some distinguished persons, who received us kindly, but who gave us, one and all, the same reply, that it was not possible to send even non-political letters from Sicily, since the letters would be opened and sequestered by the police, and the senders would subject themselves to perquisitions and vexations without end. Moreover, they told us that it would not be prudent even to let themselves be seen with us in the streets, as

he who consorted with strangers became a suspected citizen. What a testimonial this was to the condition of Sicily, and to the way it was governed at this time.

After having traveled through the States of the Church and the Kingdom of Naples, it must be confessed that, in spite of the state of siege and of the hardships of martial law, we experienced a sense of relief in returning to Milan and Lombardy. We felt that we lived in a country that was socially less retrograde, and under a government that was less stupidly tyrannical. The Austrian Government had always been pedantically absolute in political matters, and we were living in a period of reaction, yet it was a civil government of the nineteenth century; but the Papal and the Neapolitan Governments were of another age, and were among the worst of the civilized world.

We embarked at Palermo for Genoa, where, upon our arrival, we found important letters from our mother.

CHAPTER XVIII

(1853)

Our mother advises us of the arrests in Valtellina. — The expedition of Calvi. — Letters of Mazzini to Calvi. — The trial of Salis, Stoppani, and Zanetti. — Conte Ulisse Salis. — The road of the Stelvio. — Story of a cannon. — Torelli and Guicciardi.

OUR mother, in a letter dated the 22d of September, told us that Conte Ulisse Salis and Antonio Zanetti, the proprietor of the café at Tirano, had been arrested on that very day. She informed us likewise that Gervasio Stoppani, of Bormio, had also been taken. In a subsequent letter she told us that a commissary from Sondrio had made a long and minute search of our house. She was very much excited, and advised us to keep away from home. We stopped some time at Genoa in great perplexity; but, at the end, we decided to join our mother. It seemed to Emilio that to remain away would arouse greater suspicion than to return home; and he was sure that Salis would keep quiet in prison, as Lazzati had done. But what could have provoked these new arrests? At Milan we obtained some information as to what had happened; but only later on did we learn what the arrests really meant.

Although he had been abandoned by the better part of his friends, Mazzini went forward with his plan of armed bands and of an uprising in the Alpine districts of Lombardy and Venetia. To this plan, unfortunately for him, Pietro Fortunato Calvi gave his adherence. He had emigrated, and, in his impatience, gave credence to false information.

In 1848, Calvi had performed prodigies of valor, and had commanded a body of insurgents in Cadore. He now accepted Mazzini's proposal, that he should return and arouse the country; being assured that his initiative would be followed by other insurrections in the valleys. He was to proceed to Cadore, by the way of the Valtellina, Bormio, and the Trentino, accompanied by some of his officers of '48; but he had no sooner gone to Turin (where the expedition had been planned) than the Austrian police was informed of the enterprise in all its details, even of the road that he and his companions would take. The spy was a woman, the mistress of a certain Mircovich, a Dalmatian, in whose house Calvi had discussed the plan.

Happily Ulisse Salis had succeeded in securing and reading some secret correspondence of the district commissary, and thus had learned that the Milanese police had been informed of the project. Salis wrote at once to Maurizio Quadrio, a friend of Mazzini, to notify him; but Calvi had commenced to travel the unfortunate road. Followed by an agent of the police, he was arrested in the Val di Sole, in the Trentino, and was sent to the prisons at Mantua, from which he only issued the 4th of July of the year following, when he mounted the gallows.

Letters were found on Calvi which had been given him to obtain assistance in the Valtellina in case of need. These were directed to Ulisse Salis, Antonio Zanetti, and Gervaso Stoppani. It was fortunate for Emilio that his absence was known; otherwise Calvi might have had a letter for him. These arrests were followed by many

others, and opened a new series of Mantuan trials, which lasted for over a year. They finished with the condemnation of one of the conspirators to death, and of many others to terms of imprisonment. Salis and Stoppani were compromised by their past, and saved their lives only by the firmness of their denials and resistance to the practices of Krauss.

The steadfastness of Ulisse Salis was admirable, and to it my brother Emilio owed his escape, a second time, from the perils of imprisonment. Krauss had let Salis believe that Emilio had been arrested, and had averred that he had confessed, in order to induce his prisoner to follow his (alleged) example, and thus to take two in the same net; but Salis was not to be ensnared, and resolutely demanded to be put in confrontation with Emilio. This was one of the methods employed by Krauss to increase the number of his victims. The other methods were, as we have seen, threats and chains and hunger and cold.

Krauss also threatened Salis with blows, but Salis replied: "You cannot have me beaten, because I am noble." Krauss was silenced, for, according to the punctilious regulations of the military law, the nobles could not be punished with blows.

The project of an insurrection by means of armed bands finished thus miserably. Calvi was accompanied to the gallows by Don Martini, the pious priest who had already comforted the victims of Belfiore.

Yet the Mazzinian conspiracy was not dropped. An attempt was made at Sarzana, and failed. The command had been offered to Medici, but he had declined it. Other

attempts were to be made along the Swiss frontier (by the help of Quadrio and Chiassi). The Austrians had received word of these movements, and had notified the Swiss Government; but no extraordinary measures were necessary, since only a small number of the conspirators appeared, and they soon dispersed. In the Valtellina several patriots knew about the attempts that were to be made, but no one moved.

Salis, after a trial which lasted nineteen months, was condemned to imprisonment in the fortress of Kufstein.[22] Before leaving, as he bade his young and beautiful wife farewell, he succeeded in whispering that she should exhort his friends, and especially Emilio, to fly, as Krauss knew everything. Contessa Salis went immediately to Emilio, and told him what her husband had said; but Emilio did not want to fly for fear of compromising some friends.

Shortly after he suffered a long perquisition, and was summoned by the director of the police to his office. The director said to him: "The search that was made of your things has given a negative result; but we know, with certainty, that you are one of the most pronounced enemies of the Government. Up to this time you have been fortunate; we have not been able to open an especial inquisition for you. But there will come a time when you will give us an occasion, and we shall remember all."

Emilio went his way without replying.

Contessa Teresa Salis, of the family Calvi di Edolo, had been married only a short time when her husband was arrested. She went immediately to Mantua, and remained there during the time of the trial, following

its course, as well as she could, by secret communications with the prisoners. Her husband, Ulisse Salis, was a young and handsome man, and was the type of a feudal country squire. Of his life, as a student, as a hunter, and as a patriot, many stories are related that attest the resoluteness and the audacity of his character. In 1848, after having fought at the barricades of Milan, he went to the Valtellina where he joined a group of ardent young men that hastened to occupy the Stelvio Pass before the Austrians should arrive. This troop, united with some mountaineers, descended upon the Tyrolese side of the mountain, and set fire to the galleries of wood that were built to protect the road against the avalanches. They destroyed the road, too, in such a way that the Austrians could not use it during the campaign.

Here I will make a short digression. The Stelvio road was built by Austria, after the Valtellina had been annexed to Lombardy, in 1815. The ancient road, that had served for so many German invasions, did not cross the summit of Monte Branlio (called Stelvio), but, bending at a lower altitude, it traversed some parts of the Canton of the Grisons before it entered the Tyrol. The road of the Stelvio, upon the Tyrolese side especially, presented some serious difficulties, but the Austrian Government determined to surmount them at any cost. The road, when completed, was considered a marvel of engineering skill.

The Austrians had desired to open a way that would be entirely upon their own territory, by which their troops could come from the Tyrol; but the ease with which a few resolute men had been able to render the

Stelvio road impassable deterred them. After 1848, Marshal Radetzky proposed to abandon the Stelvio as a military road, and to substitute the Tonale, making a connection with the Valtellina by a road over the Aprica Pass. It was done and the Austrians abandoned the Stelvio route. But when, in 1866, the treaty of peace between Austria and Italy was in negotiation, my brother Emilio (then Minister of Foreign Affairs) obtained, through the efforts of our ambassador Menabrea, an agreement that the Stelvio road should be rebuilt on the Tyrolese side, and kept open, at least in the summertime.

Returning to Ulisse Salis, a story that is worth recording comes to my mind. After the capitulation of Milan the troops of General Griffini, in their retreat from Brescia, crossed the Valcamonica and the Valtellina, and retired into Switzerland. In traversing the narrow pass of Aprica, a cannon fell down the steep side of the mountain. Salis, when he heard of this mishap, determined to secure it before the Austrians should arrive. It had lodged in a cleft of a mountain in a valley near the village of Stazzona. He arranged to convey it to his house and hide it; but it was not an easy matter to carry a cannon from a place distant six kilometers from Tirano, at a time when the country was full of soldiers, and it was enough to have only a pistol in one's house to be liable to arrest and execution. Yet Salis, aided by some peasants, succeeded in carrying off the cannon by night under a load of hay. He took it to one of his farms, and, with the assistance of his brother, a priest, buried it. The cannon was dug up in 1859, and presented by Salis to

Vittorio Emanuele, who gave him, in exchange, a gold medal expressly struck.[23]

There were many patriots in Valtellina, in the years between 1848 and 1860, who conspired and combated for their country. In '48 and '49 the little province of Sondrio had furnished a number of companies of volunteers. The patriotic sentiments of the people, and the economic misfortunes which befell them (of which I shall speak later), appealed to the sympathy and secured the esteem of the greater Lombard provinces.

Many of the Valtellinese patriots had emigrated after 1848, among whom the most noted were Luigi Torelli, Enrico Guicciardi, and Maurizio Quadrio. Quadrio was a friend of Mazzini, and was always occupied with his conspiracies. He lived usually in Switzerland, but occasionally made his appearance in his native valley. Torelli remained in Piedmont, and devoted himself to political life. He was successively deputy, prefect, and minister. He was ever guided, in both his private and public life, by a high sense of rectitude and of patriotism. He was justly popular in Valtellina, especially among the non-political classes and the peasants. When, after the 6th of February, 1853, Austria sequestered the goods of the emigrants, all of Torelli's possessions in the valley were seized.

Guicciardi, after he retired to Piedmont in 1848, united the Valtellinese volunteers in a battalion of *bersaglieri* which distinguished itself at the battle of Novara. After the termination of the war, he established himself in Piedmont. In 1859 he was sent by Cavour to the province of Sondrio. Afterwards he was sent as

prefect to the provinces where brigandage, or some other grave matter, called for a man of wisdom and energy. In 1866 he commanded, as colonel, two battalions of Valtellinese and other volunteers with which he accomplished at the Stelvio an audacious deed of arms against the Austrians.

May the memories of these patriots be lasting in their native valley, as examples of firm and upright men, who were devoted to their country and their duty!

CHAPTER XIX

(1854)

Decline of the republican party. — Evolution in the salon of the Contessa Maffei. — Conte Cesare Giulini and his relations with Piedmont. —The Crimean War. — Repeal of the law as to substitutes. — Many fly to avoid the levy. — Anecdotes of the bribing of the military doctors. — The Firemen's school. — We go to Tirano and Grosio. — The destruction of the vines. — The cholera. — My mother's salon at Tirano.

IN 1854 the Milanese began a mental and political evolution which took them along a new road. The period of Mazzinian conspiracies was distinctly closed. It is true that Mazzini still sought to excite his old friends, and complained that some of them had gone astray; but it was in vain. The distinguished part of his followers separated themselves definitely from him, and turned their eyes beyond the Ticino where the star of Cavour now shone brightly. The so-called marriage with the Left Center, led by Rattazzi, was the sign of a new direction in Piedmontese politics, and became, for many weary patriots, the occasion, or the pretext, to change their opinions.

I saw the proof of this change in the salon of the Contessa Maffei, where, as I have said, so many influential citizens came together. Chiarina, as she was called by her intimate friends, had accepted the programme of a united Italy under the Mazzinian banner, with the motto, "Dio e il popolo." While she, with great gentleness, diffused the ardent faith of her convictions, she felt in return the influence of those who were about her. Now, the insurrection of the 6th of February, and the attempts that followed it, had extinguished much of her enthusiasm. Not without sorrow had she seen Mazzini turn his

shoulder to his old friends, and seek for new adherents in the ranks of the lower classes. His friends, who had followed his programme of unity as against the federal ideal of Cattaneo, had broken away from him because they were disgusted with his methods.

Conte Cesare Giulini, who was one of the most assiduous frequenters of the salon, had remained faithful to the monarchical form of the State, and to the House of Savoy. He had often teased the Contessa because of her enthusiasm for Mazzini; but now he triumphed, when he perceived that she and her friends were turning from their old illusions and seeking a new way. He was a friend of Conte di Cavour, of Arese, and of D' Azeglio, and had especial means of securing information. He knew the particulars of the stand that Piedmont had taken in the different diplomatic strifes with Austria, especially in reference to the sequestration of the property of the Lombard emigrants. Apropos of this affair, Giulini had received some confidential information showing that the Emperor Napoleon confirmed, among his intimate friends, the sympathy that Louis Bonaparte had always manifested for Italy. His words, it seems, had encouraged Piedmont. The report of these matters, when whispered about, aroused a vague feeling of hope for the future; and they even smoothed out some of the wrinkles on the faces of the men who were wont to speak unkindly of the Emperor.

The alliance of France and England with Turkey, in the war against Russia, was the first puff of activity which stirred the stagnant pool of European politics, since the reaction had set in.

Military Service made Obligatory

In the spring of this year a law was promulgated which greatly upset us, and became the most insupportable of all the enactments during the state of siege. The Government made military service obligatory for all. Up to this time exchanges were permitted, and regulated by law; that is, by the payment of a fixed sum one could present a substitute. The aim of the new law was to diminish the division which existed between the Austrian and the Italian soldiers, and, more especially, between our higher classes and the Austrian officers.

It is difficult to imagine the feeling of repugnance which arose in the minds of the patriotic young men at the thought of having to put on the Austrian uniform. It could not help but lead to divisions between them and their families: so the most resolute determined to fly. It was a noble resolution; but it was not always easy to carry it into effect. Some of my friends were hit by this law. I, by good fortune, had been in the levy of the previous year. Declared to be able, I was assigned to the *cacciatori tirolesi*, but I had paid the tax of three thousand Austrian lire.*

Some of my companions fled, and expatriated themselves. Others found another mode of escape. They slipped several rolls of svanziche into the pockets of the examining physician. Others, again, resigned themselves to the hard fact of serving. I recall, among these, my friend Antonio Frigerio, whose flight his family prevented. Enrolled in a regiment of Uhlans, he became

*The Austrian lira, called "svanzica," from "zwanzig kreuzer," or twenty sous, was equivalent to eighty centesimi of the Italian lira, and the lira Milanese was equivalent to sixty centesimi.

an officer, and served until 1859. When he returned he sought his old friends no more; but, in 1866, he enlisted in the Garibaldian volunteers, and became a captain. He died fighting bravely at Vezza in Valcamonica.

Among my companions who expatriated themselves, and enlisted in Piedmont, I recall Emilio Guicciardi and Augusto Verga; and among those to whose rolls the pockets of a military doctor became hospitable I recall Lodovico Mancini and Costantino Garavaglia. They had learned that there was a way by which a given sum could come to the pockets of a certain physician who would declare them incapable. It must be confessed, however, that they each had some defect which could be magnified. The little defect was noted at the preliminary examination. If the commission definitely liberated the conscript he paid forty marenghi,* but if it remanded him from year to year, he paid twenty marenghi every time. An understanding being arrived at, a colored shirt was given to the patient, which was to serve as a sign of recognition for the physician.

Garavaglia was advised to have an irritation of the throat, and to make his neck appear large. So he purchased a trumpet, and blew it in the country from morning to night. He was dismissed for the nonce, but had to pay the twenty marenghi several times.

Mancini had been wounded in the siege of Rome, and he still carried a scar. The wounded of '48 and '49 were generally, without further ado, declared able. But in the preliminary examination he had been advised to favor a dilation that he had in the veins of one of his legs; so he

*A marengo was worth twenty francs.

did nothing but run about the bastions of the city as long as his strength lasted. This procedure was successful, and he was liberated by the payment of forty marenghi.

If any one should ask what became of our studies, I must answer that we studied very little. Promenades and drinking-parties, and fencing and gymnastic exercises, interspersed with little conspiracies, occupied our time. Among the gymnastic exercises one was bizarre enough; it was to learn the manœuvres of the firemen. The preceding autumn Giovanni Salis, a brother of Conte Ulisse, and I had agreed to organize companies of firemen in Tirano and in some other towns of high Valtellina, and I had undertaken to become the instructor in order to save the expense. Accordingly, I obtained permission from the municipality of Milan to attend the course of instruction that was given to the recruits of the year. For a couple of months I had to be at the firemen's barracks of Santa Maria delle Grazie at daybreak to learn the exercises. I was taught how to walk upon the roof and along the eaves of a house, how to climb up a house without using the stairways, and how to jump from a high place without breaking my neck. I was taught, too, how to smother the flames, and how to save my neighbor and myself.

My Tirano firemen had all been volunteers of '48 and '49; and they put into their manœuvres something of their military spirit. Between our exercises we talked of the past, and we often exchanged intelligent glances in regard to the future. Our Tirano residence had ceased to be occupied by the soldiers, and we had begun

to repair some of the mischief that the Croats had done.

When we were again in possession of our house we returned to our former habits and occupations. Emilio passed many hours of the day in his study, and I, aided by Enrico, occupied myself with the estate. It was sad to see our vineyards destroyed by the oïdium. In my journey through Sicily I had observed that the vineyards near the sulphur mines were in part immune from the blight that had fallen upon the greater part of the vines in Europe. I experimented with sulphur, as did others; but the peasants were reluctant to try it, as sulphur seemed to many of them to be a diabolical remedy against the punishment of God. In the mean time hunger and sickness and ruin increased.

In Valtellina the grape is the principal product; in some districts it is the only one. In 1854 the failure of the vines was at its fifth year (it lasted ten years), and its terrible effects were already apparent. To increase the misery of the people the cholera, which had manifested itself first in Milan, crept through Lombardy, and penetrated into our valley. Our vacation was not very gay. Oïdium and cholera were the principal subjects of conversation in my mother's salon which she had reopened after the soldiers had departed. Emilio, from time to time, went to Grosio, and I occasionally accompanied him. It was a great pleasure to pass a few days in our old home in the midst of our peasants and of many good people to whom we were bound by affectionate traditions.

Emilio was fond of hunting, and was a good shot; but

the hunters at this period had to content themselves with the memories of their former exploits, since the possession of guns was forbidden. I was not a hunter, and never became one, even in an amateur way, so I diverted myself with listening to the tales of those who were: so much the more when some old bear hunters talked of their adventures. "The bear has talent," said one of them one day. "If the bear had been able to study, no one would ever have taken him."

In Grossotto we had a group of excellent friends such as is not often found in little country districts. The first place was easily held by Dr. Benedetto Rizzi, a man of great intelligence, who could have come to the front in a much larger field, but who was contented to remain in his little place exercising a beneficent and patriotic influence. I remember with pleasure the long evenings we passed with our friends in the saloons or kitchens of the little taverns, talking politics and giving rein to hopes which the unsympathetic would have called follies. We talked of "our" Italy as one discourses of one's future domestic hearth.

The host at Grosio was most trustworthy. In his kitchen politics were perfectly safe, as he was a friend of us all. He was a fisherman and a hunter; he instructed cats and birds; he played the organ and the violin; and he collected objects of antiquity. In the midst of so many occupations we often awaited the hour of dinner, which, however, when it arrived, did not impair his reputation as a cook.

In September of 1854 the battle of Alma was fought, in October the battle of Balaklava, and in November

the battle of Inkerman. The three victories gained by the Allies added fuel to the fire of our fancies, which enabled us to see the possibility of favorable events to come; but he who desires to hope is contented with so little!

There were many political discussions, also, at the card-table of my mother; but opinions were much more calm, and less unanimous. My mother, who generally followed the views of her sons, often gave spirit to the conversation with some hopeful exclamation; but my Uncle Merizzi was a great pessimist, and immediately began to grumble. He found a way to growl against those who believed the Austrians to be invincible, as also against those who believed they could be driven away. The provost of Tirano, Don Carlo Zaffrani, was a greater optimist even than we. He saw the Austrians depart on every occasion. In the meanwhile he fled every time a commissary appeared, since he had seen that the Austrians imprisoned and hanged even priests.

The fourth at my mother's table was usually Signor Valentino Negri, a retired counselor, a grave and corpulent man of about seventy years of age. He professed the most austere principles, but surrendered them, however, from time to time, in secret, during some gallant truce. He interspersed his conversations with witty sayings which he intended to be pleasing. When he spoke of politics he never wavered in his loyalty: the Emperor was always "Sua Maestà." At the most, he permitted himself some criticism of Metternich or of some minister who was dead, or who had been retired.

Only after 1859 did his language become free. Then "Sua Maestà" became the "Austrian Nero."

There was occasionally a second card-table in my mother's salon, and there was always a group of ladies who worked and talked with the gentlemen friends of the house. One of the most assiduous frequenters was Don Antonio Homodei, an inveterate card-player when he was not under the eyes of his wife. But she placed herself at his side to restrain him, above all when she saw him engaged in some *parti* in which he might lose as much as two francs! Don Antonio, then, had to retire; but he comforted himself usually with the adage in regard to those who were unfortunate at play (he had repeated it no one knew for how many years), as his wife pulled his coat-tails, saying, "Homodei, don't talk so foolishly."

But what had become of the famous bands of insurgents which were to have appeared in the valleys this autumn? They were never seen, as they had existed only in the imaginations of the emigrants of London and Geneva. When we returned to Milan an affair arose which just missed sending Emilio to prison. An acquaintance, Giuseppe Pozzi, informed him that a certain man named Bedeschina, a Venetian, was passing through the provinces, saying that he was commissioned by Mazzini to reorganize the republican party. Emilio was besought to come to a meeting and explain how the party of action had withdrawn from Mazzini, and had taken a new direction. Emilio, who did not know this man, did not want to attend the meeting, but, after much insistence, not wishing that people should think he was afraid, he went. The man wanted to know the names of the party,

but Emilio maintained that no names should be mentioned. Then he gave his reasons why it was impossible to return to the old methods, and the meeting adjourned.

The morning after, Pozzi and many others, in and out of Milan, whose names the Venetian had learned, were arrested. The man was an *agente provocatore* of the police, as was learned later on. It was said that he received thirty thousand svanziche for his catch. New trials now began, and the prisons opened for other unhappy men.

CHAPTER XX

(1855)

Piedmont joins the alliance between France and England. — Conte di Cavour. — Vittorio Emanuele. — La Marmora. — Pianori's attempt upon Napoleon. — The Exposition in Paris. — Radetzky is nominated Governor of Lombardo-Venetia. — My brother Emilio and I go to Paris. — Pietro Maestri and the Italian emigrants. — Different opinions. — Daniele Manin. — The victory of Tchernaya. — The opera attended by the Empress and the Queen of England. — Words of Napoleon to Conte Arese. — In Valtellina. — The theatre at Tirano and the eloquent tailor. — In Milan. — Emilio Dandolo and the Crimean War.

ON the 10th of January, 1855, Piedmont joined the treaty of alliance between France and England against Russia; so the year began with an event which was to start Italy along the road to recovery and the fulfillment of her destiny. The treaty was not only discussed by the Piedmontese Parliament, but by the whole Italian nation, and was the subject of passionate debates from one end of the peninsula to the other. The parliamentary Left was adverse to the treaty, but the great majority of the people were enthusiastically in its favor, as they saw in it a new point of departure. This was exactly perceived by Cesare Correnti, who, in a happy speech in the Piedmontese Parliament, broke away from the Left to which he had adhered. Rising above the considerations of his party, he pointed to Cavour as to the new leader of Italy.

Cavour had assumed the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1855, and had become the cynosure of all eyes. The laws regulating religious corporations, the finances, the army, and various other matters, had

gradually augmented his renown. At the same time the acts and witticisms of Vittorio Emanuele (as attributed to him) had begun to lay the foundation of the popularity that was to become the source of his strength. To accomplish great deeds the people desire a hero, and a hero is not long in appearing when events are ripe, if a leader has the qualities and the defects which touch the popular heart.

Little was spoken of Garibaldi at this time. His Roman volunteers, and those who knew of his earlier exploits, enthusiastically remembered him; but his popularity was not yet greatly diffused. The politics of Piedmont had made the king popular. He became "il Re Galantuomo" for most people; and many old republicans began, with satisfaction, to say "il Re democratico."

Vittorio Emanuele had, indeed, simple and familiar ways. He understood well the art of pleasing the people; but his democracy did not penetrate deeply into his soul. His outward manner was democratic, but the man was a king. The brother of Vittorio Emanuele, the Duca di Genova, was an intelligent and cultured young man, and a splendid soldier. He attracted much sympathy for the House of Savoy. He had shown his courage in the campaigns of '48 and '49, and was now appointed to command the Crimean expedition. Unfortunately a rapid phthisis carried him off, a few weeks before the troops sailed.

The anxiety with which we followed the movements of the Piedmontese corps and the popularity of General La Marmora was a striking proof of how much our hopes for Italy were bound up with Piedmont. Therefore it

was that the attack of Giovanni Pianori (an Italian) upon the life of Napoleon greatly depressed our spirits. This act was greeted with the greater indignation, as it furnished an additional reason to our adversaries for regarding the Italians as only a race of revolutionaries.

In the month of May the Paris Exposition was opened. It was the first that was held after that of London, in 1851. The Empire was in a period of ascending power. From every part of Europe people came to Paris, which again secured its supremacy, as the sovereigns, one by one, went to salute the fortunate Emperor. How could we remain at home on so excellent an occasion?

Emilio and I, therefore, determined to visit Paris. Some of our friends, among whom were Saule Mantegazza and Carlo Mancini, resolved to accompany us. Mancini was an art student who wanted to see the modern pictures; and all of us were in good humor, and wanted to amuse ourselves a little. It was this part of our programme that succeeded best. From time to time we, "happy subjects" of the Austrian Empire, as the "Gazzetta Ufficiale" called us, felt the need of taking the air in a country a little less "happy," away from the eyes of the police. Martial law, indeed, had been abolished, but matters moved along in the same grooves. Marshal Radetzky had been nominated Governor General of Lombardo-Venetia, with his residence at Verona, since Milan and Venice had ceased to be the capitals of their respective States. In the provinces a government of delegates had succeeded to the military governors. The administrative forms had returned to what they were before 1848, but the reactionary military spirit con-

tinued. To be an Italian patriot meant to have a gallows in perspective, more or less near.

We had a serious mission, however; it was to learn what the Italian emigrants thought of recent events. There were some illustrious men among them, such as Manin, Sirtori, Montanelli, and Maestri. They were living in the most important center of European politics, and could rightly value the sympathetic utterances of the Emperor for Italy. We knew that they had become detached from Mazzini; but we did not understand what direction their efforts would take. When we arrived in Paris, we sought out Pietro Maestri, who became our guide, and presented us to several important people.

The greater part of the Italian emigrants lived very modestly, in small apartments or in little *pensions*. In such habitations, or in little cafés, where they dined for thirty sous, we found several personages of '48, who had been ministers or generals. I desired, especially, to make the acquaintance of Sirtori; but I was not able to do so until several years afterwards. At this time he was living in retirement, immersed in his philosophical and religious meditations, a prey to a melancholy which made his friends very apprehensive for him.

I had hoped to find among the emigrants a uniform current of ideas, which would guide me, as my opinions wavered like the sea; but my new friends were as nebulous in their views as I was myself. They had become divided through misfortune, and had not yet found a leader that could unite them. Nearly all, however, had abandoned Mazzini. The one who had the clearest

perception of the future was Manin. His utterance, "Italia Una e Vittorio Emanuele," was to become the formula of our redemption. In the mean time some emigrants remained unified, or federal, republicans; some were in favor of a kingdom of Upper Italy; and some thought it might be wise to make a Murat king of Naples in order to gain the good will of Napoleon. General Ulloa was at the head of this faction. On the whole the greater part were disposed to believe that our future depended upon the Empire of France more than upon Piedmont. They inclined to the theory of Giuseppe Ferrari, who considered that the Italian revolution was dependent upon the French.

These divergent ideas created much confusion in my mind, especially as my faith in my youthful convictions had become impaired, and I no longer believed that the attainment of every human virtue was owing to the initiative of the inferior, and less educated, classes. My reason began to feel the need of enlarging its horizon; but it was difficult to free myself from the bonds of the sentimental political literature which had enchained my youth.

The evening of the 16th of August I was promenading with some compatriots along the boulevards, when suddenly an unusual number of cries were heard, offering copies of a journal that had just appeared. They contained the news of the victory of Tchernaya. In a moment the sidewalks became so crowded it was impossible to move. The windows were illuminated and the French, English, and Piedmontese flags were given to the wind. The dispatch was from General Pélissier, the general-

in-chief of the French expedition. He announced the victory, concluding with the words: "Les Sardes se sont vaillamment battus." The crowd, to their cries of "Vive la France!" united those of "Vive l'Angleterre!" "Vive le Piémont!"

The feeling that then arose in my soul and in the souls of my friends, I shall never be able to express. We cried like people insane for joy: "Viva il Piemonte!" "Viva l' Italia!" The way was found; the boulevard had become my way to Damascus. The pride in the thought of an Italian victory rescued our souls from a sea of dejection, and set a new beacon for our hopes.

From that day a rapid change began in Italian public opinion, which became apparent even among the emigrants. The conversations grew more benevolent toward Piedmont and towards Napoleon, in whom they saw a future friend. Indeed, they spoke of him no more as "the man of the 2d of December," but as an ally. I speak, of course, of the greater number, as there were some who would not give up hating "the tyrant" even after Magenta and Solferino. These people pulled their caps over their eyes when they met the Emperor; I, on the other hand, began to raise my hat to him; but this was a thing of which he was not, alas! aware.

One evening when the Emperor, the Empress, and the Queen of England were to attend the opera, I was made happy by an invitation, sent me by Donna Teresa Kramer Berra, to a seat in her box. Signora Kramer received in her salon many notable Italians and Frenchmen, who belonged, principally, to the republican party. I went there often in the evening with my brother; and

I had perceived that the political language was in process of modification. This evening the opera-glasses of many of us were turned to the imperial box, not only to admire the splendor of the uniforms, and the luster of the jewels with which the Empress and the Queen were adorned, but also to scrutinize the sphinx from whom we Italians, of every color, were now expecting an answer.

The pleasure we felt in the amelioration of the political situation enabled us to enjoy the novelty of Paris and the Universal Exposition. The time passed by gayly. Occasionally we even had little festive parties in our own rooms. We did not invite anybody; for it was enough for Carlo Mancini to seat himself at the pianoforte, and to leave the doors open, for the dancers to come in. We did not scrutinize whether they were maids, or tailoresses, or laundresses that came from the upper floors. We regarded ourselves as students of the type described by Paul de Kock.

And sometimes we amused ourselves in searching out the hoaxes which never lack in large cities to entrap the unwary. One day we entered a spectacle that was announced as having the entrance free; but we had to pay for the exit. On another occasion we went to an elegant bathing establishment where the price was fifty centimes; but we had to pay for hot water and cold water; for the linen and for the service — in all four francs. And we ordered, once, a dinner for a franc that cost us six.

We returned to Milan with a lot of news, the importance of which our imaginations greatly magnified, and

we were eagerly listened to by our mother and brother and friends. The words that Napoleon was reported to have said to Conte Arese were especially appreciated. Conte Arese had been invited, in 1852, to stop at the Tuileries. It was said that, one day, the Emperor asked him, "What can I do for Italy?" and then went on with, "Tell Victor Emmanuel to come to Paris, and to count upon my friendship." These words were actually said. Several years afterwards Arese himself assured me of this fact.

Public fancy added other remarks, and they all circulated from mouth to mouth. The mysterious tone with which they were repeated made them the more accredited. To keep hope alive, in the long struggle, was our supreme task. The report of the conversation of the Emperor with Arese, and the diminution of the hardships of martial law, had a beneficial effect upon our civic life, although the cholera had not departed. It was evident that a break had been made in the dark period of reaction.

In Valtellina, too, when we repeated our stories, we aroused great enthusiasm and good humor. A joke which was perpetrated at this time at Tirano was long remembered. There was a little theater in the town, where strolling players and the *dilettanti* of the country gave representations, and recited verses. A tailor, who passionately loved the buskin, was wont to recite with the comedians; but this autumn their director wanted nothing to do with him under the pretext that he had a crooked leg. This was true; but the tailor would not accept his dismissal, and bemoaned himself in a little

café when I happened to be present. I gave him the advice to vindicate himself by reciting a monologue. He received my counsel with gratitude, and appeared the next morning in my study, and asked for the monologue, although he did not know what it was. I told him to return in a few days so that I could have time to send for one from Milan. In the mean time, with the aid of Emilio and Antonio Della Croce, I put some verses together that had no sense or just enough to hoodwink the poor tailor. When he came I gave the doggerel to him, and instructed him how to declaim it. He did not perceive the joke; and I can still recall the mornings when the poor fellow came to my study to have me explain some abstruse point, and to instruct him in the gestures he should use.

Finally, he went upon the stage. It was a market-day, and the theater was full, not only of people of the district, but also from the surrounding country. His success was instantaneous. To this his figure, as well as his bow of salutation and ample white waistcoat, contributed. Then, with great solemnity, he declaimed the poetry, accompanying it with the gestures and poses I had taught him. At first the public laughed, for it did not understand; then some persons perceived the hoax, and they laughed still more, and applauded vigorously. But there were others who, although they laughed, paid no heed to the sense of the verses, accustomed, perhaps, to pay no heed to the sense of any poetry.[24]

The applause was so great, the tailor had to repeat the recitation many times on other evenings. The good man, as long as he lived, remembered the success of his efforts,

and let no one pray him twice to recite the verses. He never suspected the joke, and no one revealed it to him. I have found in few people, during my lifetime, a thankfulness more lasting.

At the end of autumn the receptions in the salon of the Contessa Maffei became more animated and gay. Every one spoke of the journey of Vittorio Emanuele to London and Paris. Even outside of political circles the episodes of the visits were discussed with avidity. Little by little his popularity had increased through his bold and popular sayings. So the new year approached under good auspices.

At this time I saw Emilio Dandolo again, and renewed the friendship that had existed between us since our student days. He had gone, as I have said, with Lodovico Trotti to the East. When he returned, in 1853, he published a book upon Egypt and the Sudan. Upon the breaking-out of the Crimean War he was desirous of putting on again his old uniform of an officer of the Piedmontese *bersaglieri*, and asked Cavour for a commission. He was accredited to the staff, and left for the Crimea; but the Austrian Government had him recalled, after some months, under a threat of a trial and sequestration of his property for unlawful emigration.[25]

CHAPTER XXI

(1856)

Casa Carcano, Casa Dandolo, Casa Manara. — After the Crimean War. — Cavour at the Congress of Paris. — A new direction to politics. — The "Crepuscolo" and Carlo Tenca. — The city becomes animated. — Festivities and the theaters. — The Austrian officers. — The nickname of the Milanese ladies. — A tragedy for marionettes. — The duel of Manfredo Camperio.

THE hatred of foreign rule, and the resolve to maintain the struggle to be free were nourished in more salons than that of Contessa Maffei. Among them I will mention those of Casa Carcano, Casa Dandolo, and Casa Manara. The house of Donna Giulia Carcano, widow of Don Camillo, was frequented by a number of young students, many of whom were companions of her sons. Donna Giulia had six children, three boys and three girls. The last were lovely and sympathetic young women, who contributed much to make the society of their house gay and attractive. Two of the sons, Lodovico and Alfonso, enlisted as cavalry officers in the wars for independence. Lodovico was killed in the battle of Custozza, and Alfonso died in consequence of the hardships of the Garibaldian campaign of 1860.

That which distinguished the young men who frequented Casa Carcano was their seriousness, united with a gay audacity. As a squadron of *bersaglieri* they were always ready to move to the post where some patriotic action was required. I went usually to Casa Carcano early in the evening, and later on, to Casa Maffei, where I received the word of command that I transmitted the next day to my young friends.

To Casa Dandolo a part of the society of Casa Carcano resorted, especially the part which was made up of the fellow soldiers of the Dandolo brothers. Conte Tullio, their father, was an author of many books. He was very serious but tolerant, and generally left the house when he saw it invaded by a troop of light-headed young men. The Contessa Ermellina, his second wife, did the honors of the house. She was much younger than her husband, was kind and vivacious, and manifested patriotic sentiments which were most attractive. Of her courage she gave proofs that will never be forgotten. Professor Angelo Fava, who had been, as I have said, the instructor of the Dandolo brothers, had emigrated to Piedmont. Fava was a man of great erudition, and had formed, or rather had exalted, the souls of these young men with patriotic and religious sentiments that had made them heroes. Emilio Morosini, a gentle and mystical soul, had been associated with them. He had died at twenty-two years of age with his friend Enrico Dandolo, at the siege of Rome.

Carmelita Manara Fè occupied herself with her children (of whom the last was born after his father's death) and her friends. Her little salon now began to be much frequented. She was at this time about thirty years of age, and was still very beautiful. Over her white cheeks a flame would pass and her celestial eyes would glow when she was informed of some hopeful news, or was reminded of an event in her sacred past.

Among the former officers of the Manara battalion who visited her besides Emilio Dandolo, Lodovico Mancini, and Dr. Signoroni, I recall Gennaro Viscontini and

Alessandro Mangiagalli. The history of this last is one that is not infrequent in revolutions. Mangiagalli was a groom in Casa Manara. During the Five Days he never left his master's side; and he followed him afterwards, as a volunteer, to the fields of Lombardy and on to the walls of Rome. His bravery and his aptitude for military affairs won for him the admiration of the battalion, in which, after passing through the lower grades, he became an officer. From that day he studied much, and associating with his brother officers learned the manners of good society. After he returned home his new friends bought him a riding-school, and introduced him into their houses. The solidarity that existed between the different classes, in the name of patriotism, was remarkable.

The announcement of the peace, which was suddenly concluded, cut short our hopes of an enlargement of the sphere of the war and depressed us; but this depression did not continue, as, at the Congress of Paris, Conte Cavour brought the Italian question openly before the delegates.

The life of the city now became more animated. Contessa Maffei opened her salon to an ever-increasing circle of acquaintances, and the conversation became more varied and distinctly patriotic. The influence of the "Crepuscolo," too, was constantly augmenting. To this the rule, laid down by Tenca, to ignore Austrian politics, greatly contributed.

Carlo Tenca was a handsome young man; by origin, of the common people; yet did he manifest in his tastes, sentiments, and manners a certain aristocratic distinc-

tion. An indefatigable worker, he lived modestly off the proceeds of his pen. At no period of his life did he fall below the highest standards of honesty and dignity. Calm and cold, he exercised a large influence, and was the secret soul of the salon of the Contessa Maffei, but had the good taste never to appear to be it. He had been a friend of Mazzini, but, after the 6th of February, he abandoned him, and was holding himself in reserve as he followed sympathetically the unfolding of events in Piedmont.

Patriotism had now become gay and more daring. A joyous carnival was announced, and many patriotic families reopened their drawing-rooms. Among the houses that were opened again were those of the Duchessa Visconti di Modrone and of her sister, the Marchesa Rescalli. The theater of the Scala, too, became, as it was before '48, the principal meeting-place of society.

But opposition to foreign rule became intense, and the attitude of the young men stiffened towards the Austrian officers who personified it. The officers, on the other hand, irritated by the people who kept them segregated, retaliated as best they could. The talk of the officers against the Milanese came from the salon of the Contessa Samoyloff. It was the only one that was open to them.

Contessa Giulia Samoyloff, *nata* Contessa Palhen, was a Russian who, by her riches and extravagance, had obtained great notoriety. Her maternal grandmother had married, a second time, Conte Giulio Litta, of Milan, who, going to Russia in the second half of the eighteenth

century, had become an admiral, and had amassed great riches. Litta returned to Milan in 1830, but left again for St. Petersburg, where he died in 1839. He left an annuity to the Contessa of a hundred thousand francs a year, charged upon his heirs. Contessa Samoyloff had had relationship with the best society, but when, in 1848, she manifested her sympathy for Austria, she alienated it. In the course of her life she had thrice become a widow, and had contracted a couple of bizarre marriages. After 1859, she left Milan and never returned, except for a short time many years after.

One evening in January, at the Scala, an Austrian officer pushed contemptuously Gustavo Viola, a young friend of ours, whose mother, the Signora Saulina Viola Barbavara, was an intimate friend of the Contessa Maffei. He had returned home a few months previously, after having finished his studies in Germany. Viola warmly resented this act of discourtesy, and gave the officer his card. He chose as his seconds my brother Emilio and Enrico Besana, and the day following, a meeting of the seconds of both parties was held. They fixed upon a place for the duel, which was fought immediately; Viola received a blow of a saber on his arm.

The duels proceeded always in the most perfect form; but no proposals of accommodation were ever accepted by our young men, no matter how futile the cause for the encounter might be. After the duels the greatest courtesy was observed, but, in taking leave, we were accustomed to say: "Here our relationship ends; from this moment we know one another no longer, we salute one another

no more." The officers were wont to be surprised at the chasm which lay between them and us. During these affairs it was our duty to show ourselves expert in the use of arms, and never to become excited when brought face to face with officers who had their own ways of proceeding, and wanted to make them prevail. Therefore we circulated among ourselves an authoritive French code, in which all sorts of cases were resolved with indisputable precision.

The duels, as I have observed, were regarded as combats of individuals that were substituted for a war that could not be waged against the Government. The duel of Gustavo Viola was discussed with concern in Casa Maffei and with arrogance in Casa Samoyloff. In Casa Samoyloff it was reported that a nickname had been given to the patriotic Milanese ladies; they were called *oche*,* after the geese of the capitol of ancient Rome. This name was adopted by us, as a title of honor, for the ladies who were most distinguished for their patriotism. To be called one of the *oche* was the same as to say she is a lady of the highest fashion.

Our warlike feelings, however, did not interfere with our gayety and the preparations for the carnival. Many meetings were held in Casa Carcano and Casa Dandolo where we improvised little fêtes and suppers. One evening, after supper in Casa Carcano, I imitated a marionette in reciting some of the triplets of Dante; whereupon my friends declared that I had a gift for this kind of acting, and proposed that we should recite a tragedy parodying a theatrical troop of marionettes.

* Geese.

So we all set to work; some took charge of the costumes; some of the decorations; and I was entrusted with choosing the tragedy, and distributing the parts.

When I thought the matter over, it seemed to me that the tragedy should be written expressly, and that it should have a patriotic intent. I put myself to work, and in a few weeks I had a tragedy in five acts ready, in which all was a parody, the subject-matter, the personages, and the verses. The Crimean War had just come to an end, and the Congress of Paris had not concluded its work. I chose, therefore, as the subject-matter the recent war, and called my tragedy "Nicolò." In the Emperor Nicolò I despotism was personified, and the Russians, of course, represented the Austrians. The tragedy was so comical the actors had to pause occasionally so as to give the spectators time to laugh. The success was instantaneous, and the tragedy-comedy was repeated before much larger audiences; but, after the third representation, I was summoned by the police and ordered to desist; and was deprived of my passport.

We laughed, and sometimes a laugh is a weapon; but behold us soon engaged in another duel. It was the duel of Manfredo Camperio with Captain Schönhals, which made much noise because of the attendant circumstances. Lest I might have forgotten the particulars after so many years, I asked Camperio to furnish them; which he has done in the following letter: —

SANTA DI MONZA, January 6th, 1899.

I send you, my dear friend, the story you have asked for, of my duel with Baron Schönhals, who died last year in

Vienna as Chief-of-Staff. It was in the winter of 1856, and I had just returned from a voyage to Australia, where, finding myself without funds, I had embarked, as a sailor, on a Dutch ship bound for Rotterdam.

Upon my return home, my uncle, Baron Ciani, resolved to give a ball in my honor in his house, Corso Venetia, 59. He begged his grandchildren and me to send the invitations. The ball was the most brilliant fête of the season. I went to it at about eleven o'clock, and was accorded a waltz by a charming lady of my acquaintance, who was known for her patriotism, the Signora Gerosa. We made a tour of the room, when suddenly she stopped and, pressing my arm, indicated a point in the room. I looked and saw an Austrian officer, in full uniform, covered with medals, leaning against a jamb of the door.

"Dio mio," I said, "how could my uncle ever have invited him? It is certainly a mistake." *

"That may well be," said the lady, "but will you be good enough to send for a cab, as I shall not remain much longer; and my carriage is ordered for four o'clock in the morning."

While this conversation was taking place, the dance had ended, and many groups of ladies were forming, as all wanted to leave the room.

So I said to my partner, "Calm your friends; I will charge myself with sending the Austrian away." I went directly to him and begged him to go out with me. He followed me, much surprised, and we went as far as the landing-place of the stairs, where I made him understand, as politely as I could, that his presence in uniform disturbed the fête, and that the ladies had determined to

* The captain was a tenant in my uncle's house. I learned afterwards that he had that day paid him a visit with his wife, a lovely Englishwoman, and that my uncle believed that he ought to invite him to his ball. He believed also that the captain would come in civilian's clothes.

go if he remained. Then I asked him, as a gentleman, to depart so that the ball might not be suspended.

"How?" he replied to me in French (I had spoken to him in German). "I wear the uniform of your Emperor. Do you wish to dishonor it?"

"It is not a question of honor," I answered. "And all of us do not admit that you wear the uniform of our Emperor, but rather the uniform of the Austrian army of occupation, which, we hope, will not remain long in the country."

The captain did not insist, as many gentlemen and ladies were listening to us, and, while we exchanged cards, he begged some one to go and bring his wife.

"You will give me, I hope, satisfaction for this strange procedure," he said.

"Certainly, captain," I replied, "without doubt."

The ball recommenced, but fearing that the police would be informed of what had taken place, and would surround the house to capture me, I left for the Boschetti. Here I took a cab, and drove to a shop where they sold masquerade costumes. I clothed myself in "puff" (a costume then very common), and drove to the Carcano Theater, thinking that this was the best way to throw the police off my trail. After an hour or two I learned from my friends, Tarlarini and Venino, that the police were looking for me.

With many precautions I ran to my house, always dressed in puff, to get some money and to say good-bye to my people. I arranged my flight by the aid of Besana and Tarlarini, the latter of whom changed my clothes for that of one of his peasants, and had me driven to one of his farms in a cabriolet. In passing through one of the city gates I experienced considerable emotion, but the peasant, who was driving, was known to the guards, and they paid no attention to his companion. I went directly to the house of the Marchese Luigi d' Adda at Ozzero, whither a messenger had preceded me to say that I should be given

hospitality. The same night I was conducted by a trusted boatman of the Marchese across the Ticino and went to Vigevano, to the house of a former companion in arms, Captain Gusberti. Before I left the ball Carlo Prinetti (now a senator) and Emilio Dandolo had offered their services as my seconds, whenever the duel should take place.

I went to bed at Vigevano with a high fever, the result of a wicked cold I had caught, the preceding night, in the intense cold of the drive to Ozzero in a peasant's jacket. The day after, word came to me that Captain Schönhals had gone from Casa Ciani to a reception in the house of General Giulay, where he had told his story; whereupon the general had commanded a squadron of hussars (who always kept their horses saddled) to surround my uncle's house. The police, who had not been able to follow my trail, thanks to my disguises, now knew that I was in Piedmont.

Two days after, while I was still in bed, I was informed by my seconds that the Austrian officers, who had called upon them, had begged me to fight on Lombard territory, since, as officers, they could not pass the frontier. They gave their word of honor that I would have nothing to fear upon the part of the Government. I accepted, as I held the word of an officer to be sacred. Still suffering from fever, I crossed the Ticino with my friend. After having marched for nearly an hour on the sand of the river's bank, I met my seconds who conducted me to the place that had been agreed upon for the meeting.

We were only three Italians, as the friend who had accompanied me hid himself in the bushes. On the other side a large number of Austrian officers appeared and two soldiers also, who carried baskets, in which were sabers, swords, and pistols. After the usual salutes, the seconds retired to make the choice of arms, and to arrange the conditions for the encounter. The discussion was long because a Captain Wagner, who had been at college with

me in Dresden, said that I was a strong swordsman in point, and insisted that thrusting should be expressly excluded. My seconds would not consent to this condition. The seconds of Schönhals were two colonels, and one, I believe, was the Lichtenstein who was so well known for the beautiful horses he loved to display on the *corso*.

We placed ourselves on guard. My fever and cough left me the moment I attacked. The sabers, brought by the officers, were so light they bent at every blow; and though I gave my adversary two cuts on the breast it was with the flat side of the weapon, as the blade turned in its handle. I showed my saber to my seconds, and they ordered another to be given me. It went to pieces at the third blow, and they handed me a third. I was furious. I attacked the captain with all my might, aiming a blow at his head. I do not remember what effect my attack had, but I think I struck him on the ear. The saber broke in pieces, as the one before had done, and Schönhals gave me a slight cut over the right eye.

The seconds intervened. After I had given my hand to Captain Schönhals, since I had nothing against him personally, I gained, without looking backwards, my hospitable boat with my friend; and we quickly arrived at the Piedmontese shore.

This, dear Visconti, is the story of my duel, which at the time made a great deal of noise, even in Paris, where the Congress was being held.

In a duel which took place before mine, my friend Della Porta was killed. He was slender in person, and was little practiced in the use of arms, while his adversary was a colossus. Poor Della Porta! I should have been sorry not to have avenged him. Other duels with the Austrian officers preceded, and followed, mine, among which were those of Viola, Ropolo, Mancini, Battaglia, and Fadini.

But who remembers, now, the young men such as were the Dandolo, the Besana, the Prinetti, the Mancini, the Simonetta, the Morosini, Battaglia, and a thousand others that we have known?

MANFREDO CAMPERIO.

CHAPTER XXII

(1856)

The popular subscription for one hundred cannon. — The Mazzinian subscription for ten thousand guns. — My second journey to France. — The Italian emigration at Paris. — The various factions. — Montanelli, Maestri, Sirtori. — The announcement of a visit from the Austrian Emperor. — Proposals for festivities. — Subscription for a monument to the Piedmont army. — Casa d' Adda.

THE part taken by Cavour at the Congress of Paris, and the development of the strength of Piedmont, became continually of greater consequence in our minds. "Within three years we shall have war," Cavour was reported to have said. This saying irritated Austria, and disposed it to attack Piedmont, — a thing which Cavour desired to have come to pass. Austria began to threaten as the relations between Cavour and the Italian patriots became closer. The speeches made in the Sardinian Parliament, the characters of the Piedmontese statesmen, and the things that happened beyond the Ticino became the subject-matter of our conversation. We received the newspapers from Turin by the hands of the smugglers. Milan rejoiced in heart in the fêtes that Turin gave to General La Marmora and the troops that returned from the Crimean War.

The "Gazzetta del Popolo" had initiated a subscription for giving the Government a hundred cannon for the fortress of Alessandria. It was regarded as a demonstration against Austria; so the proposal was received with enthusiasm. At Milan a suggestion was made that each Lombard city should give a cannon; and immedi-

ately committees were everywhere formed. Offerings were made in every circle, but no names were given. In agreement with Torelli and Guicciardi, who were in Turin, we resolved to send a cannon from the province of Sondrio. The directing classes in the various provinces were not large, but they were energetic and influential. In several there were some of the survivors of 1821 and 1830, many of whom had joined in the revolution of 1848.

Mazzini did not appreciate the importance of concord, nor did he understand what was going on. To the subscription of a hundred cannon he opposed one of his own, which he called, "of ten thousand guns." But this subscription, as the one before, had only a meager result. Giacomo Medici wrote to Garibaldi: "We are on the eve of another Mazzinian folly. . . . The man ruins everything; he does nothing good himself, and he hinders others from doing it. Mazzini desires to rule like a Tzar of Russia."* There had been ill-feeling between Mazzini and Garibaldi for some time past. Little by little Manin, Montanelli, Sirtori, Orsini, La Farina, Giorgio Pallavicino, and General Guglielmo Pepe had separated from him.

The old Mazzinian conspirators were in great embarrassment. They did not want to deny "the master"; and yet they could not help but see that Cavour had accomplished something; so they gave their mite for the monarchical cannon and subscribed also for the republican guns. If they were mistrustful of Cavour it was because he was making no preparations for an uprising.

* Bersezio, *Storia del Regno di Vittorio Emanuele*, vol. VI, p. 415.

My Second Journey to France

When the month of July came around, I felt the need of taking an outing, after having passed my examinations at Pavia; so I resolved to accompany my friend Costantino Garavaglia to Marseilles, Lyons, and Paris, whither he was going on business. I wanted, too, to know what people were thinking of the Italian question in France. We traveled by short stages, and I profited by them to talk politics with the people I met, and to ask them what they thought of our affairs. They thought nothing at all about them. My surprise was very great when I learned how ignorant the people were of what had taken place beyond their own frontiers. A few persons, inspired by the things the Emperor had caused to be inserted in the journals, expressed sympathy for Italy, but it was very vague; and when I spoke of the eventuality of war, they looked scandalized.

I found that there were three currents of opinion among the Italians in Paris, namely the Sardinian, the Muratian, and the republican. The Sardinian party was the strongest. At its head was Daniele Manin with his formula: "Unità e Monarchia; Italia e Vittorio Emanuele." It was this formula that was to become the device of the new National Party. I heard that Manin saw Cavour when he was in Paris, and had come to an agreement with him; and that Garibaldi had gone to Turin in July, and had had an interview with Cavour, whom he afterwards, in writing to La Farina, called "our great friend."

Manin was opposed by a small group of men who favored Prince Murat; whose programme was to drive out the Bourbon dynasty, and place Murat upon the throne

of Naples, in order to gain Napoleon. Among these were Saliceti, Lizabe, Ruffoni, and Ulloa. Ulloa returned to Italy in 1859, and received command of the little Tuscan army, which, united to the corps of Prince Napoleon, advanced as far as Mantua. After the peace of Villafranca, Ricasoli called Ulloa to Modena, where, becoming discontented with him, he deprived him of his command, and gave it to Garibaldi. Ulloa eventually went to Naples, and from anger or jealousy or because of his federal ideas offered his sword to the Bourbon king against his rival.

I made the acquaintance also of Montanelli, who had been a staff-officer of the republican party. He now began to advance towards Cavour. He was a good man, and suffered much in separating himself from his former friends; but he found his compensation in his honest intention.

Maestri was more decided in his adherence to the formula of Manin, and proclaimed it resolutely. He was an old republican, and had been, as we have seen, a member of the Committee of Defense in 1848. Maestri gave me some sad news of Sirtori. Giuseppe Sirtori was a native of the Brianza, and had been a priest up to 1848, when, overtaken by doubt, he went to Paris to confer with Lamennais. Although he retained his faith, he put off his sacerdotal dress and mixed in republican circles. He took an active part in the revolution against Louis Philippe. He returned afterwards to Italy, and became a soldier in Venice, where he performed prodigies of valor.

Now, Maestri said, a disturbance of his political faith

was joined to that of his religious belief; that he no longer trusted Mazzini, had a poor opinion of Garibaldi, and could find no reasons for believing in Cavour, Napoleon, and Vittorio Emanuele; that he was so tormented he had lost his equilibrium, and had become so strange that he was watched.

Later on, when the war for the unification of Italy set its seal upon the agreements between Napoleon and Cavour, Sirtori regained his calmness and went to Turin. His lofty mind became lucid again, and his patriotic conscience had no more doubts. He saw that salvation for his country lay in a united monarchy, and gave it his support. He had a noble character. Although he thought that he had been injured by the imperial police, when the city of Milan undertook to erect a statue to Napoleon he was one of the first contributors.

I passed one month in Paris and gathered enough information to serve for two months of conversation.[26] Some news came unexpectedly in the autumn to excite us. It was said that the Austrian Emperor would come to Milan in January, and that he would abolish martial law and inaugurate a new régime. It was also said that the Government, suspicious of an agreement between Napoleon and Cavour, and solicitous of England, desired to allay the Italian question by bringing order into Lombardo-Venetia. The first intimation of this change of attitude was a circular, addressed to the noble families of Lombardy and Venetia, asking them to declare whether they desired to take part in the festivities of the imperial and royal visit, so that they might receive invitations to the same.

This circular had the effect of a stone thrown into a hornets' nest: no one talked of anything else for several weeks. Among the patriotic families the word ran to refuse all the invitations that might come from the Government or the Court, and to abstain from all the festivities. It was important that this programme should be followed by as large a number of people as possible, so that a great demonstration should be made. As very few replies were returned to this circular, a second one was sent out, which was followed by visits of, and pressure exerted by, the provincial delegates.

To this urgency of the authorities the most distinguished families opposed themselves energetically, and the programme of resistance to flattery gained ground, although it had to face increasing difficulties. But abstention was not enough; it was necessary to do something, and to do it quickly. So we determined to show our sympathy for Piedmont; and to this end to collect money wherewith to erect a monument to the Piedmontese army, and present it to the city of Turin. It was Cesare Correnti who suggested the idea. The *oche*, as they were still called, received the money, and in a short time obtained a sufficient sum. The commission for the statue was given to the sculptor Vela, and news of it was quickly diffused throughout Italy and foreign lands. The demonstration was as the sound of a trumpet, which ordered the country to stand on guard against the blandishments of Austria.

In the house of Carlo d' Adda, with whom I began this year an intimate friendship, the approaching visit of the Austrian Emperor became the subject-matter of the

warmest discussions; of discussions, however, in which we were all of one mind. Carlo d' Adda was the third son of the Marchese Febo, to whom Parini dedicated his "Ode to the Muses" in 1795. His mother, *nata* Contessa Kevenhüller, was a Viennese. He formed, with Cesare and Rinaldo Giulini, Carlo and Alessandro Porro, Anselmo Guerrieri Gonzaga, the Prinetti, the Mainoni, and some others of the Milanese aristocratic and middle classes, the advance guard of the National Party.

When the revolution of 1848 broke out, he was in Turin. In agreement with Correnti he had left a few days before with Conte Enrico Martini to solicit aid from Carlo Alberto.[27] After 1848 he remained absent from home for long periods of time. He had married one of his nieces, Donna Mariquita, daughter of Principe Antonio Falcò, a Spaniard domiciled in Milan. Donna Mariquita was very beautiful, and Carlo d' Adda was a handsome young man. He was, moreover, distinguished for the simplicity and loyalty of his character, and for the frankness and vivacity of his conversation. The resolute way in which he expressed his opinions led those who did not know him to believe that he was intolerant; but this was not so; he was intolerant only of vulgarity. A friend of Bertani and of some others, who did not fight on his side, he was accustomed to say: "I respect all sorts of patriots, but I prefer those who wash and fight." [28]

Donna Mariquita, who was also of a frank and open nature, exercised a great fascination upon the society which surrounded her. For many years she received

only in her bedroom (kept there by an infirmity); but this room was ever the rendezvous of the most distinguished patriotic society of Milan.

A large part of those who frequented Casa d' Adda had been invited and solicited to do homage to the Emperor on the occasion of his approaching visit. They were the targets for the fine shots of Carlo d' Adda and of the ironies of Donna Mariquita. The struggle became acute, and was to prolong itself during the following year against the Archduke Maximilian.

D' Adda became one of the most esteemed members of the party of the liberal monarchy. After 1859, Cavour nominated him Governor of Turin. In Milan he held successively a number of civic positions, and filled them with the zeal and good-will that distinguished him. He left his mark in every post he occupied because of his initiative and wise reforms.

CHAPTER XXIII

(1857)

Measures taken by the Government to celebrate the coming of the Emperor. — Arrangements for resistance made by the patriotic Milanese. — Dandolo, Soncino, Mancini, Carcano, and others banished. — The "Crepuscolo" admonished. — The entry of the Emperor. — The behavior of the people. — In Casa Dandolo. — Photographs of the monument to the Piedmontese army. — The reception at court. — The Emperor's suite. — Conte Archinto. — Buol recalls the Austrian Minister from Turin. — Piedmont follows suit. — Amnesty extended to the political prisoners. — The police encourage a demonstration. — The return of friends from Josephstadt and Theresienstadt. — Marshal Radetzky relieved of his command. — Partial suppression of the "Crepuscolo." — La Marmora proposes to fortify Alessandria, and Cavour, Spezia. — La Farina founds the National Society. — The landing of Pisacane at Sapri. — Nomination of the Archduke Maximilian as Governor-General. — His arrival in Milan. — The medal of St. Helena.

CAVOUR now gave the national cause a new impulse forward. His aim was to free it from the control of the Committee of London, and to lift it out of the intrigues wherein it was easy for the Powers to ignore it. He accused Austria of keeping Italy in a revolutionary state, while he demonstrated that Piedmont represented order. He said, too, that Austria had exceeded the mandate that had been given her in Italy by the treaties of Vienna, and defended the country, on conservative grounds, in the cabinets of Europe.

Austria saw the point; therefore the coming of the Emperor was determined upon, not so much as a matter of internal, as of external, politics. It was a concession to the apprehensions of certain European Powers, especially of England, which desired the amelioration of the conditions of life in the Italian States, although she did not want them to become a cause of war. She had ex-

pressed surprise at the energetic attitude of Piedmont and at the restlessness of France.

The persons who directed public opinion in Milan solicited advice from Turin as to what course should be taken regarding the Emperor's coming; and the word came: we should work hard to render the imperial plans useless, so that the Emperor's journey should lose its object and appear a failure. It was necessary, therefore, that the most notable people of the governing class should hold themselves apart, and to this end it was insisted that no one should yield, either to flattery or to pressure. Great was the agitation in every circle of society. In the fashionable the *oche* were most active. Not to be in the Fronde was not to be *à la mode*. How much good did these ladies do! In the salons we discussed incessantly the questions how we should behave, and what demonstrations we could make. We even threatened the uncertain and the timid, and told them that they would not be received, or saluted, by their friends if they should yield. In Case Maffei, Dandolo, Carcano, d' Adda, Crivelli, and many others that were frequented by the young men of the town, the agitation was so great it seemed as if we were preparing for a battle.

My brother Emilio, who had just entered general society, came every evening to Casa Maffei with his bulletin of news. Who goes? who will not go? were the questions. Debates arose, and even bets were made, whether some signora would yield to the pressure of a timid father, or father-in-law, who might want to send her to court. Nor less excited were the Austrian authorities,

who were continually spying upon us, and sending orders and circulars, now menacing, now flattering.

Several weeks before the coming of the Emperor, the police banished some of our best-known young men. Among them were Emilio Dandolo, Massimiliano Stampa Soncino, Lodovico Mancini, and Costanzo Carcano. The names of the others I cannot now recall. They ordered them to remain in the respective places to which they were sent until the Emperor should have departed. The greatest concern of the authorities was to induce some of the ladies of the aristocracy to attend the court reception, and I relate the following episode of their manœuvres.

The Marchese Carlo Ermes Visconti, who had been married but a short time to the lovely and cultured Contessa Teresa Sanseverino Vimercati, was one day calling upon an uncle of his wife, the Principe Porcia. This gentleman had some feudal property in Austria, and had been a member of its House of Lords; but he lived in Milan, and had married, at an advanced age, the Contessa Vimercati Bolognini, sister of Conte Ottaviano, and mother of the future Duchessa Eugenia Litta. The young Marchese, during his call, came face to face with Baron Bürger, then the Lieutenant of Lombardy. Bürger led the conversation to the approaching visit of the Emperor, and said abruptly to Visconti: "I hope you will bring your wife to court?" Visconti very frankly replied: "No, Baron, I do not intend to go." Bürger insisted, at first very courteously, and then with a high-and-mighty air. At last Visconti said: "If I should go to court I would do something contrary to my convictions

and to my country's interest. After such an action nothing would remain for me to do but to expatriate myself." Bürger said nothing more, and the conversation was dropped.

A police measure that was much discussed at the time was the summoning of Carlo Tenca. The Director said that the Lieutenant hoped that the coming of the Emperor would be properly announced in the "Crepuscolo." Tenca replied that, as his journal did not concern itself with the internal affairs of Austria, he saw no reason why he should mention it. To this the Director answered that, as the imperial visit was an event with which European public opinion would occupy itself, the silence of the "Crepuscolo" would have the character of opposition, and that this the Government could not tolerate. Tenca, who was a man of few words, made no further reply, and went away. Again, on the eve of the Emperor's arrival he was admonished, and threatened with the suppression of his journal; but he replied as firmly as before, and would not yield.

On the 15th of January, Francis Joseph made his solemn entry into Milan. He stopped first at the Piazzale di Loreto, where he was received by the Podestà, Conte Sebregondi, and the other municipal authorities. Thence proceeding, he entered the city by Porta Orientale; and, traversing the Corso Francesco, now Vittorio Emanuele, he went to the Palazzo di Corte.*

* The Corso Francesco was the official name, but it was generally called Corsia de' Servi, since on the actual Piazza di San Carlo existed a church called Santa Maria dei Servi, which was joined to a convent of the Serviti. The church of San Carlo was opened in 1847.

The Emperor enters Milan

The tacit agreement between the citizens was that there should be no decorations along the streets through which the imperial procession should pass, and that the blinds should be closed. A little before the time the procession was scheduled to pass, I went through the streets, from the Piazza del Duomo to Porta Orientale, to see if the agreement had been kept. I saw that it had been, in great part, maintained, and I saw, also, a commissary of police enter the houses, one by one, along the route, and make the inmates open their blinds and decorate their windows with carpets and draperies. In the streets I saw only a number of the common people; the educated class avoided the *corso*. My destination was the apartment of the Contessa Dandolo, which was in the second story of the house of the Marchese Luigi Crivelli, precisely on the *corso* of the Porta Orientale. When I arrived I found the Contessa and several friends, all very happy in the knowledge that the major part of the citizens had remained quiescent.

All at once a servant entered the salon to announce a visit from a commissary. He came to say that the blinds must be opened immediately, and the windows draped. The Contessa let the commissary depart; then she took a tiger skin, and hung it out of a window for adornment. All who passed and saw it, laughed. A crowd began to gather, when behold! the commissary ran into the salon, with his eyes bulging out of his head, and ordered the skin to be removed. The Contessa protested that she had no other decoration. In the mean time the procession of the Emperor had arrived. There was no applause, although the rabble usually applauds

every one. Only some boys cried something which might be taken for *evviva*. Whereupon Giulio Venino, who was with us, uttered a sonorous hiss which made the people in the procession look up. The train proceeded through a cold and silent crowd of people.

During the day a rumor ran that the Emperor had scarcely arrived when it was reported that the municipality of Turin had accepted the monument which had been presented by the Milanese deputation. This, perhaps, explained his bad humor and the curt words of welcome with which he greeted the Podestà.[29]

Some days previously Emilio had received a package of photographs of the monument, which he gave out in such a way as to have copies come into the hands of people in the suite of the Emperor. Some were placed in the lodgings, and even on the desks, of the ministers.

A few days after, a reception was held at court, in which the authorities and the invited guests were to be presented. The reception was held in the daytime. Many young men and ladies of society (most of whom had received invitations) met in the Piazza del Duomo in order to see the arrivals. The carriages of the Austrian and Italian authorities and officials passed amid indifference. The ironic laughter of the spectators was turned upon the invited guests, of whom indeed there were but few. Some sank back in the corners of their carriages, and some drew their curtains. In the evening no one talked of anything but the reception, and all were in good spirits because the deserters had been few, and several of them were excused because of extraordinary circumstances.

These things may seem insignificant to those who look upon them from the standpoint of to-day; but they were of great moment at the time, especially if the end to which they were directed is considered. The reception had failed, and the Austrian authorities were furious. But we were elated. For many families of the aristocracy the abstention was a meritorious act, for in some of them there were ties of friendship, and in others of relationship, with the families of Austria. In the preceding century Maria Teresa, who busied herself with the private affairs of her subjects, had arranged, and occasionally imposed, marriages between some of the noble families of Austria and Lombardy. The ties which arose out of these marriages were broken in 1848; and this fact ought to be remembered in a patriotic history of our country.

A number of ministers accompanied the Emperor in order, it was reported, to study the condition of the country. To do this they conferred with some old functionaries, whom they knew; but from the quality of the persons consulted, we understood that the Government had no serious intention of doing anything for the benefit of the provinces. It was evident that it was thought sufficient to delude the people with illusory promises, and thus to avoid the scrutiny of the diplomatic world.

Among the people whom they consulted, knowing that he was of no account, was Conte Giuseppe Archinto. He belonged to the old patriciate, and had squandered a fortune through his mania to play a great rôle. The Emperor had sent him to the King of the Belgians to ask the hand of the Princess Charlotte for his brother the

Archduke Maximilian. Conte Archinto, at his own expense, displayed a magnificence that was talked of for a long time. The Government showed him, therefore, much deference, which the Conte accepted as an homage, and treated the most exalted personages of the empire on a footing of equality. He complained that the Emperor himself, while he was in Milan, treated him with too much confidence; and, when he was invited to dinner, he returned the compliment to the ministers and courtiers immediately, saying: "I will show them that, if one eats at court, one dines in Casa Archinto." In his house he had introduced the customs and etiquette of a ruling prince.

To feed the vanity of this decorative personage, he was invited to propose an organization of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, that would satisfy the common people. The Conte accepted the charge, and proposed an arrangement, similar to that which had existed in the seventeenth century in the time of the Spaniards, of a senate composed of the exalted personages of the aristocracy, with a president, whose power should be supreme. It was easy to discover who the president was to be. The ministers also consulted some other people on the state of the country; but they always kept within a restricted circle, both of persons and of ideas.

To counterbalance the efforts of the Emperor to make Europe believe that his Italian States were pacified, and that, therefore, the Italian question was allayed, Cavour, the day of the imperial entrance into Milan, approved the Liberal proposals of the Piedmontese politicians; and had the newspapers announce the gifts, of

the war monument to Turin, and of the one hundred cannon to Alessandria. A few days after, the Austrian Minister Buol sent a disdainful dispatch to the Sardinian Cabinet, and recalled his *chargé-d'affaires;* and Cavour did the same. These able moves of Cavour helped us greatly to continue the struggle in the difficult months that were to follow.

In these days I saw some of the old Mazzinians reappear in my brother's study. Emilio was always looked upon as the head of the young conspirators; and these old acquaintances were inclined towards him both because of the past and of a presentiment that some new event was in preparation for the future. There was also in them the idea, though they did not confess it, that the new head of the revolution would be Cavour; whom they tacitly accepted, but on condition that he would do something quickly. To effect this they repeatedly brought forward some plan of the Mazzinian type. They did not want to let the presence of the Emperor pass without trying some *coup*, were it only another 6th of February in favor of some Cavourian policy. Emilio heard, and dissuaded, them. I can still recall his calmness and patience, and the reasons he gave, why no heedless act should be done.

The police, on the other hand, attempted to make a demonstration. On the 18th of January a proclamation of amnesty of the political prisoners was published. The sequestration of the goods of the emigrants had been raised some weeks before. The police wanted to encourage an illumination that would appear to be a spontaneous expression of gratitude; and to this end they

sent their emissaries from house to house to order that the windows should be lighted up. Some people obeyed, but many more refused, even after repeated injunctions. Among the palaces where the blinds remained closed, were those of the d'Adda family, on the *corso* then called of the Porta Nuova, now Via A. Manzoni. The police had these palaces especially in view, and directed against them a stream of miserable people whom they had induced to cry: *Fuori i lumi.** This rabble broke the blinds and the windows of the palaces of the d'Adda with stones. Some other palaces received a similar treatment.

Carlo d'Adda, many years after, recalled the assault upon his palace at a session of the Common Council. While he was speaking, upon I do not recall what subject, with his accustomed frankness, some hisses were directed against him from the audience. He turned towards the offenders, and looking haughtily at them, said: "It is the second time I have been hissed; the first was by the *canaille* for not having illuminated my house in honor of the Emperor."

A few days after the publication of the proclamation of amnesty, our friends returned from the fortresses of Theresienstadt and Josephstadt. Cruelly treated during the trials, their imprisonment in the fortresses had been less hard, because, as they were condemned by tribunals of war, they were considered almost as military prisoners; and, indeed, they had had as their companions in confinement several Hungarian officers of the honveds. The severe treatment of the fortress of Spielberg was

* Forth with the lights.

not meted out to them. Great was our joy in seeing our friends, who had miraculously escaped from the gallows, and who had been in chains for five years. Our questions were endless. But they were very reserved, except with their most intimate friends. Above all they were loath to speak of the trials, especially of the parts taken therein by the weaklings and the traitors. The best had forgiven them in their hearts; but they were averse to speaking of them. As Dr. Luigi Pastro justly observed: "We cannot enter into conspiracies unless we have previously made a sacrifice of our lives."

The struggle between the Austrian authorities and the directing classes, the first to make the visit of the Emperor appear to be successful, and the second to keep the country irreconcilable to foreign rule, continued throughout the winter. What would be the outcome no one could foretell; hence the proscriptions and condemnations of the patriotic society became inexorable. If some concessions were made they were not mentioned. Public opinion sometimes became unjust, and had to be rectified. If at this long distance of time some of our acts seem to have been exaggerated, it must be remembered that we looked upon ourselves as in a state of war.[30]

On the 28th of March, 1857, Marshal Radetzky was retired from his post of Commander-in-Chief and Governor-General, and was given, as a residence in Milan, the Villa Reale. With the announcement of this retirement a report came from Vienna that great things were under consideration for the good of the Italian provinces. At the same time, to divert public attention, certain municipal works were promoted, among which

were the Giardini Pubblici and the Central Railway Station.

In these days Carlo Tenca was again summoned by the Lieutenant, and again he was told that his journal must concern itself with the Emperor and his journey. As he refused to comply, the Lieutenant withdrew his permission that the "Crepuscolo" should be a political review. This was a mortal blow, for its political articles secured its great circulation, as there was no other political journal except the "Gazzetta Ufficiale." The patriotic firmness of Tenca was admirable, since he lived on the proceeds of his work, and especially of his journal. He knew that its clientèle would fall away; as, indeed, it did. From that day the "Crepuscolo" began to decline.

Among the duels which took place during this winter and spring I must recall that of Giacomo Battaglia. Battaglia was a collaborator on the "Crepuscolo." His duel was with pistols, and, fortunately, was without consequence. His friends were very anxious for his safety, as he was afflicted with myopia, which afterwards became fatal to him in the battle of S. Fermo.

No sooner had the Emperor left Milan than it was reported that the provinces of Lombardo-Venetia would be reorganized, and that the Archduke Maximilian would come as Governor-General. It was announced that we were to have a large measure of autonomy; and some people even said we should be placed upon a semi-independent basis. The patriots received all this information with incredulity, allied to fear, because it was foreseen that such concessions would be dangerous for

the cause of independence. Therefore we looked even more intently at Piedmont to see what was in progress there.

La Marmora presented to Parliament the law concerning the fortifications of Alessandria; Cavour proposed the creation of a naval port at Spezia, and the tunneling of Monte Cenisio; and La Farina, in agreement with the Conte, instituted the Società Nazionale, which quickly became diffused throughout all Italy. Its aim was to rally the country under the formula of Manin: "Italia una con Vittorio Emanuele." But Manin was not to see the development of his programme, as he died at Paris in September, 1857.

As if to render the authority of Cavour more secure, Mazzini continued to promote his accustomed vain enterprises. The landing of Pisacane at Sapri, however heroic, finished miserably; and the attempted uprising at Genoa aggravated public opinion still more.

The great reforms which were to follow the Emperor's visit were limited to the nomination of his brother as Governor-General. It is true that, according to the official report, the reforms were to come afterwards. The Archduke Maximilian was a handsome young man, and the Archduchess was a beautiful young woman. Who would have prophesied the destiny which awaited them a few years later in Mexico? Their coming to Milan was the first stage on the road to the terrible dénouement.

The Milanese paid but little heed to the coming of the Archduke; it was not until some months after that we began to occupy ourselves with him. In fact the greater part of the leading people were out of town, living in

their villas. We had gone to the Valtellina; therefore I did not see him until late in the autumn.

At this time there was a great awakening which spread through Milan and all the provinces. In Valtellina my brother Emilio and I had long conversations with our patriotic friends; and I charged myself with the distribution of the medals of St. Helena. The Emperor of the French, who sought continually to evoke the Napoleonic memory, had instituted a commemorative medal called the "Medal of St. Helena." It was destined for the veterans, whether French or not, who had served under the great Conqueror. To the officers who had served, a decoration of the Légion d'Honneur was given. By the aid of the French Legation at Turin, as I understood, it was planned to place a medal in the hands of every veteran in Lombardo-Venetia, as, with the distribution, it was hoped to revive the glorious memories of the battles fought against the Austrians by the Italian rank and file. With the aid of my Valtellinese friends, I succeeded in distributing to the soldiers who had been discharged, and to those who were known to have been under arms, nearly a hundred of these medals. The giving of them was made with great precaution, be it understood, so as not to attract the attention of the police.

The medals were received with the greatest enthusiasm. The memory of the sufferings of past hardships, even of the Russian campaign, disappeared before the fascination of the ancient glories; and above all before the name of Napoleon I. Several of his old soldiers spoke of him still with emotion, and adored him as a

demigod. Louis Napoleon made no mistake in distributing the medals of St. Helena. The popularity of his uncle devolved upon him. In fancy we saw the Emperor of the French cross the Alps and chase our rulers away. Only a Napoleon, it was said, could drive the Austrians out of Italy.

CHAPTER XXIV

(1858)

The Archduke as Governor-General. — He endeavors to attract the conspicuous citizens. — The agreement for the Italo-Austrian railways. — Cesare Cantù. — The struggle of the patriotic Milanese against Maximilian. — In Casa Maffei. — Conte Giulini in the years of resistance. — Words of Cavour to Giulini and Dandolo. — Casa Crivelli and Casa Dandolo. — Fears rekindled. — More duels proposed.

THE year 1858 began, as the preceding one, with a strong feeling of apprehension on the part of the leading patriotic citizens. The year before, we had been exercised by the thought of the coming of the Emperor; now we were concerned with the presence of the Archduke. As I have said, he was handsome, tall, and fair; and he was dressed usually in the uniform of an officer of the navy. He was reported to be intelligent, affable, and active, and to be full of good intentions and liberal ideas. Official rumors, too, gave out that he had larger powers than he appeared to have; and in this deception the Archduke unwittingly participated. In his heart he exaggerated his mission, deceiving himself with the idea that he could perform the things of his fancy. Somewhat cultured, he was fantastic and utopian, as his tragic adventure in Mexico afterwards proved. He did not perceive that matters were looked upon differently in Vienna from the way he looked upon them himself, and that his mission was only a feint. He thought that he was to become the prince of a semi-independent state; whereas he was sent to resume the rôle of the puppet Viceroys before 1848. In order that Austria should

really change her methods the battles of Solferino and Sadowa were needed.

The death of Radetzky, which occurred on the 5th of January, contributed to the Archduke's illusion. The old Marshal had reorganized the Lombard and Venetian provinces, and had been their civil and military Governor since 1848. He represented the policy of absolutism and reaction, that is, the policy of Metternich intensified. Radetsky was a man of mediocre capacity; but he was a good officer, and was blindly devoted to his Imperial Master. He was kind to his soldiers, and was beloved by them; but he was hard to his adversaries. "Three days of blood will assure thirty years of peace," he is reported to have said on the eve of the Five Days. There is no doubt but that he was convinced of it. Invested with unlimited powers, he oppressed the country many years without a thought of the morrow. He governed it as a land that is occupied in time of war, forgetting that it was one of the most important parts of the empire. His letters to his daughter Federica, which were published after his death, are full of paternal care and affection for her, yet of iron and fire and hanging for the discontented Italians. His death was opportune. It seemed to signalize the end of a gloomy past and the beginning of a more engaging future.

Maximilian went immediately to work. For several months he was let alone by the Government, and found himself alone in Milan. He endeavored to attract the people, and to learn something of the subjects he was sent to govern; but it was too late. The first opportunity that offered itself to him was the agreement entered

into at Vienna for the working of the railways that were built, and were to be built, in Lombardo-Venetia.[31] Among the signers was the Duca Lodovico Melzi. The Archduke offered him an influential place in the administration. Melzi accepted, but on condition that the persons he nominated for positions should be appointed. Later on, the Director of the Police observed that all of the nominations of the Duke were of suspected, or of compromised, persons. Indeed, many of the young men he named had fought on the patriotic side, and some had just returned from prison or exile. As often as Maximilian made appointments he said: "Now, I hope that these, at least, will come to me." But they always found pretexts for remaining away. The Archduke ought to have perceived, from the first, that he would obtain no "commanded" thanks.

Among his projects was one of founding a journal, which was to be entitled the "Gazzetta Italiana." The name "Italiana" was conceded, although "Austriaca" was understood. Some said that the editorship of this periodical would be given to Cesare Cantù (whom, indeed, the Archduke wanted); others averred that much higher duties were reserved for him. Cantù denied all these reports, and the facts proved that they were without foundation. The journal was to be the organ of the policies of the Archduke, and was to be directed by the professional journalist Menini, assisted by other editors, among whom was the Triestino Emilio Treves. The first number was printed as a sample of what the others were to be, and was sent to Vienna. An immediate prohibition came; so the gazette died before it was born, and

the Archduke was discredited, a thing which invariably happened when he attempted to carry out his policy, which, as we have seen, was founded upon a misunderstanding of his powers.

Still he went intrepidly forward, and turned for support to the most noted members of the Clerical party. He secured some followers among them; and they, to justify themselves, gave reasons for their adherence which were often very specious. They said that it was high time to rouse the country from its inertia, and to put it on the road of economic progress; that it was utopian to trust to Piedmont, which was not able to help us; that we should avail ourselves of the presence of the Archduke, who had come to solve our questions; and that autonomy and liberty should be sought for in other ways than in the past.

The mirage placed before a country that for forty years had either languished in rigid absolutism, or fought hopelessly against it, was a grave peril. For nearly ten years the city had awaited a recovery, and signs of it had begun to appear. The language and conduct of Maximilian were seductive; and many had begun to ask themselves whether they ought not to support him. They were not among the people who had belonged to the party of militant patriotism; rather were they those who had followed its lead, and who, though cherishing Italian sentiments, had compromised with the Government. They were, generally speaking, mediocre persons, who disappeared in the high tide of our national revival.

It was reported that Cesare Cantù was among the

supporters of the Archduke. Cantù was an indefatigable worker, and lived within the circle of his intimate friends. As a young man he had been imprisoned by the Austrians, but in after years he did not consort with the patriots. He was, however, an adversary of the Austrian Government, but, disdainful of the opinion of others, he did not join in the opposition to Maximilian. The public, on the other hand, regretting that it did not have with it, in this struggle, an eminent citizen, was severe, and believed that which was not true.[32]

The Milanese had occupied themselves very little with their governors and their policies; but it was necessary to take notice of the Archduke, as they had to fight him in order to make the execution of his plans impossible. Though his work, probably, would have proved itself to be illusory, he himself was a danger to the cause of independence and a hindrance to the policy of Piedmont. His flatteries might have induced us to abandon the ten years of resistance upon which so much of the politics of the nation was at present founded. The Archduke was far more formidable than the Marshal with his military law and prisons and gallows; so the command went forth: "Combat Maximilian in every way and at every cost."

Fifteen years later, when Vittorio Emanuele went to Vienna to visit the Emperor, an Austrian minister spoke of the ten years of resistance, with my brother Emilio, who accompanied the king. It seemed to him that the directing classes had entered into an organized conspiracy in order to keep the country firm in its continued struggle. My brother said: "There was no permanent

conspiracy; there were some especial ones, but they were of short duration, and were composed of but few persons. There was a great natural and spontaneous conspiracy of all. Firmness and discipline were preserved in our ranks by your antiquated methods of government; by your police and your generals. Only once did it become difficult to maintain our resistance; it was when you sent us the Archduke Maximilian."

Nowhere was the campaign against the Archduke directed more gayly and efficaciously than in Casa Maffei. The winter of 1858 is a memorable date in the history of the salon of the Contessa. The republican color had disappeared, and patriotism had definitely united itself to faith in Vittorio Emanuele and Cavour. "Casa Maffei" was synonymous with the political and warlike society of Milan. Some outsiders believed it to be a reunion of pedants and *letterati*, but it was nothing of the kind. It is true that we discussed literature and art, but we also joked and laughed and commented upon the gossip of the town. The distinguishing mark was the patriotic turn that was given to all conversation.

Chiarina Maffei, though intelligent and cultured, was not a woman of letters; but she was an enthusiast for all that was beautiful and good. When her modest means did not permit her to do all that her heart prompted, she had recourse to her rich friends, above all to Cesare Giulini, whose generosity was inexhaustible. Giulini was as high-minded as he was charitable. His culture was really vast, and his memory was most extraordinary, as was also his absentmindedness. His

duty to his country was a religion, and he acted a great part in the years between 1848 and 1857. When his county became united, Cavour wanted to make him a governor or a minister, but he would not accept any position, and died, in 1862, in the forty-eighth year of his age. At this time he was constantly taking trips to Turin, now openly, now secretly, and brought back to us from his friends items of news which were a great source of comfort. He had had an interview with Cavour apropos of Maximilian; and he told us that the Minister had whispered: "You must have Milan placed again under martial law."

This saying came as a sort of command, and quickly passed from mouth to mouth with patriotic indiscretion. In the mean time Emilio Dandolo was called to Turin by Cavour, who said to him: "Dear Dandolo, we have arrived. Napoleon has promised me that, if the Austrians should put their feet upon Piedmontese soil, he will come to our aid. You must do your best to have your friends keep the fire of patriotism alive; and you must agitate."

The Marchese Luigi Crivelli (of the "red beard") and his wife, the Marchesa Carolina, *nata* Medici di Marignano, gathered a numerous company, chiefly of young people, in their house who were resolutely and noisily patriotic. The effect, in Casa Crivelli, of the words of Cavour, whispered in great secrecy by all, can be imagined.

In spite of all his efforts, the Archduke had not yet succeeded in giving a fête or a reception. Every time an affair of public interest presented itself, he turned to the people who were best known for their talent or admin-

istrative power, and he had the simplest gentlemen invited to court on the most futile pretexts. So, once in a while, we learned that some little fish had been caught or that some recruit had visited the Archduke. "We must put a stop to these desertions," we said; "they might create a situation that would become dangerous to our plans for independence." But how were we to do this?

After the theater, many of our set gathered in Casa Dandolo, where we smoked and gossiped until a late hour, and discussed our little conspiracies. One evening, as were we speaking of the Archduke and of those who had taken his bait, some one, perhaps it was Emilio Dandolo, suggested that if the breaking of the ties of friendship and public reprobation were not a sufficient deterrent, we must do something else. It should be observed that our concern for the breaches that had been made in the hitherto inflexible patriotic ranks was the reflex of the preoccupation of those who were wiser than we. They knew that a truce in the resistance of Lombardo-Venetia to foreign rule would be fatal to the politics of Cavour.

But what could we do? Could we not do something that would make a noise — challenge, for one thing, the men who went voluntarily to court or who yielded, in any way, to the policies of the Archduke? This notion met with an instantaneous reception, as the bravado seemed beautiful. It was on a level with the temperature of our heads, and of the times in which we lived. We separated that night filled with thoughts of duels.

CHAPTER XXV

(1858)

The Marchese Luigi d'Adda visits Maximilian. — Alfonso Carcano challenges him. — I am one of the seconds. — Threatened by the police. — We go to Piedmont. — The duel. — The Archduke asks Stefano Jacini to report on conditions in Valtellina. — Jacini writes an excellent book. — Rumor of a mission to Napoleon given by Maximilian. — The departure of Principe Porcia. — Cavour at Plombières. — He requests Giulini and Dandolo to come to him. — His plans for the next year. — The last month of the life of Emilio Dandolo. — The family Lutti of Riva. — Arrangements for sending recruits to Piedmont. — The Società Nazionale Italiana.

THE Archduke proceeded along his seductive way frankly, and, occasionally, successfully, when an interruption occurred, a few days after our understanding in Casa Dandolo. There was living at Milan a Marchese Luigi d'Adda Salvaterra, a brother of the Marchese Gerolamo, the noted bibliophile. Luigi d'Adda was nicknamed "Mazeppa," and was famous for his horsemanship. He rode every day on the city bastions, then the rendezvous of society, to display one or the other of his beautiful Arab horses.

One day Maximilian sent an aide to say to the Marchese that he would like to see his mount. When d'Adda approached, he requested him, with many compliments, to send his horses to the court *manège* so that he might try them. After this, upon various pretexts, he invited the Marchese to court, and eventually to luncheon. D'Adda accepted the invitation. This action which, under other circumstances, would not have been noticed, made people talk so much that to some of us the occasion seemed to have arisen to make a

beginning of our programme. "We will commence, then, with d' Adda," we affirmed.

"What boys!" some people will exclaim; but such were the young men of those days; and one can be indulgent when one recalls that, a few months after this episode, they left their homes to confront a thousand perils, some never to return. There was some sort of festivity at the Scala, and Alfonso Carcano, who was the youngest of our set, went masked. He met d' Adda, and, after a short conversation regarding his delinquency, insulted him. Then he raised his mask and gave him his card. D' Adda was in a box with two strangers, who were astounded. The news of Carcano's act passed immediately through the theater; and no one talked of anything else for days.

The next morning Donna Giulia and Costanzo Carcano, the mother and the brother of Alfonso, called on me, and said that they desired that the Marchese Massimiliano Stampa Soncino and I should act as his seconds. Donna Giulia was in tears, and begged me to assist her son. Two days afterwards the seconds held a meeting. For d' Adda the two gentlemen who had been in the box with him acted. They were Della Rocca, a former Spanish officer, and a Cervis of Novara. In the mean time I had been summoned by the police. The Director received me standing, and said abruptly:—

"I know all. The Marchese Luigi d' Adda was insulted the other night in the Scala by a young man in a mask . . . we know who he was, and we know the cause for the insult. There is talk of a duel; and it is said that you are to be one of the seconds . . . but I tell you this

duel will not take place. Do you understand? . . . It would be scandalous. It would force me to arrest you and your two friends, and institute a double proceeding against you; one for dueling, and one for political misdemeanor. . . . Now I ask you to give me your word that this duel will not take place, or, at least, that you will take no part therein. Answer me!"

"Of the duel of which you speak," I replied, "up to the present time I know nothing; but I cannot give you my word not to act in it. You are a gentleman, and you ought to understand that, if a friend should ask me to assist him, I cannot refuse."

We talked for some time; he with an air ever more menacing, and I with the air of a victim to friendship. The Marchese Soncino was also summoned the same morning, and questioned, and threatened. He gave the same replies, as they had been agreed upon between us.

It seemed at first to d'Adda's seconds that an altercation at a festival could be settled over some bottles of champagne; but they soon perceived that, under the apparent quarrel, there was a political difference and that the duel was inevitable. It was agreed that it should be fought with pistols, and that it should take place beyond the Ticino. But the question was how to get there, as we were watched by the police.

We agreed to leave the same evening; and, so as to avoid suspicion, to go to the Scala, and show ourselves until the appointed hour. We all left together, and went to the Piazza Fontana where two carriages were waiting for us. There was no railway as far as the Ticino at this time, and it was in the month of February. It snowed,

and I wore a dress-coat, white cravat, and pumps! I froze. I had no passport, so, when we arrived at the frontier, I mounted the box of one of the carriages, and Della Rocca passed me through as his domestic.

In a village beyond the frontier we found a Piedmontese cavalry officer, who had been requested by my colleague to bring the pistols. He conducted us to a grove, distant about a kilometre, whither we all marched in the wind and snow. Oh! my pumps! and oh! how cold I was. Scipione Signoroni accompanied us as the surgeon. The two adversaries were placed at a distance of twenty paces, and aimed at one another; whereupon the word was given: "One, two, three." At the word "three" two shots were fired. Fortunately the balls struck the neighboring trees; they had shown more sense than we. For our excuse, I repeat we considered ourselves to be at war. If the Milanese had always conducted themselves with prudence, the Austrians would still have been walking our streets. The pistols were recharged; but d'Adda's seconds came forward and said, "That, regard being had to the cause of the meeting, we could stop the duel and reconcile the adversaries." To this proposal Soncino and I agreed, as a sufficient protest had been made. Thereupon d'Adda insisted upon justifying himself; and we all shook hands and returned to Milan.

Some hours after our return, Soncino called upon me, and reported that he had again been summoned by the Director of the Police, who, to his surprise, knew nothing of what had taken place. The Director threatened him as before, and as before, Soncino kept quiet and

shrugged his shoulders. "Oh! what a comedy!" we said to one another. "How will the matter end?"

For several days nothing but the meeting was talked of, and we did not know what to do; but, as we had all agreed to deny that there had been any duel, the police could obtain no proof of it; and we concluded that we could remain at home. Later on, we learned that our arrest had been vetoed by the Lieutenant, who had observed to the police that, as they had not succeeded in preventing the duel, it was best to feign that they knew nothing of it, so much the more as a trial would raise a question that it was wise to let alone.

But the Archduke continued, as before; occasionally summoning even people whom he knew to belong to the opposite camp, among whom was Stefano Jacini, an intimate friend of Casa Maffei. The reason for this invitation was such as made a refusal difficult. The province of Sondrio had suffered, now, for nine consecutive years, the loss of its principal product. Its celebrated vineyards had become destroyed by the oïdium, against which no remedy had been found. Besides, the Austrian Government, intending to increase its revenue in Lombardy, had devised a new scheme of assessment, and had begun to apply it to the province of Sondrio, as it was the smallest. Thus it came about that, as there was a failure of the principal product, the land scarcely sufficed to pay the taxes. The little proprietors gradually became indebted, and the moderate fortunes rapidly disappeared. Many people who had been in easy circumstances sank into misery; and many peasants who could not emigrate languished in hunger and want.

In the course of these years entire families disappeared. Inheritances remained often undistributed because the heirs could not pay the imposts. And in some districts the population diminished as if it had been afflicted by a plague.

These things had greatly stirred public opinion; but the Government had paid little heed to them, contenting itself with applying its new tax! Now the Archduke became interested in the evil, and recommended a lottery in the whole kingdom of Lombardo-Venetia in order to raise funds to succor the necessitous. And he determined, also, to have the conditions of the Valtellina studied by the economist Stefano Jacini, whose book on the "Condizioni dei Contadini in Lombardia" had gained the prize of the Institute.

When Jacini accepted this commission his friends were greatly vexed. The irreconcilable patriots did not want Maximilian to find an adherent in any one, above all in regard to measures that appeared to be good. Jacini excused himself by saying that many things were not yet ended. He had just returned from a long journey, and was not aware how determined society was in opposition to the Archduke. One day he took me under the arm, and we promenaded a long time together. He told me he had traveled through England, France, and Germany, and had conversed everywhere with important people upon Italian affairs; that they had invariably expressed the opinion that Italy should dismiss every desire of a recovery by means of an insurrection or of Piedmontese assistance, as all Europe was against a war; that they considered that to the Lombardo-Venetians an

unexpected good fortune had presented itself in the desire of an intelligent Archduke to obtain their administrative autonomy under his rule; and that the Italians should second his efforts if they did not wish to rivet their chains in following a chimera. This was precisely the theory of the timid, and the tired, and the partisans of the Archduke.

I asked Jacini if he had talked with Giulini, who had just returned from Turin. "Not yet," he replied. Whereupon I requested him to do so as soon as possible. Jacini wrote an excellent book; but he did not call a second time upon the Archduke. Outside of the lottery, the Valtellina obtained no succor or relief, and was abandoned to its fate.

Later on, the National Government began to make experiments and to diffuse instructions how to fight the blight, and it passed a law granting relief through a reduction of the taxes. The promoters of this enactment were Guicciardi, Torelli, Allievi, Correnti, Bonfadini, Jacini, Scialoia, and Emilio, who had been commissioned to prepare the measures of legislation. The Valtellina received an immense benefit from it, and was able to advance along the road to an economic recovery.

Maximilian's rôle became ever more difficult, as he met with opposition not only in Milan, but also in Vienna; so much so that it was said that he had turned to the Emperor Napoleon, and had sent him a confidential ambassador to ask whether he could count on his support in his plans for Lombardo-Venetia. It was rumored that the gentleman charged with this mission was the Duca Lodovico Melzi d'Eril, and that Melzi had

accepted it in good faith. Melzi went frequently to Paris, where the Emperor received him with many honors as the descendant of the Vice-President of the Italian Republic. At the Tuileries he was announced as the Duca di Lodi, a title that was given to Conte Francesco Melzi by Napoleon I. Of this mission, however, nothing positive is known, as it had no result and has left no trace.

Of what was thought, in the circle of the Archduke and of his Lieutenant, of the state of affairs, we sometimes had an inkling given us by the Principe Porcia. It was Porcia who told us that Bürger was opposed to the police making any arrests because of the Carcano-d' Adda duel. But very shortly after this an incident occurred which put a stop to the Principe's relationship with Maximilian. One day he met the Archduke while he was walking with some friends, who did not salute him. Porcia either did not notice the meeting, or he did not want to act differently from the others; anyway, he did not salute Maximilian. The next day he received an order to leave Milan immediately, and to betake himself to his Austrian estates.

No matter how much the Archduke strove, one by one his efforts failed, and his impotence became more apparent every day. He arrived at one of the fatal moments when a governor is already condemned because of the errors and wrongful acts of his predecessors. Resistance gradually gained the advantage, and a certainty arose that the patriotic Milanese had won a dangerous and difficult battle.

One day in May I had a visit from a man called Pa-

gani, who came to talk of the Società Nazionale. It was an association planned like a secret society, and had, as one of its aims, unification with the Mazzinian societies. Its objective point was the unity of Italy, under the House of Savoy, through the leadership of Cavour. The Società was very active, and soon extended itself throughout the whole country. Later on I heard that Cavour had said to La Farina: "I have faith to believe that Italy will become a state with Rome as its capital. Let it come from me in secret, and if diplomacy learns and complains of this utterance, I shall deny it as did St. Peter." (See also Bersezio's history.)

I helped Pagani to secure some friends and acquaintances, especially those who liked secret societies, and had had ties with the old republican associations. As for myself, I had always abhorred a mysterious and anonymous subjection, and preferred to regulate my own conduct; therefore, though the Società Nazionale inspired faith because of its honest principles, I did not enter it.

At this time no one talked of Freemasonry. It had been associated with the movements of the Carbonari and of Giovane Italia, but it had nothing whatever to do with the insurrection of 1848. After this year it nearly disappeared; and was not to flourish again until at a much later period.

It is to be observed that the Archduke's effort to attract conspicuous people was not more successful at Venice than it was at Milan, while Cavour's field of activity constantly increased. In July, 1858, he was at Plombières, and had the famous interview with Napoleon in which a basis for an alliance and a future war

was laid. Then he returned home by way of Switzerland, scarcely avoiding a demonstration of triumph. A little while after, he asked Giulini and Dandolo to come to Turin, and told them of his negotiations with Napoleon, so that they could instruct their friends how they could best help him. Among the things Cavour reported that the Emperor had said was, that in order to justify the war to France, which was reluctant, he deemed it necessary that Piedmont should be attacked and invaded by Austria. "Faites-vous attaquer," he had said repeatedly.

Cavour asked Giulini whether it was possible, when Austria should make its next levy, for the Lombard proprietors to send their peasants to enlist in Piedmont. "I will enroll all who come," said he, "in the Piedmontese regiments. . . . Austria will ask for their extradition. . . . I will refuse; and then Austria will invade Piedmont!" Giulini replied that the plan would be studied by himself and his friends; that they would do their best to further it and would be able to do so; if not wholly, in part. They were not, however, the conscripts that passed the Ticino and enlisted in the Sardinian regiments; but they were the volunteers. It was their disarmament that Austria demanded, which demand, when it met a refusal, became the cause of war and of the invasion.

When Cavour told Dandolo the outcome of his negotiations at Plombières, he requested him to come to an understanding with the young men of authority in Milan, especially with those who had had relations with the Mazzinian societies. The Minister wanted to draw to himself the living forces of the nation, to destroy sec-

tarianism, and to unite all in the formula of a union of Italy with the monarchy of Savoy. Dandolo, therefore, had a long interview with my brother Emilio, and told him of Cavour's plans for unity; informing him, at the same time, of the Conte's desire to be the judge of the ways and the opportunities for attaining it. My brother, in his turn, reported the conversation with Dandolo to his friends, who, with the plans of Cavour laid before them, ceased longer to hesitate, but determined to follow the new lead. Dandolo, thereupon, presented Emilio to Cavour.

Thus Cavour not only laid the foundation for the independence, the unity, and the liberty of Italy, but he created a new national party that was both liberal and monarchical, and that gradually drew into its ranks the most eminent persons of Italy. With its aid he accomplished many things; and his more illustrious successors were able to continue and finish his work. To one who lived in these times, and who followed the march of events, the conviction must come that Cavour directed every movement, and that he was the great artificer of the new kingdom of Italy.

"The war next spring" now became the preoccupation of the initiated. We talked of nothing else, and we planned to raise a subscription to be used to help it come to pass. When we talked of the approaching conflict in Casa Dandolo, the pale cheeks of poor Emilio would flush. His health, alas! was rapidly declining. He was consumptive, and he understood his condition; yet he was determined to go to Piedmont, as soon as possible, to secure his former post. "I do not wish to die in bed," he

was wont to say. "I wish to die as a soldier on the field of battle." His desire just missed being fulfilled. In a few months more of life he would have seen the dawn of our common hopes.

I passed the month of August in Casa Lutti, at Campo, in the Giudicarie, near Riva di Trento. My friend Vincenzo Lutti di Sant' Alessandro was one of the important persons of the new national party in the Trentino, and he and his family received in their villas, now at Riva, now at Campo, now at Sant' Alessandro on Lago di Garda many noteworthy people from every part of Italy. Andrea Maffei, the husband of the Contessa, had his accustomed abode in Casa Lutti, and one often met there the noted alienist Andrea Verga and the poets Prati and Gazzoletti. The mother of Vincenzo, Donna Clara, was an old lady who loved to pose as the friend and protectress of the *letterati*. She had two daughters, one of whom, Francesca, was an authoress. To Lutti and his friends I communicated, of course, the news I had received from Giulini; so in the Trentino, also, arrangements were made to send recruits to Piedmont in the spring. Some months afterwards Alberto dei Marchesi Incisa della Rocchetta came to Campo, in behalf of the Piedmontese Ministry of War, to make, with Lutti, a survey of the country.

When I returned to Milan in the autumn I heard in Casa Maffei that the plan of sending conscripts to Piedmont had been abandoned, and that, in its stead, it was agreed by the leaders of the Società Nazionale and of the young men that the volunteers of '48 and '49, and as many others as desired, should go to Piedmont and en-

list in the regular troops or in the volunteers. The Società Nazionale was indefatigable in making known this plan, and in putting it into effect. The subscription, instituted a few months previously, took on vast proportions; huge sums were secretly subscribed; and a conspiracy, with many ramifications, was formed to facilitate the flight of the young men to the Piedmontese frontier.

In this conspiracy people of every class, in every district of Lombardy and Venetia, participated. The work was carried on for nearly three months, and was known to many simple people, who were active in it, — drivers, boatmen, and smugglers; yet the police, though on its track, did not succeed in preventing it. There was no betrayal.

CHAPTER XXVI

(1859)

The New Year. — Speeches of Napoleon and of Vittorio Emanuele. — "Norma," and the demonstration at the Scala. — Organization to assist the volunteers. — Their departure. — The death of Emilio Dandolo. — The funeral procession, and the tricolored crown. — The orations at the cemetery. — Casa Bargnani is searched, and a letter of my brother is found. — The police come to our house to arrest Emilio and me. — My brother, who was not at home, escapes. — I go to Casa Maffei. — The Contessa and Tenca help me to leave the city. — A first misfortune. — By a series of relays I arrive at Lonato Pozzuolo. — My host. — He presents me as a railway engineer. — I cross the Ticino by the permission of the police. — I arrive at Oleggio, and depart for Turin.

THE year 1859 opened joyously. Some bands of music went early in the morning to greet the authorities, as was the custom, and, returning, marched through several streets, saluting the new year. Among the pieces they played was a popular song, that had just come to us, called the "Bella Gigogin." The music was facile, and the words were silly, but there was a chorus which ran, "Go a step in advance, my heart's delight," — words which the public heard with joy, as they gave them a patriotic significance. The "Bella Gigogin" went forward triumphantly as an augury for the future. The song became so popular that the French bands played it when Napoleon entered Milan after the battle of Magenta. They called it the "Milanaise."

But the best auguries were to come from Paris and Turin. In the New Year's reception of the diplomatic corps, Napoleon turned to Baron Hübner, the Austrian ambassador, and said: "I am sorry our relations are not so good as they were formerly." These words of the taci-

turn Emperor reverberated throughout all Europe, as if they were an announcement of war. Austria replied by immediately sending another army corps and six battalions of Croats into Lombardy. A few days after, i.e., on the 10th, Vittorio Emanuele, in his speech at the opening of Parliament, said: "I am not insensible to the cry of grief that comes to me from every part of Italy"; words which were said in agreement with Napoleon.

News of this utterance came to Milan the very day it was spoken. I was at the Theater della Scala; and all at once I noticed people talking to one another in an excited way, and at the same time I perceived an air of surprise on the faces of the Austrian officers and functionaries. The nervous tension that was, so to speak, in the air and in us all was to break out a few evenings later in the same theater. The opera "Norma" was given, and the Druids had scarcely begun to sing the chorus of "Guerra, guerra" (war, war), when the whole house rose up. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and all, with one voice and one cry, shouted "Guerra! guerra!" The chorus was repeated, again and again, amid frantic enthusiasm.

The officers, who, as usual, occupied the front rows of the stalls, did not at first understand the reason for this outburst. They looked inquiringly to the boxes where General Giulay and several of his superior officers sat. These quickly understood the matter, and began likewise to applaud. Giulay gave the signal, as he struck his sword against the floor. Who would have prophesied that war would, indeed, soon break out, and that five months later he would have lost the battle of Magenta!

Imagine the uproar. On one side people cried, "Viva la guerra," and called for repetitions of the chorus; on the other they beat, in a way equally defiant, their swords upon the floor. The theater was soon surrounded by troops, and General Giulay departed in the midst of his staff and officers, as if they were banded in his defense.

In the interim we continued to make arrangements for sending as many young men as possible into Piedmont. The Lombard towns were to send their recruits to Milan, and from Milan they were to be directed to the frontier, at the Ticino, or the Po, or by way of Switzerland. Certain points along the roads were fixed upon, where carriages, and, occasionally, lodgings, could be had. The men were to receive pieces of playing-cards, or of sticks, which, when fitted to other pieces, would serve as means of recognition to those who received them. With these tokens, and with occasional gifts of money, nearly all who left Lombardy for Piedmont arrived at their destination without any mishap. The number in all was about ten thousand.

A secret trust fund provided for the expenses. The fund was confided to a number of citizens, who passed it frequently from one to the other; for it was a perilous trust to him who had it, as there was a coming and going of young men which aroused the suspicions of the police.

Not all, of course, of the ten thousand recruits received aid from the fund; many traveled at their own expense; but many again were assisted. In this work the spontaneous connivance of all, as in 1848, played a great part. The richer classes then contributed generously; now they gave much more; and all was done in secret.

One evening I was in the house of the Marchese Crivelli, and we talked, as usual, of going to Piedmont, when some one asked: "When shall we begin? Shall we go immediately?" Whereupon Giulio Venino, a student of mathematics, who afterwards became a captain of artillery, said: "If I go in a couple of days, shall I do right?" We all said yes; and a few days after I learned that he had left, and had enlisted as a simple soldier in the artillery. I desire to recall Venino's name because his noble action immediately bore fruit. Shortly after, the father of Gaetano Negri, an old friend of our family, came to tell my mother of the departure of his only son, a boy of twenty years. He, too, enlisted in the artillery, and, the year after, had become a second lieutenant, and had gained his first medal for bravery. These young men were followed by many others who belonged to the aristocracy of Milan, whose examples again were followed by the youth of every class and condition. Before the end of February the volunteers could be counted by thousands. Those who could go, and did not, hid themselves; but there were few who could resist the impulse. In the roll of the enlisted the best names of the Lombard and Venetian provinces can be found.

This great demonstration of patriotism merits to be recorded as one of the noblest in the history of our *Risorgimento*. The Austrian authorities, accustomed as they were to laugh at our demonstrations, became astonished, and feared, though they admired, a thing so new.

Every one of our group of friends had made his preparations to journey to Piedmont; but some had to wait in order to increase the secret fund, and to take charge of

the provincial recruits for fear of mischance or of a discovery by the police. The matter was discussed in Casa Dandolo around the armchair of Emilio, who was rapidly approaching his end, surrounded by the loving care of his parents, his priest, and his friends, among whom was Scipione Signoroni, his physician, who was himself afflicted by the phthisis which was to cut short his career.[33]

As I have said, Dandolo did not deceive himself in regard to his condition. He no longer hoped to put on his old bersaglieri uniform, but Cavour had promised him a place on the staff, and all his thoughts turned to war and to the hope of dying on the field of battle. In one of our last talks he told me of some information he had transmitted to Cavour on the forces and movements of the Austrian army. As late as the previous autumn two captains of the Piedmontese staff had come to Milan, where they had relatives and friends, upon the dangerous mission of obtaining information. They were Alberto Incisa della Rocchetta (whom I have already mentioned) and Govone, both of whom, afterwards, attained the rank of general. Later on, Conte Giulini assisted them to accomplish a still more dangerous enterprise. Knowing the country between Milan, the Ticino, and the Novarese, where he had properties, when the Austrian troops entered Piedmont he aided them to follow their movements, and to send information thereof to La Marmora.

Emilio Dandolo died quietly the morning of the 20th of February. The sad news was rapidly diffused, and, with it, a command that all should render the honors due to him. In the mean time the family and friends watched

by the remains, and made arrangements for the funeral. It was desired that my brother Emilio should speak at the grave; but, as he was engaged, the morning of the obsequies, as second in the duel of Gerolamo Fadini, he was obliged to cede the sad duty to Conte Gaetano Bargnani, a relative of the Dandolo family. When the body was in the coffin, Carmelita Manara placed upon his breast the tricolored cockade her husband had carried, and Ermellina Dandolo attached a garland of flowers of the same three colors. Moreover, the Contessa requested Ignazio Crivelli to procure for her some red and white camellias; with which, and some green leaves, she made a crown. She thought of placing this upon the coffin when it should leave the house, and had some nails driven into it upon which to fasten the crown; but as there arose a fear lest it might be seized by the police, she determined to have it attached when the procession should leave the church. Thus the crown would be seen by all, and the police would have difficulty in seizing it.

The funeral took place the morning of the 22d, and the bier was carried to the church of San Babila dalla Casa Crivelli, upon the Corso di Porta Orientale. During the service the crowd, for which there was no room in the church, began to increase in the *piazza*, occupying gradually the neighboring streets and the *corso*. It was a dense crowd, silent and imposing. The police became alarmed, and, as they could not disperse it, sent word that the procession should be suspended. The order was scarcely issued before there arose a noise of impatient protest which decided Costantino Garavaglia, Lodovico

Mancini, and other friends to go to the sacristy where a commissary of police was stationed, to endeavor to persuade him to let the procession go on. After a long and fruitless dispute, Conte Tullio Dandolo and the Duchessa Giovanna Visconti went to the Lieutenant to try to persuade him that, in the interest of public order, he should permit the funeral to proceed. Bürger, after many recommendations of caution, consented.

The bier, carried upon the bearers' shoulders, moved forward. At one of the doors there stood a group of the friends of the deceased, in the midst of whom was the porter of Casa Crivelli, a patriotic little man, who had the crown concealed under his cloak. As the procession was starting, Lodovico Mancini took the crown and fixed it to the coffin, making it fast to the nails. Scarcely had the bier with the tricolored crown appeared when a roaring was heard in the crowd, and a prolonged cry arose, frantic and terrible, which was repeated far and wide by the thousands of persons that had come to pay a last tribute to the dead.

It was not easy, in the midst of the crowd, to form a train. Biers were then carried upon the shoulders of friends, and twelve of us had agreed to fulfill this office, relieving one another from time to time. By our side walked the learned Barnabite, Father Piantoni; and behind, a squadron of the old officers and soldiers of the Manara Battalion followed. Some of them were cripples. This squadron caused the pressure of the multitude to increase so that we could scarcely proceed. Above all, the people wanted to see the tricolored crown which, at every step, incited a cry which was strangely in contrast

to the feeling of sorrow which was felt by all. The procession of grief seemed to be one of triumph; and, in a measure, it was so, a triumphant homage offered to the heroic spirit of Emilio Dandolo.

The throng became so dense that we were afraid lest we might be overthrown and trampled upon; for the gendarmes, the guards, and the police had disappeared. It was impossible for them to face the excited and resolute crowd which, from the church to the ancient cemetery of San Gregorio, had everything its own way. When we arrived at the end of our route, we found the cemetery occupied and surrounded by troops. Only the bier and a few of those who followed it could enter the gates. The coffin was buried, provisionally, in a common grave, and over it courageous patriotic addresses were pronounced by Conte Bargnani and Antonio Allievi. The next day Conte Tullio obtained permission to transport the remains to his villa of Adro, in the province of Brescia, and they were privately exhumed in the presence of the police. The Contessa also was present, and was able to secure the crown and hide it under her cloak. Sometime after, Conte Tullio was invited to Turin to assist at a funeral service, which, at the suggestion of Cavour, was celebrated in behalf of his son. Among the promoters of this honor, besides Cavour, were La Marmora, Azeglio, Durando, Lanza, and Sella.

It was foreseen that the Government would hasten to make some one pay for this great demonstration, against which it had been powerless. So, the day after, some police officers called at Casa Bargnani, and asked for the Conte. Bargnani, however, had been advised of their

intended visit, and had gone to my brother, who gave him a letter to a gentleman in Pavia, the *avvocato* Caravaggio (afterwards Prefect and Senator), who devoted himself to aid the patriots to pass the frontier. Bargnani, before leaving, returned home, and he had scarcely gone out a second time before the police arrived. After having vainly looked for him, they searched the house, and even rummaged in the pockets of his clothes. They found in a pocket of the suit he had changed, the letter my brother had written, which Bargnani had forgotten.

Contessa Bargnani, who was present during the search, after the police had left, ran to our house to tell Emilio that his letter had been found. Emilio, in his turn, advised Allievi of Bargnani's flight, believing that the police wanted to arrest him because of his Dandolo address. In my turn, I exhorted my brother to leave, telling him that, after the seizure of his letter, the air of Milan would do him no good; but he was averse to taking precaution for himself, and preferred to wait. The evening of the following day, after the representation at the Scala, as we were with a number of friends in Café Cova, Emilio narrated the story of the letter, and said that he had met the Director of the Police in a corridor of the theater, who looked at him in a way that seemed to say: "And you are still in Milan?"

Thereupon we all exhorted him to decamp, or, at least, not to return home that evening; and our friends offered him the hospitality of their houses. After some hesitation, he decided to go home with one of them, and he wanted me to do likewise; but an engagement prevented me. I remembered that, early the next morning,

some young Brescians, sent by Zanardelli, were to call on me to secure the tokens necessary to enable them to pass the frontier. And, besides, I wanted to transfer the trust fund, which was then in my possession, to my friend Carlo Cagnola; so I returned home, but did not go immediately to bed. I had a presentiment that the police might come at any moment, and gave a look at Emilio's writing-desk, and burned some of his papers. Then a thought came into my head that proved to be useful: it was to lock Emilio's door and to hide the key.

A little before daylight I was aroused by the noise of steps in the next room; then the door was thrown open, and my servant entered. He held a flickering light in his hand, and was followed by some people, who immediately surrounded my bed. They were two commissaries and four police guards. One of the commissaries said that I must rise, as they were about to make a search. While they rummaged among my papers and books and clothes, I dressed, and opening the windows, looked down into the street. Before the door of the house two guards were posted with a carriage. The carriage proclaimed that an arrest was to be made.

One of the commissaries asked me whether we were not two brothers, and I replied that we were three; which answer appeared to confuse him, for he began to confab with his companion. Then he asked me to lead him to the room of my elder brother. When they found themselves before a door that was locked, and had no key, they were furious. They asked me a million questions to which I replied as best I could. At the end I requested my servant to call a locksmith. The servant

departed, waited awhile, and then returned, saying that the shops were not yet open, and that he could find no locksmith. The commissaries became even more furious, and ordered the guards to break in the door.

"As ever!" they exclaimed when they saw the bed still made; "but your brother was at the theater last evening!" "And we came out together," I replied, "but he went to the café, and I came home."

Not having found Emilio, and learning that we were three, and not two, brothers made the commissaries hesitate and whisper together. Then one of them left, saying he would return shortly, and the other began to make a search of the room. In the interim, I was gossiping with the guards, devising a plan of escape; when, all at once, I heard the bell of the door on the landing-place. A suspicion that it might be the Brescians came to me, as, accompanied by a guard, I opened the door. True enough, it was they; and I can still recall their amazement when they saw the guard. They must have believed that they had fallen into a trap. I winked at them, and said, *sotto voce*, "Later on"; and they quickly ran downstairs. Later on, my brother Enrico received them in my stead. He knew where I had concealed the tokens and the fund, and took care of everything.

There were two courts to the house in which we lived, adjoining two streets, and a back stairs to our apartment, so, while I promenaded up and down, gossiping with my guards, a plan for decamping came into my head which I resolved to put into effect before the second commissary should return. Profiting by a momentary distraction of my guards, I passed stealthily through a

blind-door into an adjacent room; then I took the little stairway, descended into the court by which the police had not come, and, opening the wicket in the door with a key I had taken the precaution to secure, I escaped.

Although the day had begun to dawn, the streets were deserted, and I could accelerate my flight; but where was I to go? This was my first thought after having slackened my pace to gain my breath. Where was I to go? I went first to the house of my friend Costantino Garavaglia; but when I arrived at his door I found the porter greatly distracted. He recognized me, and whispered: "Signor Garavaglia has been arrested; they took him away a half-hour ago." Then I went to Casa Carcano, where I found a similar state of affairs. "The police came to take Don Costanzo this very night," said the trembling porter. "He tried hard to evade them, but they recaptured him."

But where was I to go? I had scarcely moved when I saw a domestic of Casa Dandolo, who was making a tour of the city by order of the Contessa, to advise the Carcano brothers, myself, and other friends that the police had made a search of Casa Dandolo, and had arrested the Negro Latif. Emilio Dandolo had brought Latif back with him from his voyage in Egypt. The police had arrested the Negro in order to learn how the conspiracy of the funeral had originated, and who the conspirators were. But the poor black boy remained in prison some time without scarcely opening his mouth. He had learned something of the Milanese dialect, and to every question he replied: *Mi soo nient* (I know nothing). He

died within a short time of consumption, like his master, to whom he had been devotedly attached. I told the domestic to salute the Contessa for me, and to say that I hoped to make good my escape.

The idea now arose in my mind of going, by the side streets, to Casa Maffei, feeling sure that I would obtain there the needed assistance. The Contessa, whom I had awakened by her maid, received me at once, knowing that something important must have happened to bring me to her house at so early an hour. In a few words I told her my story, and she sent for Tenca. While the Contessa was dressing, I recalled that I had departed from home without a sou in my pockets, an unfortunate circumstance for him who is preparing for flight. As the Contessa had but little money by her, I ran to the house of Donna Laura Scaccabarozzi d'Adda, who lived a few steps off, who, I knew, could easily assist me. She gave me all I could possibly need, and, moreover, said she would tell my mother and Emilio all that had taken place as soon as she knew I had departed. When I returned to Casa Maffei, I found that Tenca had come. He went at once to call upon a common friend, the engineer Achille Villa, who had horses and carriages.

In less than half an hour, Villa was at the door with a carriage and a good horse. We left at a brisk trot, and were soon out of the city, by the Porta Nuova, without being noticed, in the midst of the many carts and wagons which, at this early hour, thronged the gates. As we sped along, Villa said he would take me to a farm, two miles from the city, where a certain person lived whose name I cannot now recall. He gave me his card to pre-

sent to this person, and said that some one would be charged with sending me beyond the Ticino.

We arrived at the farm; bade one another good-bye; and, in a twinkling, the engineer and his carriage had disappeared. Behold me, then, alone in the courtyard of a big farm, before a dog that barked, and a flock of geese that ran away. A little while after, a man on horseback appeared.

"Are you the landlord?" I asked.

"The landlord? My master is not here. He went to Milan yesterday, and will not return for several days." Then he turned his shoulder and entered a stable.

"This commences badly," I thought. "What am I to do? Shall I tip the horseman, and send him to Milan with a letter to Villa to tell him my mischance?" — "Hello! my good man!" I exclaimed, as the horseman disappeared. "I want to ask a favor of you."

The horseman scrutinized me; then said in a low voice, "Are you one of those young men who are going away — who are going beyond?" And he made a gesture in the direction of the Ticino.

"Precisely," I replied.

"Then wait a moment. I will hitch up a horse, and we will go at once. Hey! but I have guided many young men, in these days, who were going to enlist."

A little while after, we were speeding towards Piedmont, avoiding the principal roads, as they were patrolled. My conductor said he would drive me to a little place, of which I cannot recall the name, where I would find another carriage that would take me a stage farther along my way. I journeyed till near evening, changing

my conveyance three times. The carriages were furnished by people I did not know, and always without any explanation, and my drivers invariably took the little crooked routes, far out of the way.

As night fell my last driver said to me: "Do you see that place? That is Lonato Pozzuolo. I am going to take you there, and all will be ended." Then suddenly he pointed to the shining points of some helmets (the gendarmes then wore helmets like the Prussian soldiers). "The gendarmes!" he said. "Get down quickly; go through that hedge, cross that field, and you will see an old house; enter it." No sooner had he spoken than we both jumped down from the carriage, and, pushing through the hedge, one ran in one direction, and one in another.

In a few minutes I came to the old house, and entered its great door.

"Who is there? What do you want?" asked an ancient maidservant.

"Is the master of the house at home?" I answered.

"Enter by the kitchen door, and you will find him."

Seated under the mantelpiece of a great chimney, smoking a pipe and stirring up the fire, sat a little man of about fifty years of age who looked me over, and then came forward and said, "With whom have I the pleasure of speaking?"

"With one," I replied, "who asks for your hospitality."

My host looked me over again, and gave an interrogative glance at my hat. I ought to say that, in flying

from the house, I had hurriedly caught up a high hat. It had attracted the curiosity of my drivers, and of many others I had met on the little country roads.

"I am a young man who would like to go beyond," and I made a gesture towards the west. "But there is more; the police came to arrest me this morning, and I fled from Milan. Then again a little while ago I saw some gendarmes who may have seen me."

"You have done well to tell me so; I will shut the great door, and you need bother yourself no more about them."

"Here I am," he continued, as he returned from shutting the door; "then you have news from Milan?"

"First I will tell you who I am," and I began to look for a card.

"No matter, no matter," he said. "They want to arrest you. That's sufficient. We are all patriots, and viva l' Italia."

I did not know who he was, nor he me; but it was enough that we spoke the same language to feel that we were friends and brothers.

"There is much news from Milan," he continued. "They talk of a funeral that turned into a great demonstration. Tell me about it."

"Certainly, and it is probably because of this demonstration that I am wanted by the police. I can tell you much news."

"Good! I will call two of my friends who are as greedy for information as I am; one is a priest, and the other an engineer, and you will tell us the news and we will make a night of it. But how is your appetite?"

"Excellent; I dined twenty-four hours ago, and I have swallowed some bits of bread by the way."

"It is too bad that you arrived after I had finished supper; but we will see what we can find."

A little while after, my host placed half a pigeon, some sausages, and a piece of cheese upon the table, and then went away to call his friends. In the mean time the ancient maid brought four glasses and six bottles, which were to serve for our evening's festivities.

We talked until a late hour, when finally my host took pity upon my fatigue, and showed me to my bedroom. When he came the next morning, the sun was high and I was yet sleeping. He told me that he had made a little tour of inspection, and had ascertained that the passage of the Ticino had become almost impossible; that the banks of the river were patrolled by the hussars, and that the boatmen did not dare to move. "Nevertheless," he assured me, "you will cross. I have helped more than one young man to do so."

When we arrived at the river, I saw, a little way off, a custom's officer and a commissary of police. My host knew the commissary, and had already visited him, and told him that the chief engineer of a projected railway had arrived to examine the neighborhood. I was the engineer. We went boldly to the custom-house, and the commissary, who had seen us approach, met us.

"Is it true that you are planning the continuation of the horse-railway from Tornavento?" he queried.

"I am studying it," I answered, with the air of a man who does not want to particularize.

The commissary was obsequious and talkative, and I maintained an air of reserve.

"I said to Signor Ernesto, this morning, that this would be a fortunate meeting for me if you could employ my son in your company. I would not have dared to recommend him, but Signor Tirinanzi gave me courage."

I learned now that my host was called Signor Ernesto Tirinanzi. So I told my obsequious interlocutor to send by Signor Tirinanzi a regular and documented petition, and at the same time I took out my *portafogli* and made some notes therein. As the commissary bowed and thanked me, Signor Ernesto asked whether I desired to go to the opposite bank of the river to look about."

"It is impossible," interjected the commissary; "however —"

"Oh!" I said, "I am in no hurry; some other time."

"No, Signor Engineer," the commissary replied, "if you wish to go to the other side it is best to do so now, while there are no soldiers"; and he called some of the customs' guards.

A little while after, with the guards and Signor Tirinanzi, I entered a customs' boat, while the commissary excused himself for being unable to accompany us. In a few moments we touched the Piedmontese shore.

As we complimented one another for having acted so well our parts in the little comedy, I said to Signor Tirinanzi: "I am safe; but you will have to return. How will you arrange matters with the commissary?"

"The commissary will understand that I have hoaxed him, but he will do well to keep quiet. Now you must go to Oleggio, then to Novara, where you can take the

railway to Turin. I will, however, accompany you part of the way for fear that you may go astray in the woods."

At Oleggio I said good-bye to Signor Tirinanzi, and tried to tell him how thankful I was for all he had done for me. We corresponded for several years, and, occasionally we saw one another. I shall always remember the cordiality of his reception and the patriotic assistance he rendered me, as if, indeed, I had been his son.

CHAPTER XXVII

(1859)

I find my brother in Turin. — The story of his escape. — Letter from G. B. Guy. — The volunteers. — The commission of enlistment. — Giuseppe Massari. — Casa Arese and Casa Correnti. — Sirtori. — The trial because of the Dandolo funeral. — The examination of Contessa Ermellina. — An interview with Cavour. — Formation of the Cacciatori delle Alpi. — The streets of Turin. — Dubious rumors from Paris. — Public anxiety. — The Austrian envoys demand disarmament. — Refusal of Piedmont. — Cavour asks for full powers. — A declaration of war, and the proclamation of the king. — Napoleon breaks off relations with Austria. — Mezzacapo asks several young men to go with him to the Romagna. — Cavour nominates a committee of Lombards to arrange for the decrees with which to begin the new government in Lombardy. — I am asked to take part therein. — The arrival of the first French troops. — Their enthusiastic reception. — The farewell of Carlo De Cristoforis.

FROM Novara to Turin, I found myself in a railway carriage with some young men who, like myself, had just passed the frontier. All related their experiences and sang the refrain of the "Bella Gigogin." Among these youths was Caroli of Bergamo, who was the most joyous of them all. Poor young man! who would have predicted his tragic end? After the campaign, he had a dispute with Garibaldi, and was regarded with disfavor by the Garibaldians; so he went to Poland, where he took part in an insurrection, and was taken prisoner, and condemned to be shot. Our ambassador, Pepoli, saved his life, but he was deported to Siberia where he soon after died.

I arrived at Turin early in the evening, and put up at the Hotel Europa, where, by good fortune, I found my brother. We related our adventures with no fears for the future, so convinced were we that our country would soon

be free. What had been my brother's fortunes after our conversation at Café Cova? Emilio had been assisted by his friend G. B. Guy, to whom I have turned for the particulars of his escape. This is his reply to my letter:—

My dear Friend:—

At your request I send you all I can gather from my notes and my memory. In 1859, I lived in the Via Rovello, in Casa Cagnola. The 26th of February, I was asked by my landlord, Battista Cagnola, who knew that I had a villa and a farm near Belgiojoso, whether I was willing to conduct a "big fish" to safety. I took counsel with my father and uncle, who had often hunted in the forests of the Po, and replied that I would undertake the task, and gave my word that I would do all I could to succeed in it. I was now told the name of the "big fish," and I learned with pleasure that it was that of my friend Emilio, with whom I had been to school in the Boselli Institute. I stipulated that I should be supplied with a carriage and horses so as not to attract attention by the equipage of my tenant, which was known far and wide.

We left on the 27th, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and arrived in the night at Filighera, and descended at my house called "the Palazzo," to the great surprise of the custodian's family, and told them the story we had concocted for the benefit of the country people. We then broke our fast as best we could. Afterwards I went to Belgiojoso, to the brothers Strambio, my fellow-soldiers of 1849, and asked them the safest way to smuggle Emilio through the lines. They told me that it would be difficult, since the Croats had begun to fire upon the boats that tried to pass the river. The only plan they could think of was to attempt the crossing with Emilio, in hiding, under a pile of wood. This proposal did not suit me, as Emilio was not small, and was short-sighted into the bargain. After various suggestions it was concluded that it was best to try the direct way.

In spite of the severity of the cordon, there was a continual exchange of fuel, of wine, and of Parmigiano cheese between the two river-banks. The following morning, Emilio and I got into an old hunting-chaise and went to the Po by Belgiojoso and Sostegno. When we arrived at the dike a Croatian corporal asked us where we were going.

"We are going," I answered, "to sell cheese at Stradella, and expect to return this evening."

The corporal turned his shoulders. It was touch and go. The flatboat for crossing was at the opposite shore; and we left the chaise, and awaited its coming. All at once we heard a humming of cannon. What could it be? Emilio exclaimed: "The cannon are thundering at Milan, and I am flying. I must return."

"It is impossible to hear cannon so far off," I replied; but as he insisted I continued, "I have given my word that I would take you to Stradella. From there you can return if you please."

Emilio was troubled but, by chance, a woodman came along, and told us that the reports came from Piacenza, where the artillery were practicing at firing. When the flatboat came we embarked, and were soon at the opposite shore, and a half-hour later here at Stradella. I returned by the same route, and saw the same corporal, who never asked me a word about the other merchant. Late in the evening of the same day, I presented myself to your mother and said only, "Emilio left for Turin at three o'clock." She took me in her arms, and embraced me.

Fraternally yours,

G. B. Guy.

Turin was very animated; under its porticoes all the dialects of Italy were heard; and a continual sound of revelry arose, as the young men met and related the vicissitudes of their flights. I met nearly all my friends;

some of them the best-known people of the Milanese society. Indeed, the streets were full of the representatives of the most illustrious families of Lombardy and Venetia who had come to ask for posts of honor in the ranks of the the Piedmontese army. Those who had served in '48 and '49 obtained their grades, and the new men were enrolled, as simple soldiers, in the cavalry, or in some other arm of the service. Many enlisted in the volunteers that were being organized; of which the first were called the "Cacciatori delle Alpi." They were commanded by Garibaldi. General Cialdini had charge of their formation, and Colonel Cosenz had command of their first post which was located at Cuneo. The stream of volunteers soon became a torrent. In a short space of time nearly three thousand of them arrived.

The Government appointed a recruiting committee and charged it with sifting out the young men, and sending them, according to the exigencies of their respective cases, to the regular army, or to the volunteers. This committee was composed of some officers and some civilians, of whom I was one.[34] For the youths who had received their doctor's degree, or an equivalent diploma, a school for the education of officers was established at Ivrea. I immediately made a demand to be admitted and, being declared able, I began to study the military regulations. Emilio, when I informed him of my decision, embraced me with tears in his eyes.

I soon began to know masses of people from all parts of Italy; and Emilio, moreover, presented me to Giuseppe Massari, who knew everybody and everything. Massari saw Cavour frequently, and was occasionally

employed by him. He had friends, also, among the ministers, so his information was most reliable. I passed the evenings usually in the cafés, where I met my friends; and sometimes I visited the houses Arese and Correnti. Francesco Arese had emigrated in 1848. At his house the staff, if I may so speak, of the immigrants, and the principal statesmen of Piedmont met. The conversation was always very patriotic, but it was also very circumspect. Arese, to whom the cause of independence owes so much, understood the difficulties in which Napoleon (who was suspected in Europe, and isolated in France) had to proceed.

More in accord with popular feeling was the conversation in Casa Correnti. There the young and the old, the Albertisti and the converted Mazziniani, came together. There came, also, some of the Parisian exiles, who now flocked to Turin, convinced that Cavour was to lead European politics. I knew many of the brave men of '48 and '49 who had come from abroad, and also from every part of Italy.

At last I had the pleasure of meeting Sirtori. The former ardent republican now proclaimed that Italy should henceforth have faith in Vittorio Emanuele and in Napoleon. Differing from some other military chiefs of the *quarantotto*, he did not desire to join the volunteers, since, at this time (I do not know why), he was not on friendly terms with Garibaldi. Later on, however, he became reconciled with him, and embarked with the Mille.* Sirtori's manners and his voice greatly affected me. Tall, lean, with the long hair of a Nazarene, when

* "The Thousand" who went with Garibaldi to Sicily.

he spoke in his modest, gentle way, he seemed inspired. Men talked of his acts of bravery during the siege of Venice, of his high character, and of the purity of his life. Though he had abandoned the priesthood, he always kept his sacerdotal vows.

I must note that, upon the warm atmosphere of our enthusiasm, many a cold breeze of doubt blew. They came from the hostility of the Powers, or the aversion of France to embark upon a war for Italy. Cavour knew, better than any other person, in what a perilous sea he was navigating; but he kept on his course as if he were sure of his end. When the people gathered to see him leave the Parliament house, and saluted him, he responded always cheerfully, as he rubbed his hands together. The people studied his face, and sought to look into his eyes, scintillating behind his glasses. What doubt and anxiety were masked behind that fine, large, and serene countenance!

But what had happened to my friends who had been arrested in Milan? There were four of them: Costantino Garavaglia, Costanzo Carcano, Dr. Signoroni, and the Negro Latif. They remained in prison three months, accused of complicity in the Dandolo demonstration. Their examiner was a German, named Flük. For a time they were in grave peril, as the commanding general desired that they should be taken to the castle to be judged by martial law; but the President of the tribunal, Lanfranchi, opposed this move, and appealed to Vienna, which sustained him. The trial was terminated a few days before the battle of Magenta, and the accused were dismissed for lack of evidence. Among the people who

were examined was the Contessa Ermellina. I have requested from her the particulars of her examination, and she has furnished me with the following statement: —

After midnight of the 24th of February, an unknown person came to my house, and said: "Warn Conte Ignazio Lana, the Visconti, the Carcano, the Caccianino, Garavaglia, Ulrich, Signoroni, the Marchesa Carolina Crivelli, and your other friends, that they will be arrested this very night!" Though it was late, I tried my best to send notice of this warning, but I did not wholly succeed. Towards morning, the Commissary Galimberti came with some guards, and asked for my husband, and searched the house, and took the Negro Latif. During the search, I was able to destroy a package of papers that Emilio had confided to me. The same morning, accompanied by Carlo d' Adda, I went to the Criminal Tribunal to inquire about Latif, and was received by the Counselor Flük. He took me to see him, and I gave him courage, and asked the counselor to see that he lacked for nothing.

The next day I was summoned and subjected to a long examination by Flük. I denied all that I could deny.

"And now where is the crown?" he inquired.

"I took it from the grave, and hid it under my cloak. I keep it as a sacred memorial."

"Signora, you will consign the crown to me?"

"I do not wish to do so," I replied.

"Very well, I will return it after the trial; but write a note and send for it, as you must remain here until it comes."

A short time afterwards the crown was on his desk, and a debate arose between us concerning its colors.

"White, red, and green," said the counselor.

"Excuse me, yellow," I replied. In fact the white camellias had become yellow after having been buried.

"I know no yellow camellias," insisted the counselor.

"They are there," I replied.

"Very well; write yellow camellias," said he, turning impatiently to his secretary.

The day after there was another summons for my husband and me.

"And your husband?"

"He is at Turin, having gone there to assist at a funeral service for my poor Emilio, promoted by Cavour."

"We know it; but do you know, Signora Contessa, that I can have you put in prison?"

"I know you can do what you desire," I replied, "but I am not afraid of fires of straw."

"That's enough. Be prudent, Signora," concluded he laughingly.

Then he bade me not to leave Milan; yet a few days after he gave me permission to go to Switzerland to see my mother, and sent the Negro home. Latif also had been subjected to examination, but they drew nothing from him. Many other persons likewise were summoned, and examined, but uselessly. The crown remained hanging in a closet off the counselor's room, who soon left Milan. After the battle of Magenta, it was sent to my house with an anonymous note which read: "I have permitted myself to take two of the leaves as souvenirs." It is now in the Museo del Risorgimento, together with the uniforms of my dear Emilio and Enrico.

ERMELLINA DANDOLO.

I take up again the thread of my narrative. One day in March, I asked Cavour for an audience, which he granted for the next morning at five o'clock. Whether he remained awake or went to bed, he passed all his nights at the ministry. When I arrived, an usher showed me into a half-darkened room where, in a corner, I saw a

man wrapped in a cloak, with an old hat drawn over his eyes. A little while after a valet entered, and spoke to the man, and showed him into the cabinet of the Minister. He remained there about half an hour, and when he came out, the valet whispered: "It is Garibaldi." Ordinarily Cavour received Garibaldi in his own house.

Several days after this, namely, on the 17th of March, a decree was issued instituting the corps of volunteers called the Cacciatori delle Alpi. Ten days after, a second post of volunteers, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Giacomo Medici, was formed at Savigliano, and a third, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel N. Arduino, followed. On the 27th of April, Garibaldi was nominated Major-General, and took command of the corps.

The animation of the life of Turin increased from day to day; but it was surprising for us, who remembered the *quarantotto*, to see the discipline that was maintained. Though they knew that they would have to sustain the chief shock, the Piedmontese were firm and calm, and received everybody with fraternal hospitality. A few, however, who were let into the secrets of the crisis, were often disturbed. They knew that, at times, Cavour pushed ahead, while Napoleon held back. In his heart the Emperor desired the war, but he was discouraged and impeded. The publication of the diplomatic papers, that have since come to light, show how much opposition he met with on the part of the ministers, the officers, and the people, of France; and how the hostile isolation in which he was left in Europe restrained him.

Massari told me that Napoleon had desired to know,

by means of the gendarmes, what the public opinion of France was in regard to a war with Austria, and that he had not received a single favorable report; that the people were sympathetic for Italy; but that all were against war. Massari had this from Cavour, who was passing days of feverish anxiety; but nothing of this was seen on his face, or in his language, except by his intimate friends. To them, occasionally, he manifested his impatience, and gave vent to his fears. "I will march with France and diplomacy as long as I am able," he exclaimed one day, "and then I will put fire to every corner of Italy, to Hungary, everywhere; and there will be war."

In the interim he did not cease to animate all with his audacity; and no one became disheartened even when things did not look all *couleur de rose*. I recall, one day, that Massari took me to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs to see Cavour, and we found his private secretary Artom in an anteroom. He invited us to see the cabinet, and we entered, and made some remark upon its smallness. "Yet it is from here," Cavour said, as he rose smiling and rubbing his hands, "it is from here that Europe is moved."

It is not my task to treat of politics, and to narrate that which happened behind the scenes. The many documents which are coming to light amply record the events of these days, and portray the chief actors in them. I was only a modest citizen who saw some things from the body of the house, which I here describe.

The report that a congress had been proposed by England was true; and it was true that Napoleon had accepted it, and that his telegram to Cavour read: "Ac-

cept." Later on, it was known that Napoleon knew that war had been decided upon in the Council of the Empire of Austria, and that it was then that he had decided to accept England's proposal, and had advised Cavour to do the same; so that the responsibility for the war would be thrown upon Austria.

We talked with dismay of a congress; but no one believed it would take place; when, suddenly, a rumor ran that the Imperial Ministry had sent an ultimatum to the Royal Government demanding disarmament. How much did not Austria contribute to giving us back the independence she had taken from us! To confirm the rumor, Cavour convoked Parliament (the 23d of April), to explain events and to ask for full powers before the Austrian envoys should arrive. They were Baron Kellesperg, Vice-President of the Austrian Lieutenancy, and Conte Ceschi di Santa Croce. During the session, a dispatch came announcing the departure of the envoys from Milan.

I had the good fortune to assist at this memorable session. Cavour, radiant and calm, told of his negotiations with the great Powers for a congress, and for an eventual disarmament; then he spoke of the attitude of Austria, and asked for full powers. The deputies assembled immediately in their chamber and elected a committee and a reporter of the law, who was the *avvocato* Chiaves. They returned to the hall two hours after with the committee, and recommended the unanimous adoption of the proposal; whereupon all the deputies rose to their feet in the attitude of a people strong and resolute; the public applauded; handker-

chiefs were waved; there was a crying and a shedding of tears; it was a delirium.

When Cavour was informed that the envoys had arrived, he went to meet them. To one of them he said: "I come from the last meeting of the Parliament of Piedmont; the next one will be of Italy." They gave him a letter from the Minister Buol. It was the ultimatum of Austria, a demand for disarmament, which Cavour, ten months previously, with the instinct of genius, had foretold to Giulini. Three days after, Cavour replied to the envoys, and refused their demand. On the 29th, Vittorio Emanuele addressed a noble and vigorous proclamation to his army and people, in which he announced the war. Immediately thereafter, Napoleon broke off relations with Austria.

In the midst of so many alternate hopes and fears the behavior of the people of Turin was admirable; all showed themselves to be filled with a sentiment of duty. Thus it is that a people becomes master of its fate and attains to its high destiny. A movement of an Austrian army corps towards Biella led us to believe that the enemy wanted to attack Turin before the arrival of the French. The city was defended only by the National Guard, as the army was concentrated between Alessandria and Casale. The citizens immediately prepared to defend the town, and would have done so valiantly if the Austrians had not retired.

Correnti, in whose house I had made the acquaintance of Luigi Mezzacapo, gave me one evening a hint that Cavour had a plan of inciting the Emilia to rebel as soon as the Austrians had passed the Ticino. He told me that

Mezzacapo was to go to Bologna, to take command of the volunteer corps which was to be formed there, and that he intended taking some young men with him, and asked me if I would like to be one of them. I accepted with alacrity, and the next day I met Mezzacapo, and came to an understanding with him.

Nearly all the youths who joined Mezzacapo followed the profession of arms, and such would have been my career, at least, for some time, if Mars had been favorable; but he did not want my services, so I remained in civil life, as we shall see. Cavour had nominated a Lombard commission to take measures for the administrative decrees that the Government would have to publish. They would necessarily have to be provisional, as they would leave the present regulations effective, and would merely bring them into harmony with the liberal laws of Piedmont. The members of this commission were Conte Cesare Giulini (its president), Correnti, my brother Emilio, Allievi, Conte Oldofredi, Luigi Torelli, Enrico Guicciardi, some others, and myself. As I was the youngest, I became its secretary. The commission met every day for a week, and then presented its report to Cavour, who drew from it the decrees which were published when Vigliani was appointed Governor of Lombardy.

I learned many things during the sessions of the commission; but I was impatient to get away, to see the soldiers going into camp, or to watch for the coming of the French at the Susa Gate. In the crowd that waited daily, I saw a young cavalry officer who stood aside and seemed especially preoccupied. When the first French

regiment came, he looked fixedly at it, and his eyes filled with tears. The same evening, I heard that this officer was the Duc de Chartres. He had seen the soldiers of France, for the first time since the 24th of February, 1848, when, as a child, he went with his mother to the House of Deputies, and thence into exile. After this regiment, many others followed; and all were received with the greatest enthusiasm. A soldier of the infantry was one day heard to say: "Veux-tu des cigares, un absinthe, un grog? Crie 'Vive l' Italie,' et tu auras tout ce que tu voudras."

Among the number of my friends that came from exile was Carlo De Cristoforis. It was six years since we had parted from one another, and how many things he had suffered! He was in the uniform of a captain of the Cacciatori delle Alpi, and told me he had come to Turin to expedite a matter that had been entrusted to him by Colonel Medici. He had met a number of friends, and he wanted us all to dine with him. Carletto manifested, during the dinner, all his accustomed gayety, and told us many anecdotes of his life in exile. He had been a pupil in the school of the staff in Paris, a professor of the art of fortification in a military college in London, and a captain and an instructor of the Anglo-Italian Legion formed at Malta during the Crimean War. He had been constantly occupied with military studies, and had written a book, "Che cosa sia la guerra."* It is still highly prized by students of the science of war. He told us, moreover, of his regiment, and of his company which was marching towards the frontier. The thought that,

* "What is War?"

in a few days, there would be a combat with the Austrians, transported him with joy.

When the company dissolved, Carlo asked me to accompany him to the station. In waiting for his train, we promenaded up and down, and he continued to entertain me with a thousand comic incidents; then, when his train was announced, he became very serious, and embraced me, and said: "It is the last time I say good-bye to you, dear Gino; we shall see one another no more. My life has been a sequence of adventures, and, hitherto, I have come out safe. My aspiration has been to fight for Italy, and then to serve in the regular army. Now that my desire is approaching, I shall die. Yes, dear Gino, I have the presentiment of it—this time I shall not save my skin." He smiled, then exclaimed: "Adieu! adieu! remember me!"

The train started, and I was left frantic with grief. A few days after, on the 22d of May, he died at the head of his company in the assault upon San Fermo!

CHAPTER XXVIII

(1859)

My brother is nominated Royal Commissioner. — The instructions given him by Cavour. — He telegraphs me to join him. — I leave Turin. — I cross Lago Maggiore by night. — Arrival at Varese. — I see Garibaldi as he comes from Como. — Orders for raising the country. — Counter-orders. — They arrive too late. — A committee from the province of Sondrio asks for help. — I am made by the Royal Commissioner a *chargé d'affaires* for the Valtellina. — Patriotic festivities. — The condition of the Valtellina.

THE evening of the 22d of May I was seated with some friends in the Café Fiorio, when a messenger entered and spoke to the proprietor, who thereupon came to our table and, showing a letter, asked if any one of us was the person to whom it was addressed. The letter was for my brother. The messenger had been ordered to search the town until he should find him, and the matter seemed so important that I went with him to a café which Emilio frequented, and there, indeed, we found him. A half-hour later we all three mounted the steps of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The letter had said simply that Luigi Farini, in the name of Cavour, begged Emilio to come to the Ministry. Such an invitation was no small thing; hence I was both curious and anxious, and I accompanied my brother, and waited for him in the anteroom. When he came forth, he was accompanied by both Farini and Cavour, who saluted him with much politeness.

"Well?" I asked when we were on the stairs.

"Well, I am going," he replied. "Come with me to the hotel, as I have scarcely time to pack my valise."

"And where are you going?"

"I am going to join Garibaldi, who will pass the Ticino to-morrow morning. I must be with him to assume the office of Royal Commissioner."

In regard to his interview and his instructions he told me very little. From the hotel we went to the station, where we found a clerk, who gave Emilio a number of letters, one of which was addressed to Cialdini, who was to pass him beyond our advance posts at Vercelli. As the whistle of the locomotive sounded, Emilio said: "Wait a few days, and see what will happen; perhaps it may be well for you to join me."

Some months after, I learned from Farini why it was that Emilio had been summoned, and what took place in Cavour's salon. Garibaldi was to assault the Austrian flank in Lombardy, and exhort the country to rise. Cavour desired, as he said to Emilio, that the French should find a country in insurrection, and not seem to be the liberators of a submissive people. Yet, though he wanted the revolution to break out, he desired to guide it. It was necessary, therefore, to place by Garibaldi's side a politician to direct the movement and to keep it within proper limits. For several days the Minister had tried to find the right person for this office, but no one, to whom it was offered, would accept it. To have Garibaldi pass the frontier without a Royal Commissioner made Cavour furious, and he loudly declaimed against those who had refused the post.

Then Farini said: "Why not look for some one among the well-known immigrants?"

"With more and more reason they will say 'no,'" answered Cavour.

"Who knows? Suppose you should ask Emilio Visconti? He is popular in Lombardy, and for many reasons is available."

"True, but how can I offer him this post? If he should be taken prisoner the Austrians would treat him as a rebel, and have him shot."

When Emilio arrived, Cavour placed the situation of affairs before him, and said he did not dare to insist upon his accepting the office. Whereupon my brother replied: —

"The office is a delicate one, and is full of difficulties; nevertheless, if you believe I can fill it, I will try. Whether the danger is greater or less is a consideration that we young Lombards have put aside. For some time past, in Lombardy, the gallows has only been one malady the more; therefore I do not think of it. When shall I start?"

"Immediately. Garibaldi is marching at this very hour toward the frontier, and I think it absolutely necessary that the first proclamations and the initial acts should be made in the name if the King by his commissioner."

"Then there is no time to lose. I will run to my hotel, and pack up."

"And I will have a special train prepared for you, and write to Cialdini to send you beyond our advance posts, so that you may join Garibaldi as soon as possible."

Then Cavour gave Emilio his verbal instructions: to bring about a revolt in the Lombard districts; to come to an understanding with the most active people; to avail himself of the old Mazzinian elements; to reorgan-

ize the revolution under the formula: "Italia e Vittorio Emanuele"; and to give the most explicit assurances regarding the broad national policy of the Government. He instructed him, in conclusion, to reinforce the municipalities by calling upon the authoritative and patriotic citizens to take part therein, and laid stress upon the fact that the most delicate and important part of his mission was to keep his actions in harmony with Garibaldi's.

When Farini told me of this interview he added that Cavour conceived immediately a feeling of high regard for Emilio, who had made an excellent impression upon him. Cavour, as all men of action, liked the people who understood him at once, and who raised no difficulties. He had a strong aversion for the doubtful and the boastful, the tellers of long stories, and the users of "but."

I passed the next day in great anxiety, as, to many of my friends, Emilio's office seemed a perilous one. However, I kept quiet, and only talked with Giulini and Arese, who were in the confidence of the Minister. They thought I ought to join my brother; and all doubt was removed when I received a dispatch from him, asking me to go to Vercelli, and come after him. I immediately asked for letters and a permit to pass beyond our outposts, and I also notified Mezzacapo of my inability to join him, and left.

The Intendant of Vercelli, the Cavaliere Boschi, received me most kindly, gave me much information, and provided a carriage with which to continue my journey.

I left, in the night, in the company of two citizens who were going to join Garibaldi. After crossing the ground

occupied by Cialdini, we saluted our last sentinel, and went forward at a venture, traveling by the by-roads, until we came to Arona. There we received the first news of Garibaldi's movement, and of the fortunate encounter that had been sustained by Captain De Cristoforis. Garibaldi passed the Ticino with six battalions of the Cacciatori, three hundred riflemen, and fifty mounted guides, in all, with thirty-two hundred troops.

Arona had put itself in a state of defense, by raising a barricade along its port, and by posting behind it some of its National Guard: but they were soon overthrown and scattered, by the Radetzky, an Austrian gunboat. This incident made me think that it would be difficult to cross the lake.

The next day a messenger came with a dispatch from Emilio. The Mayor, who knew that I was a brother of the Commissioner, called me, and I heard from him many particulars of the fight that had taken place at Varese. The messenger also gave us a copy of the proclamation that the Commissioner had published when he entered Lombardy, and his bulletins on the battle of Varese. The proclamation and the bulletins were read by the Mayor to the public amid great enthusiasm.[35]

In the interim I made the acquaintance of two Garibaldian officers, who were planning to cross the lake in order to carry four mountain howitzers to their general. They were Griziotti and the author, Ippolito Nievo, whose writings I had often admired. It was arranged that I should go with them. As the Radetzky continued to sail to and fro, we had to be wary, but, finally, on the night of the 28th, we arranged for our departure by

means of a system of signals by lights, and soon gained the Lombard shore. We placed the howitzers upon a wagon, and under cover of the night brought them safely next morning to Varese.

Varese was most animated: the streets were crowded, and the tricolored flags were everywhere to be seen. I soon heard that Garibaldi was expected with the greater part of his troops. But why had he turned back? The reason I learned afterwards from Emilio, who had remained at Como. But while I was seeking for information, behold a crowd of people came along. Some were shouting, and some were clapping their hands to the music of "La Bella Gigogin." Garibaldi had arrived.

Preceded by an advance guard, and followed by some of his battalions, he marched slowly through the midst of the people. He was dressed in the uniform of a Piedmontese general, which was left unbuttoned. He had a silk handkerchief about his neck, and in his hand he carried his customary switch. He smiled and saluted right and left. The volunteers mixed with the people, and raised their hats to the thousands of *evvivas* that resounded through the air. To the noisy joyfulness of some, the quiet restraint of others offered a great contrast. These last had lost a friend, or a brother, at San Fermo. I, too, was in smiles until, walking along with some of my friends, I heard the names of those who had fallen. Among them were Pedotti, Cartellieri, one of the Cairoli, Giacomo Battaglia, and Carlo De Cristoforis. My joy disappeared, as my eyes became suffused with tears. Battaglia and De Cristoforis were two of my dearest friends. They were both killed at San

Fermo and both had presentiments of their approaching end.

I asked for the particulars of their deaths, and talked with some who had seen them fall. Medici had ordered the company of De Cristoforis to attack the enemy's position, and Carlo had hurled himself at the assault. While at the head of his company with his sword raised on high, his breast was torn open by the fire of the Austrians, and he fell. He was carried, dying, to the ambulance of his brother, Dr. Malachia. A little while after, Battaglia and Cartellieri were killed. In the same battle, and at the same hour, fell these young men who were among the best that Lombardy had given to the volunteers. De Cristoforis would have been one of our best general officers, Battaglia would have come to the front in literature and politics, and Cartellieri was already distinguished for his juristic studies.

In the crowd around Garibaldi, I saw some citizens of Sondrio, who hastened to give me the news from Valtellina. This is what had happened. Captain Montanari, by order of Garibaldi, had gone from Varese to Magadino to consult with various patriots and induce them to incite the country to rebel. In consequence, a few districts of the Lago di Como had risen; and some of the guards and police had been made prisoners. And a committee from Sondrio had likewise gone to Como to consult the Commissioner, who had advised them to return and arouse the province. His advice was followed. In Valtellina the guards were imprisoned, the Austrian arms were torn down, and the tricolored flags were flown.

In the interim Garibaldi and the Commissioner-General received word from headquarters that the movement forward would have to be retarded; and General Urban prepared to take the offensive. He threatened Garibaldi's rear, and obliged him to retreat toward Laveno, leaving only a small force at Como. Thereupon orders to await events were given to the districts that had rebelled.

In Valtellina the counter-order had arrived the day after the insurrection had begun. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that a feeling of panic followed the enthusiasm of the day before; so a new committee descended in haste, and ran to Garibaldi. They were anxious to have exact information, and to ask for help for fear that the valley would be left without defence. Garibaldi told them: "It is probable that I will go to Valtellina later on, but do not count upon me now, as I cannot give you a soldier. Defend yourselves as best you can. Give arms to as many as can carry them, and select some one to lead you. If you are beaten, disappear and give yourselves a rendezvous at some point in your mountains; then return to the attack. Keep the insurrection alive until I come; and nominate a head."

As the committee saw that they could obtain nothing more, they resigned themselves to having a commissioner with full powers; for they did not want to return empty-handed. It was then that the idea came into their heads of proposing me, whom they had just met, and who was of the country. Garibaldi approved the proposal, and said to them: "Go to Como, and come to an understanding with the Commissioner, Emilio

Visconti, and say that you are in agreement with me."

After this interview they sought me out, and told me the arrangement they had made with Garibaldi, and insisted that I should accept the office. I refused at first, dismayed by the difficulties that confronted me; but I agreed at length to go to Como and consult my brother. Emilio told me that the movements of the French had been delayed, because of which our offensive operations would not take place for several days; that in the mean time Urban was preparing to revenge himself upon Garibaldi with a superior force, and had sent word to the commander of the Swiss troops that he should defend the frontier, and be prepared to disarm the Garibaldians when he, Urban, should drive them beyond the boundaries.

Garibaldi left only two companies at Como, which prepared to defend itself, but which could be taken without much difficulty. Therefore Emilio was preparing to move the wounded to Menaggio, and to pass to Lecco with the troops, in case he had to abandon Como, and could not join Garibaldi immediately.

Emilio encouraged me to accept the post that had been offered, and, as he had power to appoint local commissioners with the approval of Garibaldi, he had my appointment made out. I passed a part of the day with the committee in making the necessary arrangements; then we went to Colico by one of the boats that were held at the disposal of the insurgents. When we arrived at Valtellina, I perceived that my companions had had our coming announced, and, that, to make up for the

lack of immediate support, they had exaggerated the promise for the future. Everywhere there were processions with banners and music, led by the municipal officers and the clergy; and everywhere there were hand-shakings and speeches. The arrival of a Royal Commissioner meant that the coming of Garibaldi or the soldiers of the King would not be long delayed, and that the liberty of the country was secure.

This would follow, of course; but in the mean time the Royal Commissioner came alone, without aid, and without the prospect of having any very soon. The festivities gave me a heartache, thinking how things would change if the truth were known. But it was necessary to keep the insurrection alive, and make preparations to resist any possible attack. I opened, therefore, the battery of my rhetoric, and sought to set on fire the popular heart. At Morbegno I made arrangements to keep in communication with Como and Lecco; then we went to Sondrio, where we were received with *evvivas* and hymns; and there was even an attempt at an illumination. Tired and exhausted, I had to make my final discourse in the piazza; and I hope that no one kept any notes of what I said!

After having received several friends who came to salute me, I passed a part of the night with G. B. Caimi and some others in examining the situation. I told them how matters stood, and they gave me the local news. The prospect was not reassuring. Colonel Francesco Carrano in his book "I Cacciatori delle Alpi, e la Campagna di Garibaldi in Lombardia nel 1859" says little or nothing of the events in the Valtellina, and is contented

to reproduce the report of Lieutenant-Colonel Medici, who commanded the advance guard of Garibaldi's corps, a report which, although important, has reference simply to military actions. I will endeavor to supply the lacuna, collecting my notes and documents of this period, which extended from June 1, 1859, to the Peace of Villafranca.

CHAPTER XXIX

(1859)

Proclamations at Sondrio. — Movements of the Austrians from the Stelvio. — Defenses of Valtellina. — Disagreements in regard to the defenses. — Reconnoitering by the Austrians. — Exaggerated rumors and panic. — Costantino Iuvalta, of Teglio. — A professor of German surprised. — Difficult communications.

IMMEDIATELY after my arrival at Sondrio, that is, on the 5th of June, the municipality proclaimed its revolt and its desire for annexation to Piedmont. The Podestà, Nobile Gaudenzio Guicciardi, announced this to the people in a courageous proclamation. I announced my appointment as a representative of the Royal Commissioner-General, instituted the National Guard and the Guard Mobile, and published some measures of public security. From some friends, who came to see me, I learned of the serious illness of Romualdo Bonfadini upon whom I was relying for assistance, and I was also informed by them of the movements of the Austrians. General Huyn had sent from Venosta some companies of Tyrolese cacciatori to occupy Bormio; and some strong patrols had advanced as far as the bridge of Grosio.

At Sondrio a squadron of volunteers was immediately formed, clothed in some great-coats abandoned by the Austrians, and armed as well as circumstances permitted. Commanded by Ercole Quadrio, they were hurried forward to occupy the village of Tresenda which is situated at the place where the Aprica and Stelvio roads unite. Another company took up a position at the Ponte

del Diavolo, a place where the valley is narrowed down to the road and the river Adda. There they hastily constructed a barricade. This company was commanded by Antonio Lucini, of Tirano, who had been an officer of the volunteers in 1848.

When the Austrians descended to attack the barricade, a large number of the defenders found themselves under fire for the first time; yet they stood firm and repelled the attack. To Lucini and his company I sent an order of the day, with thanks for their brave defense, as was both right and opportune. The news of this first skirmish was soon diffused throughout the valley; all spoke of it with satisfaction, but all in their hearts were more alarmed than reassured, believing that it might be the attack of the Austrian advance guard in a movement to reoccupy the valley.

A large part of the bravest youths had departed to enlist in the volunteers or in the regular army; arms were lacking; the treasury was depleted; and communications with Lake Como and with Garibaldi were uncertain. We were, in a word, isolated, and without resources, and besides, I knew the difficult position (shown me by Emilio) in which Garibaldi had been placed. My hope was to gain time. Disagreements suddenly arose regarding the best ways of defense. Some wanted to concentrate our strength at Tresenda and Aprica; and surely this would have been our wisest course, as we should have been upon the backs of the Austrians who were at Edolo. But this plan did not please the people of High Valtellina. It is to be observed that if the Austrians had really wished to advance, they could easily

have done so, no matter what position we might have taken.

At Tirano, where I went to consult the authorities, I saw my mother whom I had not seen since the evening of my flight from Milan. She had remained in the city until after the declaration of war, then had retired to Tirano to seek, in better air, some relief from the fears and anxieties that had so much shaken her. My brother Enrico had remained in town, kept there by family affairs, and also by a desire to be present in the unfolding of events. How many good talks I had with my mother! And how many things we had to tell one another, after these months of joy and anguish! Our mother was ever full of fear for us, and, at the same time, she was happy because her heart was filled with love of her country.

My first acts at Sondrio were to publish decrees for securing arms, for inaugurating a committee of enlistment, for calling out the soldiers who had not responded to the summons of Austria, for creating the National Guard in every commune, and for arranging for a partial mobilization of the same. I also reorganized the municipal councils, but left the employees in their places provisionally. The post of Delegate of the Province, as the Prefect was then called, was vacant at this time. There was, however, a Vice-Delegate (Signor Borroni), whom I left in his place. These decrees and arrangements were made in accordance with the instructions I had received from Emilio.

All the local functionaries called upon me, and I endeavored to inspire them with a feeling of security that I did not feel; but I observed that they all kept them-

selves a little apart until after the battle of Magenta. As the volunteers came to me, I sent them, by squadrons, to the bridge of Grosio. These defenders afterwards advanced to the Ponte del Diavolo, behind which they constructed a strong fortification.

There was a barricade, also, at the bridge of Tresenda, and an outpost was placed at the Aprica. These measures served to tranquilize the public, and they served, too, to make the Austrians more circumspect, for it is certain that, in the days preceding the battle of Magenta, if the Tyrolese cacciatori had desired to force a passage to Colico, and harass Garibaldi, they could have done so; but audacity fortunately was lacking in their commander. Even when they attacked our defenses at the Ponte del Diavolo, they were uncertain, and never pushed forward resolutely.

The fears that preoccupied me now began to agitate the public, especially after the news of Garibaldi's retrograde movement came to their ears. The significance of this check was magnified, for we were without any information. Considerable time elapsed before I knew that the battle of Palestro had taken place. The first manifestation of fear was the demand for energetic measures against spies and informers. When I arrived at Sondrio, I learned that some arbitrary arrests had been made, and that others were threatened; so I appointed a Committee of Public Security, and in making it up, I chose temperate citizens who I knew would fulfill their office with prudence. They were the Councilor Vertua, Dr. Lambertenghi, Signor Giovanni Lambertenghi, and Don Pietro Sertoli. The persons accused were those who

had generally been regarded with suspicion. One was an employee of the police, a man named Olivari, the husband of the wanton milliner, who in 1849, in Milan, had been the cause of the demonstration that had resulted in the whipping of men and women in the Piazza Castello.

Two little matters of some importance immediately occupied my attention. The district of Teglio was ruled by Costantino Iuvalta, a man of good family, but of an overbearing disposition. He had passed his youth in Vienna in relations, it was said, with the "big wigs." The patriotic youth of the district had torn down the Austrian arms and had raised some tricolored flags, but Iuvalta had the arms replaced and the flags taken away. Moreover, he gathered about him a group of devoted contadini and made preparations to resist the national movement in his district. Several Liberals, who were threatened by him, had to fly. They came to me, and I immediately asked G. B. Caimi, the commander of the National Guard of Sondrio, to go by night to Teglio with a company of militia, and to arrest Iuvalta and his lieutenants, and to disperse the rest, if need be, with force.

The same evening a waiter of the hotel where I lodged came to my office, and said that a lady, who did not wish to give her name, begged me to come to the hotel, as she desired to talk with me of urgent affairs. I went straight to the hotel and to my room, where I found a veiled lady, as in a romance. She was the wife of Iuvalta, the Signora Iuvalta Cattaneo, a cousin of mine. With this charming relative my family had always been on excellent terms, but not with her husband, whom I did not know by sight. My cousin, with much agitation, told me

of the doings at Teglio, and said that there were two local factions which were now facing one another and ready to come to blows, and that bloodshed was imminent.

Having, in my turn, told her frankly my intention, she replied that the National Guard would not be able to save the life of her husband, as he would be murdered by the triumphant faction, or by some one who wanted to accomplish a vendetta. Whether the fears of my cousin were exaggerated or not, it seemed to me it was my duty to avoid the possibility of such an outcome, so I told her to run to Teglio, and persuade her husband to take the road to the mountains and safety. She left instanter, and I was in time to tell Caimi what I had learned and had done. Caimi went to Teglio, where, after the departure of Iuvalta, he easily arranged matters and restored the tricolored flags.

Some days after, I received a long letter from Iuvalta, from Switzerland, asking me for a safe-conduct so as to go to any city I might indicate, in order to exculpate himself before some judge of a court. I replied that he would do well to stay where he was; that, when the war was over and the country had become tranquil, he could do what then seemed best. Later on he returned, but thought no longer of making a clamorous defense of his conduct. From an Austrian partisan, he became a pronounced adversary of the Government and of myself; terms which, for the rest, were inclusive. But my cousin, as long as she lived, called regularly at our house, deploring the conduct of her husband, and renewing the expression of her thankfulness for my kindness.

The other matter was of more importance. The waiter of my hotel aroused me one night, saying that some one wanted to talk with me immediately. It was the ostler of another hotel in Sondrio. He told me that a professor of German, in the town Gymnasium, had gone into the stable to chat with a carter, who had left for Edolo, and that the professor had given him a package and a tip. The ostler, who was lying upon some straw in an obscure corner of the stable, had witnessed this, and had come to see me, as he was sure that the professor and the carter were spies. I arose at once and sent some intelligent gendarmes to arrest the carter and search him. A few hours after, he was in the quarters of the guards, and the package was on my desk. In it, concealed among some insignificant papers, I found a letter, written in German, to a compatriot in Edolo. In this letter the professor narrated the things that had taken place in the Valtellina, and asked his correspondent to make them known to a certain person who lived beyond the Tonale. The professor said, among other things, that a Commissioner of the King of Piedmont had come to Sondrio who had talked "big," and had announced the immediate coming of the Garibaldians, or of the regular troops; but that it seemed to him that this announcement was either untrue or premature; and he added that, outside of a few volunteers who had been sent to the advance posts, the rebels had no forces to oppose to an attack; and concluded by saying that he would continue to send information to his compatriot, but that, as corresponding was becoming dangerous, he would write to him in a cipher of which he sent him now the key.

As this correspondence might become dangerous, I had the professor arrested and sent before my committee. Naturally the affair became known, and there were people who asked me when I should have the professor shot; but the committee was of the opinion that the professor, together with all persons arrested, or who might be arrested, should be sent to the fortress of Alessandria. And this was also my opinion.

In the interim I continued to write to my brother and to tell him what had happened; to give him an account of the precarious state of our affairs, and to urge the need of Garibaldi sending some troops or, ar least, some officers. The call to arms had begun to show excellent results, but there was a lack of officers, and even of subalterns, to organize and discipline the volunteers and guardsmen.

One of my difficulties was that communication, which was always slow, was now interrupted everywhere. I was often without replies to my letters. There was no telegraph in Valtellina until the end of 1859, when it was installed by the National Government.

CHAPTER XXX

(1859)

News of the battle of Magenta. — The Valtellina Battalion. — Captain Francesco Montanari. — The parish priest of Grosio. — The Swiss soldiers. — — The Austrian spies. — A plan of attack upon Bormio. — I go to confer with Garibaldi. — At Bergamo, in Casa Camozzi. — Garibaldi's headquarters. — Captain Clemente Corte. — The Austrian prisoners. — Colonel Thürr. — Garibaldi's orders.

ALL at once news came that changed our doubts and anxieties into joy. It was of the battle of Magenta. I had also a letter from Emilio, who wrote that Garibaldi had decided to send me a captain of staff, three or four other officers, and a dozen soldiers, to instruct the Valtellinese troops. Moreover, a body of the mobilized National Guard, among whom were about fifty vigorous youths, came to me from Chiavenna.

The Garibaldian officers and soldiers arrived at Sondrio the evening of the 5th of June, and were received by the population with shouts of clamorous joy. The captain, Francesco Montanari, presented his companions, and gave me a letter from Garibaldi which, later on, was to become very important. It contained the general's instructions to him. The captain was charged with the duty of organizing, as soon as possible, a battalion of Valtellinese volunteers and of taking the command. As the battalion would have a knowledge of the country, it was to act as the advance guard of the Cacciatori delle Alpi. In the mean time the commandant was to do nothing except by agreement with the Commissioner, upon whom he was to rely, until the cacciatori should come.

I invited the captain and his officers to dine the evening of their arrival. Montanari said little, but drank much, as he was very appreciative of the good wine of Valtellina. At the end of the repast he proposed a promenade, but it was impossible. The officers, one by one, said good-bye, but the captain stretched himself upon a sofa, and soon fell into a profound sleep. This was bad enough, but when a crowd came with a band, playing the popular air, and demanded a speech, I had to lock the door of the room, in which he lay snoring, and go out upon the balcony and say, *sotto voce*, that the captain was very tired and was reposing. I begged the people, therefore, to defer their demonstration. So all, in a patriotic silence, went away.

But the captain did not repose long enough. Early the next morning he came in collision with Caimi, who was as quiet as he was brave, and an altercation arose that almost led to blows. Peace having been restored as best it could, Montanari and I set out to visit the advance posts, to go through the country to drum up recruits, and to encourage the municipalities to help us clothe and arm our people. Before leaving Sondrio, the captain desired to pass the guards in review. When they were drawn up, he proclaimed in a loud and menacing voice: "Under the orders of the officer whom I will give you, you are to depart this evening. It is understood that you are from this moment enlisted as Cacciatori delle Alpi. You are soldiers and not mobilized National Guards. If any coward does not accept this condition, let him quit the ranks and go home." No one dared to move or breathe. Afterwards several came and

expostulated, and I persuaded them to proceed, assuring them that they would remain, as they were, mobilized national guardsmen.

As we started upon our journey, the captain began to unfold his ideas and plans, which he wanted me to approve. He was robust in appearance, and seemed to be about thirty-five years of age. His face was sullen, and the lower part of it was covered with a thick black beard. His hollow voice, his way of speaking, his suspicious look, and his ideas showed him to be (what indeed he was) the conventional type of the old conspirator. He had passed his life in conspiring, and had taken part in all the Mazzinian insurrections. He was of Modena, and had been involved in the Mantuan trials of '53 but, as the Austrian Government had not had sufficient evidence to convict him, it handed him over to the Duke of Modena, who put him in prison on his own account. He was certainly an approved patriot, but his love of conspiracy, his adventures, and his experiences had made him lose sight of the realities of life, which he subordinated to the necessities of the revolution. His was a character I was glad to study, and I encouraged him to relate his adventures.

"Dear Commissioner," he said, as we walked along the road, "General Garibaldi will not come very soon, so that Valtellina ought to take care of itself, and there is only one way."

"What's that?"

"We must revolutionize the country."

"But it is revolutionized."

"Ah, but there are those who wish otherwise."

"We agree."

"We must, then, proclaim the levy *en masse*, and place all under arms and march. Then we must seize all that is requisite, and, at the first show of resistance, have the parish priests and the municipal councilors shot."

"Dear Captain, I would have you know that the parish priests and the municipal councilors have been my principal aids."

"That's all very well: but put no trust in the priests and in the old councilors."

"This evening we shall be at Grosio, and we shall go to the house of the parish priest. When Austria, before the war, called out the contingent, eighty soldiers of Grosio were about to join their regiments, but their priest said to them: 'Do not present yourselves; hide in the mountains until spring, for things will change.' When the war broke out he called the eighty back, and consigned them to me. You will see them at the advance post; they are the best soldiers of the battalion."

But the captain continued to shake his head and say: "It may be, but don't put any trust in priests."

That evening he became the guest of Don G. B. Cornelio, in the parsonage of Grosio. To vindicate himself he drank the good wine that his host kept in reserve for the Lenten preachers, as he entertained him with his idea of shooting priests, friars, and nuns. But as he was very comfortable, he often stopped with Don Cornelio when he visited the advance post. One day I arrived in time to stop a fracas. The captain wanted to throw a portrait of Pius IX out of a window, and Don Cornelio was defending the picture with an upraised chair.

I succeeded in reëstablishing peace, which Montanari

wanted to celebrate with a couple of bottles of the priest's best wine. He could not understand how the priests could be patriotic in Lombardy and yet be devoted to the Pope. "But what a new thing this is!" he would exclaim.

The post at the Ponte del Diavolo was composed of National Guards, volunteers, revenue officials, and the eighty soldiers of whom I have spoken. There were in all about four hundred men, but scarcely half of them were provided with a gun of any kind. I presented them to the new commander, who passed them in review, and addressed them as he had the guards at Sondrio, declaring that they were enlisted, without further ado, as Cacciatori delle Alpi.

At this time, also, no one dared to breathe; but many came to me afterwards, and protested, and threatened to return home. I tranquilized them by saying that I would look out for them; but the effect of the captain's speech was very bad; and it did not help us to complete the battalion. The peasants were willing enough to enlist, but they wanted to be assured that things would not turn out as in '48. As the battle of Magenta had just taken place, I was able to assure them to the contrary.

Montanari had brought some guns with him. We found some in the Austrian quarters, and the remainder I obtained in Switzerland, one by one, by the aid of the merchants of Poschiavo or the Engadine who came to Tirano to trade. Several of the guns were those of the volunteers of '48, which had been abandoned or sold for a song. I now repurchased them for forty or fifty lire. Several guns, too, were forwarded to me by Ulisse Salis.

The Swiss Soldiers

Some of the Swiss soldiers, and even several of their officers, were accustomed to promenade in the Valtellina; so one day the municipality of Tirano invited a number of them to a little festivity. The invitation was accepted and there was much drinking and many demonstrations of friendship upon both sides; but alas, this gayety was soon turned into gloom, when we heard that some of these soldiers had told the Austrian spies how slight were the defenses of the Valtellina. Their imprudent words were reported in Tirano, and excited so much indignation that I had to write to the commandant to keep his soldiers within their boundaries, and that we should do the same with ours.

To counteract the effect of the information given by the Swiss soldiers, I had some bulletins printed and distributed, announcing the immediate arrival of Garibaldi, and a movement of the Piedmontese troops in the direction of Valcamonica. Perhaps it was because of my bulletins that the Austrians did not attack us.

I passed my days and part of my nights in my office, or in going about, listening to some complaint, or straightening out some difficulty that Montanari, in his revolutionary frenzy, had caused. He issued his orders to the municipalities, and seized everything he wanted without leaving any receipts, and arrested those who opposed him. The discontent in High Valtellina waxed greater every day. I also had begun to wrangle with the captain; nevertheless, I was the only person who succeeded in restraining him. This was in virtue of Garibaldi's letter, which enjoined upon him the need of acting in concert with the Commissioner. To let days

go by without having done one noisy thing; without having shot, at least, one priest, seemed to him to be inexplicable.

Three days after having taken command of the advance post of badly armed, badly dressed, and badly drilled men, he sent me a dispatch saying, "To-morrow I shall surprise the Austrians, and fall upon Bormio." I ran to the post, and arrived in time to prevent the enterprise. Bormio was strongly fortified, and we should have had to attack without support, while, behind our defenses, the four hundred could make a strong resistance to any aggressive movement the Austrians could make. Moreover, if the enemy should repulse our attack, they would descend into the whole valley, and occupy it. It was evident, however, that they believed we were not without support, as they were loath to push forward.

The captain was determined to make the *coup*, and I to prevent him. The discussion was long and disagreeable. In the end it was concluded that the matter should be referred to the General, and that I should go to consult him. Accordingly I left immediately, and went straight to Bergamo in the hope of finding him there. I arrived at Bergamo the next day, and stopped at Casa Camozzi, where I found Emilio, and had the good fortune to meet Garibaldi, who had just returned from Milan where he had gone to consult the King. He was preparing for his march upon Brescia.

Garibaldi's headquarters were in Casa Camozzi, and there was such a crowd of soldiers and of armed citizens, and there were so many officers coming and going, all in the gayest disorder, that one would have said that Ber-

gamo was a city in insurrection *en fete*. Clemente Corte, then captain of staff, most politely took charge of me, and secured me an audience at once, a thing that was not easy to do. Garibaldi received me with that frank and courteous regard, with that serene smile, with that marvelous voice (the most beautiful I have ever heard), — with, indeed, all the graces which explain the irresistible fascination he exercised upon every one, even upon the most contrary.

I told him what we had done in Valtellina, and he smiled and seemed pleased. Then I told him the reason why I had come to see him, and of the proposed *coup* upon Bormio. He wanted to know about everything, and seemed well inclined to agree with me, when suddenly Corte and Colonel Thürr entered, and broke up our interview. Thürr, after exchanging some words with the General, approached me, and began to talk in the frank and open way that made him so acceptable; while Corte informed Garibaldi that some Austrian officers had been brought to Bergamo, and asked for orders regarding them.

"Bring them to me," said the General, "and you, Thürr, stop and act as interpreter."

It seems to me I can yet see these officers. There were six of them, four of the infantry, and two of the cacciatori. There had grown up in the Austrian ranks, from 1848, a legend in regard to Garibaldi which made the famous condottiere to be something terrible and diabolical. The officers, certainly, had given no credit to this idea, but many considered him to be a ferocious chief of filibusters, capable of any excess; and this was undoubt-

edly the opinion of the six, for they came forward as people who were going to their deaths. Two of them were seized with a nervous trembling that they could not control.

Garibaldi approached them, and shook the hand of each one in an affable and courteous way, and said to Thürr: "Ask these brave officers whether they desire anything. I will hand them over to one of our officers, who will conduct them to Milan; from there they will be taken to Alessandria. They will travel in closed carriages so as to avoid public curiosity, and may retain their swords, upon their giving me their word of honor that they will not try to escape."

As Thürr translated these words into German, the faces of the officers expressed an amazement that soon became transfigured into an illumination. Then, when Garibaldi shook hands again and dismissed them, the six planted themselves in the position of a formal salute, shook the proffered hand of the General with effusion, and departed more mystified in going out than in coming in. This little short and characteristic scene has never faded from my mind.

Then the General took up our matter. "I understand," said he, "Montanari's impatience. The man is brave; he is a pearl. But for the present it is best that he should wait. I shall send him my written order regarding what he should do."

"So much the better," thought I.

"To Bormio we shall go together," Garibaldi began again. "And I shall recompense him by appointing him to begin the attack with his Valtellinese battalion. In

sending you this captain, dear Commissioner, I have sent you a pearl."

I had stood waiting the right moment to tell Garibaldi that he ought to send us a major, for, though Montanari might be a pearl of a hero, he had created many difficulties; but I did not find the opportunity, so I took my leave. Garibaldi saluted me cordially and, as he shook my hand, said, "We shall see one another again in Valtellina."

CHAPTER XXXI

(1859)

I go to Milan to confer with the Governor-General. — My brother tells me the difficulties of his office. — I confer with Correnti and Vigliani. — Renewal of my appointment as Royal Commissioner. — I return to Sondrio. — Arrival of Colonel Sanfront and Captain Trotti. — The Secret Service in the Tyrol. — Two secret communications. — The announcement of Garibaldi's coming. — Enrico Guicciardi. — The end of my office. — Preparations for mining the road between Lecco and Colico. — Movements of the Austrian troops. — The fear of an invasion. — Major Manassero. — Arrival of Colonel Medici. — The battle of Solferino. — Manassero falls back on Edolo. — The Valtellinese Battalion. — Attack of the Austrians repulsed. — Garibaldi enters Valtellina.

MY mission had succeeded in part, as I had prevented the *coup de main*, or rather, *de tête*, of Montanari; but the captain still remained at his post and at my side. In descending the stairs I deplored my hesitation, but the fascination of the General, the stream of officers, and the disorder of the audience-room distracted me so much that I could not put my wits together. "We shall see one another again in Valtellina," said Garibaldi; but when?

The idea arose in my mind of going to Colonel Carrano, the chief-of-staff, to lay the state of the defense of Valtellina before him, and to learn whether there was any hope of Garibaldi's coming to our aid. Carrano told me that he knew nothing, and that we could count on nothing; but that it seemed to him that the duty of the General of flanking the allied armies would not soon be terminated. He added: "No one ever knows anything touching the intentions and the movements of Garibaldi. As chief-of-staff I ought to know something, but even I

know nothing. This certainly is not regular, but as with him all things go well, it is well to let them alone." Upon this statement I concluded that I should act for myself.

Garibaldi planned to march in a few days to Brescia, and Emilio wanted to profit by the delay to go to Milan to confer with Vigliani, who had been appointed Governor-General of Lombardy. I determined to go with him. The railway was so crowded by military transports that our progress was very slow. However, the time did not seem long, as we had so much to talk about. How many pages of history were being written! Emilio was worn out and exhausted. He said he had had but few hours of sleep during the fifteen days he had accompanied Garibaldi; that his mission had been full of difficulties, and, at times, very hard, "since it had been to serve as a buffer between order and disorder, between the Royal Government and Garibaldi, between the volunteers and the country."

Cavour, as has been said, wanted the French, when they entered Lombardy, to find a country that had risen at the first note of war, and thus to show his ally that the Italian question was a great national movement, and not simply the dynastic ambition of the House of Savoy for annexation. His instructions to his representatives were conformable to this idea. So the revolution had to have a national, and not a partisan, character; hence the difficulty. To incite the districts to revolt one had to resort not only to the intelligent class, but to all the people, and lo! the old (as well as the new) revolutionaries, who had remained outside of the national movement up to the present time, came flocking in; and they

came with all their old ideas and prejudices, and formulas! They had forgotten nothing, and had learned nothing; and they did not want to bother themselves, either with Vittorio Emanuele or with Napoleon. Emilio had found himself, every once in a while, in conflict with these pretentious people who were good only to concoct plans and to disseminate discord.

Garibaldi gave but little heed to them at this time; as between him and the programme, "Italia e Vittorio Emanuele," the honeymoon was yet full. The political necessities of the Government were things he did not understand. A free people, all armed and under a dictator: such was then his ideal. Emilio put forth all his skill to navigate in these shallow waters, but the task was not easy.

When Garibaldi passed the Ticino, he knew that he would find himself in face of forces greatly superior to his own, and that he would have to seek for victory in the rapidity of his movements; consequently he did not want to carry any baggage or provisions; so he made his soldiers leave even their knapsacks upon the Piedmontese bank. His soldiers could not have been more agile; but naturally they had need of some regular means of subsistence. As they had none, their requisitions became ever greater and their march more disordered. The Ministry of War had assigned a commissary of supplies to the volunteers. He followed them as long as he could; then one day he returned to Turin, and resigned his office.

Again, the corps of volunteers increased rapidly in number as it passed through Lombardy, and the disor-

der increased and grew. Any one, even a simple corporal, believed that he had the right to requisition provisions or clothing or horses without leaving any receipts, or else leaving receipts that were not valid. The municipalities then turned to the Commissioner-General or to some local commissioner, scolding and making an outcry; and these, though they did their best, did not always succeed in setting matters straight.

Emilio foresaw that the difficulties would increase, and wanted, therefore, to come to an understanding with the Governor-General. He was also anxious to enter Brescia with Garibaldi; so he stopped only a few hours at Milan, and rejoined the Garibaldians on their march.

I found, in the apartment of the Governor-General, Cesare Correnti, who seemed to have the office of councilor to the Government. He took me immediately into the cabinet of the Vigliani; and so I had the good fortune to hasten my business. After having told the Governor all I had done, I added that, as soon as my mission should be accomplished, I wished to withdraw, as it was not my intention to enter upon an administrative career. Vigliani approved of what I had done, and encouraged me to continue, but he could give me no assurance as to the dispatching of the Garibaldian, or of other, forces to the Valtellina; but, instead, he renewed my powers, and even enlarged them. Moreover, he told me that a regular administration would shortly be provided for the liberated provinces by the appointments of Intendants or Prefects. Thereupon I said that the appointment of Enrico Guicciardi would be most opportune, as he was a statesman, an administrator, and a military man, and,

moreover, was of the Valtellina. Correnti seconded this proposal, and added that Guicciardi had been spoken of at the Ministry for this, or for some other, important post. As I rose to leave, Vigliani charged Correnti with writing out the decree for my appointment with the instructions and powers agreed upon; which he did. The following morning I left for Sondrio, returning again with empty hands. I did not dare to say that the only reinforcement I had obtained was on paper, and was of my powers.

The day after my return I had an agreeable surprise. As I was about to go to the advance post, Colonel Sanfront and my friend Captain Lodovico Trotti, both belonging to the military household of the King, came from headquarters. They had been sent to inspect the positions in the Valtellina. Their visit had been brought about, perhaps, by the reports I had sent to Emilio or to headquarters. I cannot say how happy I was; it seemed to me that I had, at last, found some real support.

As Colonel Sanfront wanted to make a minute inspection of our positions and forces, I gave him all the information I could, but only accompanied him as far as Bolladore, where till the evening I awaited him and Trotti on their return. The colonel had made many observations which Montanari had taken badly, and Trotti told me that there had been a heated discussion, to which the colonel finally put an end with his military authority. Garibaldi had already sent an order to Montanari to suspend any offensive movement; but the captain expostulated and insisted. Sanfront sternly repeated Garibaldi's orders.

I knew that Montanari would not please Sanfront, as he was an old and strict disciplinarian. Indeed, he said before leaving that there was great need of a better disciplined force, and, above all, of another kind of person to take command of our half-formed battalion. Sanfront also gave to me the difficult task of securing information in regard to the movements of the Austrians beyond the Stelvio, and of sending it to the commander of the army. I entrusted this duty to my friend Giovanni Salis, who knew how to accomplish it by means of some old soldiers, who spoke German as well as some of the dialects of the Tyrol.

Among the papers that had accumulated on my desk, during my absence, were two dispatches, one of which came from the French headquarters, and one from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The French dispatch was from the Chief of Police attached to the commander of the army. He wrote me that he had been advised by the Central Police Bureau at Paris that two Frenchmen, whose names and descriptions he gave me, had left for the north of Italy with the intention of making an attempt upon the life of the Emperor during the campaign, and that, in order the better to carry out their design, they intended to enlist in some volunteer or regular Italian corps. He begged me, therefore, to use the greatest diligence to frustrate them, as they would undoubtedly enter Italy over the Swiss frontier. I handed this dispatch to the marshal of some carabinieri whom Vigliani had sent me, but he never came across the track of these individuals.

The dispatch from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs,

with Cavour's signature, said that a rumor had become current that in some localities of Switzerland, especially in the Grisons, a plot or manœuvre was on foot to promote a movement in the Valtellina for its annexation. The report said it held this rumor to be exaggerated; nevertheless it communicated the same to me for my guidance, and asked me for my opinion in regard to the same.

My response was prompt and precise; that, in view of the efforts the Valtellina had made to break away from the Canton of the Grisons, and of the hatred that had been engendered during the government of the Leagues, there was no basis for such a rumor. Moreover, the peasants were opposed to the Grisons not only because of political but of personal and religious antipathies; and that history, interest, and affinity drew the Valtellina toward Lombardy. I added that the Valtellina had participated in the aspirations of Italy, and had given many proofs of its patriotism.

My office was fast approaching its end, and Emilio had written me that his mission would soon terminate, and that Garibaldi would shortly enter the Valtellina. A few days after, I received word of the nomination of Enrico Guicciardi as Intendant, or Prefect, of the province of Sondrio — much to my delight. My office had lasted just three weeks, and I laid it down with a great feeling of relief. It might have happened that my name would have been associated with a catastrophe, but fortune had been favorable. I had not accomplished anything heroic, but I had probably helped to avoid disaster.

Guicciardi made me, in behalf of the Government, and

in his own behalf, several kind and honorable offers; but as I declared that my desire was to remain with the Valtellinese battalion, he proposed that I should assume the office of inspector with the rank of captain of staff in the volunteers, and that I should reside at Bormio until the battalion should be called into active service. I accepted this proposal, and, some days after, Guicciardi informed me that the Government had approved of it.

Previous to this, a committee from the Valcamonica had come to me with a plan of uniting to my bailiwick the zone of Edolo, so that we might make a better defense against the Austrians. This committee had gone to Emilio, and had persuaded him to issue a decree to this effect; but, as I felt I had enough upon my back, I begged my brother and the committee to defer publishing the decree, and to make some other temporary arrangement. But when the committee returned with the decree in their hands, I directed them to Vigliani, and asked him to make the same provisions for the Valcamonica as were to be made for the other Lombard districts.

The Valcamonica was not long in waiting for its defenses, as very soon a regiment of the Regina Brigade was sent to it under the command of Colonel Brignone. Three companies of this regiment were detailed by the colonel, under the command of Major Manassero and of Colonel Ricci of the staff, for the Valtellina. When they arrived I made, with these officers, a rapid tour of our posts. As they did not think it prudent to advance beyond our present positions, our forces were left at the Ponte del Diavolo. Colonel Ricci told me that the send-

ing of the three companies to Valtellina was the immediate result of the report of Colonel Sanfront to headquarters.

When I returned to Sondrio I learned from Guicciardi that Garibaldi had left Salò, and was marching toward the Valtellina, where he hoped to arrive in about eight days, and that he would be preceded by Medici with the advance-guard. He told me also that the French commander had sent a company of engineers to lay mines along the road from Lecco to Colico, in case the Austrians should proceed along it, after having put our little forces in the Valtellina to flight. So, after having been forgotten for a while, all at once reinforcements began to arrive — and in abundance; but not too soon.

Some days before the battle of Solferino a concentration of Austrian troops beyond the Tonale made us believe that an invasion of the Valtellina was impending. Accordingly Major Manassero fell back rapidly while Medici, hurrying up his march, arrived at Tresenda on the 24th, and united his forces with those of Manassero. Part of the Valtellina Battalion was sent to Mazzo, and only a company and a half were left at our advance post. The day following the news of the battle of Solferino we learned that the Austrians, after having descended toward Edolo, had withdrawn; so Manassero advanced, and the companies of the battalion returned to their original position. With them came a half company of Garibaldian volunteers under the command of Captain Strambio, of Pavia, an excellent though ungainly officer. He was tall and thin, and had nothing of the military about him, but he was brave and his soldiers were de-

voted to him, as he lived with them and had a care for all their wants.

Our advance post at Ponte del Diavolo had scarcely been reinforced, and Medici (who had come to inspect it) had just departed, when suddenly the Austrians descended to attack it, believing, perhaps, that they would surprise the few who had been left there the day before. A lively conflict of a couple of hours ensued, and was the principal feat of arms of the Valtellinese Battalion in this campaign. The Austrians attacked several times, advancing as far as the earthworks behind which our men were posted. These, with the exception of their officers, were under fire for the first time, yet they stood with the calmness that distinguishes the mountaineers, who are accustomed to peril. About one hundred of them were, as yet, without arms. These were hurried forward, and climbing the side of the mountain which flanked the road, rolled stones and broken pieces of rock upon the enemy, who were obliged to return or to seek shelter. It was this avalanche which probably decided the conflict. When the sun set, the Austrians retired to Bormio.

The day following, Medici marched ahead with his command, and the advance post was carried from the Ponte del Diavolo to S. Antonio di Morignone. The same day Garibaldi entered the Valtellina with his entire brigade. The defense of all the passes of the Alps was confided to him, while Cialdini, who had had this duty, fell back upon Brescia.

CHAPTER XXXII

(1859)

I leave for Turin. — An audience with Cavour. — Emilio goes to Modena. — I return to Sondrio. — The march of Medici upon Bormio. — Its capture. — Retreat of the Austrians. — They occupy Sponda Lunga. — I stop a few days at Bormio. — Fatigue of the Volunteers. — Return of the Valtellinese Battalion. — With Guicciardi at Sondrio. — Captain Montanari. — The arrival of the Cacciatori degli Appennini.

IN agreement with Guicciardi, I decided to go to Turin to settle some administrative and military questions that had been dragging along for some time. Moreover, since all the Garibaldian corps was coming to Valtellina, it was necessary to have further instructions regarding them. And I had, also, some business of my own to look after. I had begun my commissionership with an empty treasury, and, as it was necessary to have arms and ammunition and other military provisions, and as I had wished to avoid requisitions, I had given notes, sometimes in my own name, for these things, in the hope of a happy outcome of our war. Now they were nearing maturity, and I had to make arrangements for paying them.

To have an audience with Cavour did not seem easy; nevertheless I accomplished it. I had to wait only two days, and, in the interim, I mentally prepared the little speech I intended making. When Barone Ricasoli was Minister and granted an interview, he began first with his habitual prelude, "Signore, be seated. Speak, and try to be short and clear." Whereupon the person admitted to the audience lost the thread of his

ideas if he could not express himself succinctly. Cavour let me speak, only interrupting me, from time to time, with some pertinent question, and occasionally making a note in regard to the orders he would have to give touching the matter before us. I did not hesitate to tell him that Guicciardi was also much concerned with the influx of so many bodies of troops in a country district of scant resources, where a much smaller and disciplined force would be sufficient. When he asked me to define my ideas, I said that a few battalions of mountaineers would suffice for the Stelvio, and that the Intendant was able to take command of them; while Garibaldi might be employed in a larger field of action, that is, in the attack upon, and defense of, the other passes of the Alps.

Cavour said that some other persons had suggested this plan to him, that he had had it in mind when he had appointed Guicciardi Intendant, and that he might, perhaps, be able to bring it about. The plan was not put into effect until 1866, when its fortunate outcome proved that it was a wise one.

After my audience, I hurried up the affairs that depended upon the other Ministers, and went to Milan, where I passed two days with my family and some of my intimate friends, happy that the business with which I had been charged by Guicciardi permitted me to do so. At Milan I found Emilio, who had finished his commissionership, and had just been called by Farini to Modena. Emilio did not know what to do. He had thought of enlisting in the Garibaldian "Guides" as soon as his mission should end. "And how," he demanded, "could this call

have come from Farini?" He did not know for some time, but my mother confided to me that, as soon as she learned of Emilio's intention of enlisting in the guides, she asked Correnti to call, and, informing him of the fact, said, "Does it not seem to you that Emilio can do something better than being a mounted guide?" Correnti thanked her for the information, and, taking the matter to heart, wrote to Farini, and reminded him that he had expressed a liking for Emilio, and had praised him for the promptness with which he had accepted the difficult office of Royal Commissioner.

Emilio, encouraged by us all, finished by accepting Farini's call; and this was the first step in his political career. Farini had summoned to himself a number of worthy young men with whom he filled his secretaryships. After the Peace of Villafranca, he became the Dictator of the Duchies, and assigned some of these youths to offices of great importance. He confided to Emilio the negotiations concerning annexation and matters of external politics.

The evening I arrived at Sondrio, Guicciardi told me that Medici was marching upon Bormio, and that we ought to go too; and so we did. Thus to my day's journey without a break was added another trip of sixty kilometres. We arrived at Bormio shortly after it had been taken; and Garibaldi came after us, the morning of the 3d of July. The Austrians had retired to the new and the old Bagni,* two strong positions. They had destroyed the road, and had blown up the bridge of the first gallery on the Stelvio route.

*Baths.

During the day Garibaldi studied the country with some persons who knew the various localities, and the volunteers were ordered forward to occupy some positions on the flank of the enemy. Guicciardi and I dined with several officers of the Garibaldian staff and Bertani, who was in charge of the ambulances; then we all advanced along the post-road to the Bagni di Bormio to see the attack upon the Austrians. Gradually, as we proceeded, we could see the movements of our soldiers and the firing of the enemy. The soldiers of Bixio were the most in view, as they climbed along the rocky sides of the Reit. They were trying to climb higher than the Austrian posts; but the sides of the mountain were so precipitous they could scarcely proceed, and they were much exposed to the enemy's fire. At this point the combat was decided by the appearing of the Garibaldians on the mountain which flanks the Bagni on the east. They forced the Austrians to retire to the old Bagni, to positions that were naturally stronger.

In turning a corner of the post-road, we came in full view of the Tyrolese cacciatori. They saw us too, and immediately fired at the group of officers who were slowly ascending the road, studying their positions. Happily they aimed a little too high, so their bullets whistled over our heads. These fusillades lasted for a time that to me (who was not habituated to serving as a target) seemed long. My fellow officers, for the honor of their profession, had to show themselves indifferent; therefore they remained in the middle of the road, and continued their conversation as if they were in a café. They even criticized the fire of the

Tyrolese while I, in my heart, was inclined to be indulgent.

If I were asked what were my feelings, I should say that my first desire was to seek for refuge behind a wall near by, that seemed to be appositely placed; but then other sentiments came to my aid and I was able to remain in the middle of the road, as debonair as the others, until we all tacitly agreed to continue our promenade.

During the night the troops of Bixio fell back, and the Austrians likewise retired, after having set fire to the toll-house on the Stelvio road. The capture of Bormio had been made with dash, but it was not well done. If our leaders had studied the topography of the country they would have obtained a much greater advantage, and not have left the Austrians in the strong position of Sponda Lunga. Guicciardi, in 1866, with a much weaker force, but with well-planned movements, was able to obtain much more important results.

The following day there was a truce, and Guicciardi and I returned to Bormio, where he passed the day in giving information to Medici, Cosenz, and Bixio, and I talked with the friends I met of the things that had occurred to each one in the course of this rapid and adventurous campaign. In all of them I observed a fatigue, not of the mind, but of the body. They had covered, in two months, more than six hundred kilometres on foot, generally resting in the open fields, without tents, without knapsacks, without preparations of any kind for the military life. Very many had become sick and exhausted. An officer, the brave Migliavacca, who died afterwards at Milazzo, said: "Excitement has

brought us here; but if it should become necessary to march forward immediately, it will be impossible to find twenty men capable of continuing the campaign." It was, indeed, as he said. A few days after, the hospitals, the barracks, and the houses in High Valtellina overflowed with the sick and disordered Garibaldians. Before leaving Bormio, Guicciardi obtained Garibaldi's consent that the Valtellinese Battalion should be sent to Sondrio to be thoroughly equipped; but, as Montanari did not think this to be necessary, there was considerable delay.

After we returned, we received word that the Cacciatori degli Appennini would arrive on the 7th. We also heard that other squadrons and companies of volunteers were to be sent to the Valtellina, from which they would pass to the high Lombard valleys, with Garibaldi in command at Lovere di Valcamonica, Medici in Valtellina, and Cosenz in Val Sabbia.

The work of the Intendant, who had to provide for quarters, for sustenance, and for the needs of the ambulances, increased so much that he begged Bonfadini (whose health had been restored) and me to assist him. I remember that we all three worked in one room in order to consult together when it became necessary so to do. In spite of the seriousness of our business, we often found occasions for a laugh. They were generally afforded by people who were frightened, or who wrote of some plan for a campaign, or of some project for a revolution, or who simply wanted employment. In this correspondence we were addressed ordinarily by high-sounding titles. Bonfadini passed over to me the letters

written to the Royal Intendant of the armies of His Majesty in Valtellina, and I handed to him those that were addressed to His Excellency, the Minister of the Interior of all the Valtellinas. We laughed, but sometimes we writhed; as, for example, when dispatches from the Ministries, from the Governor-General, from headquarters, from colonels, captains, and even corporals, desired impossible things, or gave contradictory orders. At times there was a confusion so great as to make one lose his head. I can yet see the clerk who had been assigned to me, as secretary, sitting with his hands in his hair!

Some days after the arrival of the Valtellinese Battalion Captain Montanari called. He was in bad humor and scowled more than ever. He told me that he had been assigned to a station of volunteers at Lecco or Bergamo, and this, too, at a time when he had hoped to be nominated major of the battalion! My thoughts ran back to Colonel Sanfront and my early reports.

"This is a trick of the priests!" he exclaimed. "If I had had a couple executed when I came I should now be major of the battalion. Did I not tell you so, dear Commissioner?"

I never saw him again. Many months after, I heard that he had gone with the Mille to Sicily, and that he had been wounded at Calatafimi, and had died a few days after. He died the death of a brave man, such as he had always been.

When the Cacciatori degli Appennini arrived, they were distributed throughout the province. This regiment was formed in Piedmont, after the pattern of the Cacciatori delle Alpi, from volunteers that had come

from every part of Italy; and its command had been given to General Ulloa. They were in good condition, and seemed like soldiers that were changing their garrison. In fact, they had sustained no fatiguing marches and had never been under fire. They appeared better than the Cacciatori delle Alpi, but they had not the military bearing and the Garibaldian spirit; nor had they the feeling of comradeship that animated the men of northern Italy. Many were young, and many were of mature age, — students and professors, clerks and masters, artisans and politicians; they were all mixed up together. In the Cacciatori delle Alpi were the recruits who left their homes to face the gravest perils. In the Cacciatori degli Appennini were the men who had joined simply to fulfill a duty. In the Cacciatori degli Appennini I found many friends, however, such as Montanelli, who, in the modest great-coat of a simple soldier, humbly followed the Duca di S. Donato who pompously preceded the battalion of which he was the major. Immediately after the armistice the Cacciatori degli Appennini were sent to the Valcamonica, where they were joined by the Cacciatori delle Alpi, with the exception of the regiment of Medici, which remained in Valtellina.

CHAPTER XXXIII

(1859)

Arrival of more volunteers. — The fascination of Garibaldi. — The armistice. — The Valtellinese Battalion. — Antonio Pievani. — News of the Peace of Villafranca. — Surprise and sorrow. — Disbanding the volunteer corps. — I retire from office, and return to Milan.

ON the heels of the Cacciatori degli Appennini there came squads of volunteers, sent from all parts of Lombardy, to join the corps of Garibaldi. They were men of all sorts and conditions, and of every age: often miserable in appearance, and they generally looked fatigued. Old men, and even children, followed oftentimes for a month or so the Garibaldian troops. They were gathered up in the stations and sifted out. A large number were sent home. One of the characteristic spectacles of the day was the enthusiasm that animated people along Garibaldi's track, as if they were caught up by a whirlwind. The fascination that he exerted upon the multitude was marvelous, and now seems incredible. When he traversed a district (although he did not yet wear his red shirt), it did not seem that it was a general that passed, but rather the head of a new religion. The women were not less moved than the men. They often carried their babes to him that he should bless, or even baptize, them.

To the crowds who gathered about him Garibaldi would address a few words in the marvelous voice which was part of his fascination: "Turn every one of you your scythe into a weapon," he would say at the crossroads and public places, "and come. He who remains at home

is vile. I do not promise you anything but toil and fatigue and fusillades; but we will conquer or die."

And after such words (which certainly were not joyous), the enthusiasm would rise to the highest degree. Nor was there a lack of it when his words were insignificant. Spoken by him even the simplest utterance had its effect. "Thank you, my children," I heard him say one evening to a crowd that was making a demonstration before his window, "Thank you. I am tired, and it rains. Do you go to bed also. Good-night to all." A delirium ensued, and the people scattered, commenting upon the words of the General with tears in their eyes.

Among the incapable volunteers that came to us at this time, there were some very bad citizens from the dregs of the suburbs of Milan. Profiting by the disappearance of the old police and by the non-existence of the new, they thought that the ranks of the volunteers would be favorable for their enterprises. Some of these rogues, as they journeyed on their way, had dubbed themselves corporals and sergeants, and had made requisitions, and had committed assaults and thefts. They caused the communal authorities much trouble. The great number of volunteers, which was augmented by the arrival of the Valtellinese Battalion, led Guicciardi to request Garibaldi to come to Sondrio to consult with him. The General came on the 8th of July, and Guicciardi immediately took him to see the volunteers, who were not housed, but sheltered, in some old churches and magazines, and shops, and other habitations. Some of them were so miserable they could not go out.

Garibaldi took several hours to pass them in review.

Arranged in files they presented a comic spectacle. There were lads with workmen's or students' caps, workmen in shirt-sleeves, old men with beards, and dandies in stylish town clothes. There were short and tall, stout and thin, men, like the pipes of an organ.

Garibaldi looked at them kindly, since at the bottom of his heart he had a great predilection for the citizen soldiers, as they represented the revolution. He examined them all in order to assign the able-bodied to the proper corps. He asked Guicciardi (not, perhaps, without some regret) to request the furnishers to provide military clothing for the necessitous. The next day Guicciardi told me that the furnishers, after having received Garibaldi's order, came to him with their contracts for the General's signature or for that of some one who signed for him; that he, Guicciardi, had thereupon gone to Garibaldi, who was greatly incensed and exclaimed: "How! these rascals, to whom we have given the honor of clothing the brave lads who offer their lives for their country, dare to demand contracts and signatures! Is not my, or your, order sufficient? Send them to the devil. If they are not enemies, they certainly are not patriots."

Later on, they had both contracts and signatures, but this outburst of surprised and disdainful feeling depicts Garibaldi's nature fully.

The next evening, that of the 9th of July, we were informed that an Austrian captain had announced an armistice to our advance guard before Sponda Lunga, and had asked what arrangements should be made between us. Our people knew nothing of the armistice until the

following day. It was a great surprise to us, as no one had thought the war would be terminated before we had obtained our ends. Many suppositions were suggested, the most accepted being that the armistice would be of short duration.

After the various corps of volunteers had been sent to Valcamonica and other districts, I was able to occupy myself with the Valtellinese Battalion. My first act was to keep my word to the mobilized National Guard; and I permitted as many as desired to return home. Nearly all of them went, but it was no great loss, as so many volunteers had offered themselves. We organized the battalion with the idea of marching forward and fighting in the Tyrolese valleys. The task was not easy, as there were so many weaklings mixed up with the strong and courageous mountaineers; however, with the aid of Agostino Bertani, head physician of the volunteer corps, I succeeded in eliminating the physically and morally incapable.

Since I have spoken of the men who were anything but heroic, I wish to speak of one that was a hero. One evening I went with Captain Strambio, the senior captain of our battalion after Montanari's departure, to visit one of our posts. In a little church in which a company was installed, I observed, while the greater part were sleeping, a soldier in a confessional with a lamp, holding a book in his hand.

"What is the soldier doing?" I asked the sergeant.

"He is an original," he replied; "while the others sleep he passes his nights studying. He is Antonio Pievani, of Tirano."

I knew him and his family; but as I had not seen him for several years I did not recognize him. From this time a friendship sprang up between us. His life was an example of nobility of character and of steadfastness of conviction. After the Peace of Villafranca he left the army, but afterwards joined the Mille. In Sicily he was promoted to a captaincy, but he continued to be a companion to his soldiers, with whom he shared his pay. After 1860 he resumed the study of mathematics, in which he showed so great proficiency that he was chosen by the Government to take a finishing course abroad. During the invasion of cholera, which spread throughout Valtellina after the war of 1866, he not only became a nurse, but he sought out the suffering mountaineers in their huts, and if they had been abandoned, carried them to the hospital on his back. He was profoundly religious, but believed that the temporal power of the Pope had perverted the Church from its highest ideals, and he was therefore a resolute adversary of that power.

When Garibaldi, in 1867, with the cry of "Roma o morte" * called the Italians to undertake the capture of the Eternal City, Pievani started to join him, but he was stopped at Genoa by the proclamation of the King, who forbade the attempt that finished so badly at Mentana. Always more and more grieved with the contrast between his convictions and the policy of the Church, he determined to go far away as a missionary. In order to do this the sooner, he became a friar; but he died a few months after, in a convent, in Valcamonica.

But to return to our battalion; while its officers and I

* Rome or death.

worked to strengthen it, some letters came from Milan regarding the conditions of the proposed peace, which froze my heart. They were soon confirmed by the official news. What a change ensued! We all ceased our activities at once, and citizens and soldiers gathered in crowds, questioning, discussing, and cursing. There were many volunteers from the Venetian provinces and other Italian lands that were destined to remain under Austrian rule; and these threw down their arms and cried. The unanimity which had guided us for the past months was broken; the honeymoon of concord was spent. Every one believed himself to be free to do as he pleased. The Peace of Villafranca (of which no one could understand the motives or the consequences) destroyed every sentiment of discipline, even in the best. To increase our confusion and add to our fear came the news that our good pilot, Cavour, had abandoned the helm of the ship of state!

In misfortune there is no greater torment than vague lamentations and absurd comments; of both of which there was a great quantity. So to rid myself of them and of all my offices, which had become objectless, I determined to run away to Milan. To free myself from my duties and from the rank I had expected, I begged Guicciardi to withdraw my nomination as captain of staff. Did I do well or ill? It is a question I have often debated with myself; but at the moment I did not stop to think; a proof that I, too, was influenced by the lack of reflection that swayed us all. In a few days I was free, as my resignation was accepted; and I left for Milan with Romualdo Bonfadini.

CHAPTER XXXIV

(1859)

Milan after the Peace of Villafranca. — The Venetian immigration. — The relief committee. — Receptions and festivities. — Conte Francesco Annoni. — La Perseveranza. — Emilio with Farini at Modena. — The salon of the Contessa Maffei again. — The Principessa Cristina Belgiojoso Trivulzio. — French officers. — Hospitals, public and private. — Rattazzi and his new laws.

HOW different was the Milan I now saw from that which I had left four months previously. Then people were of one mind, disciplined by one hope; and good sense was so prevalent that it seemed as if it would become common. Now, the days that had followed the Peace of Villafranca had been enough to put all things in disorder; so much so that those who sought to explain events by reason were almost ashamed. People gathered along the streets in groups, and every shopkeeper expounded on his doorstep the policies of Napoleon and the great Powers. In every discussion, be it understood, dark plots, and occasionally treasons, were hinted at, and the quiet citizens did not hesitate to utter great, swelling words, and to make the most audacious propositions. The rapid passage from illusion to reality seemed to justify our suspicions; yet good fortune was with us still, and new events soon raised up our hearts again.

The groups of citizens on the streets, of which I have spoken, now began to be augmented by the immigrants from the Venetian provinces. This immigration was composed, at first, of political exiles (some of whom were

distinguished patriots), but afterwards a mass of idlers and ne'er-do-wells came, who asked for means of subsistence at the expense of the Government and of the generous-minded citizens. They aroused, however, the commiseration of us all; so the idea arose of instituting a committee of relief for them.[36] This committee spent, in the first year of its existence, more than two hundred thousand lire, which were contributed by the public-spirited citizens of Milan. Later on it received, by vote of Parliament, an annual allowance. From 1859 to 1866 it distributed more than a million lire of public and private moneys.

Many fêtes and receptions were given this autumn to the deputations from central Italy, which passed through the city on their way to Turin to carry to the King the votes for annexation. The deputation from Tuscany came first, then those from Modena, Parma, and the Romagna. Our hearts became delirious with joy as the end of our longing came nearer to view.

The National Guard, which was constantly called out, did not excite much enthusiasm. Revolutions had been made by certain countries in order to have National Guards, yet, when they were obtained, no blood was shed to retain them. It was so with us. Malcontents soon appeared who said that too much time was lost doing nothing. These, of course, were not those who could display their epaulets, or their beards! Conte Francesco Annoni had been appointed general of the National Guard by the Government. He was of an old patrician family, was rich and generous, and had much heart if not much head. When he was young he became an offi-

cer of the Austrian hussars, not because of his love of them, but because of their fine uniform; but when '48 came he resigned his commission, and Austria placed his estates under sequestration. A great deal of his property, however, was in Piedmont, where he remained until 1859. He became a deputy, a senator, and, at last, the commander of the National Guard of Milan.

This autumn I was asked by Giulini and Correnti to join a group of friends in publishing a great political journal, the first of those that were to rise in Milan. The meetings to consider the project were held generally at the house of Carlo d' Adda, and there were present, besides Giulini, Correnti, and d' Adda, Alessandro Porro, Luigi Sala, Antonio Allievi, Giulio Carcano, Guido Susani, Pacifico Valussi, Bonfadini, and some others that I cannot now recall. The journal was to be unitarian, liberal, and monarchical, and was to be called the "Perseveranza," the old motto of national patriotism. It was launched the 20th of November, 1859.

My friends, especially Correnti, insisted that I should undertake a part of its editorship; but I refused for several reasons, the chief one being my regard for Carlo Tenca, who could not be pleased to see his friends support a journal that would necessarily kill the "Crepuscolo." The "Crepuscolo" was small, and was published for the cultivated classes; moreover, it had accomplished its mission, and was destined to fall as did so many heroes in the day of triumph; but the intimate friends of Tenca could not immediately join those who were indifferent to its decline and death. After the "Crepuscolo" had ceased to be published, I consented to join the ranks of its rival.

Emilio with Farini at Modena

I received from time to time interesting letters from my brother, written from Modena. He wrote from the ducal palace, where Farini resided with his cabinet, of which Emilio was a menber. He was making his first essay in the conduct of foreign affairs. His letters were full of keen observations on the improvised dictatorial government, which was sustained by an approving yet diffident public opinion; and was encircled by enthusiastic yet fearful adherents. The eyes of all the people were directed to the boundary, beyond which was the little army of the Duke, that was ready to march upon Modena to make good his rights which had been reserved to him by the Treaty of Zürich.

When, after the Peace of Villafranca, the Royal Commissioners (of whom Farini was one) were recalled from the various provinces, a great concourse of the people of Modena (some of them the highest in rank) had proclaimed Farini Dictator, and made him a Modenese citizen. Farini accepted the dictatorship, and remained at his post in order to oppose the restoration of the Duke. Cavour, who had resigned, when asked for his counsel telegraphed: "The minister is dead; the friend applauds you."

When any bad news came unexpectedly to Modena, the people gathered under the balcony of the Dictator to strengthen his hands by the manifestation of their will; and the Government, which asked for nothing better, fell back upon the will of the people. One of the leaders in these demonstrations was a friend of Farini, the patriot Paolo Ferrari, who was already celebrated for his literary and theatrical works. The situation in which

Farini found himself was difficult in the extreme. The only military force he could rely upon was a half-formed partly armed battalion of volunteers, called the Cacciatori della Magra, and some squads of immigrants. The Duke could have chosen some favorable opportunity, and, with his small but better equipped army (which he had taken to the Austrians), have passed the frontier and have surprised Modena; but Farini undoubtedly held him back by his resolute stand. Subsequently, when the Tuscan troops left their camp at Mantua to return home, Ricasoli made them stop at Modena, as it was the point that was then the most threatened by the enemy; and the opportunity of the Duke was lost. Farini, with his force of character and able administration, conquered all obstacles, and triumphed. He kept all the people in check, — the exalted, the fearful, and the faithless. He strengthened the strong, encouraged the weak, and wisely yet audaciously pushed all along the way to independence. It can be said of him and of Ricasoli that they decided, at this juncture, in central Italy, the question of the unity of our country.

Emilio made, in September, a hurried visit to Tirano, and we were united for some days with our dear mother, who was ever worried, between her enthusiasm for the events which were happening and her anxiety for her wandering sons. Contrary to our expectation, our sojourn together was short, as Emilio was recalled to Modena; and we left shortly after for Milan. All society hastened its return to town, as people were anxious to have a joyful winter season; so much the more so as, in spite of the abrupt signing of the Peace of Villafranca,

new hopes were arising. It is true that the Austrian army was encamped at the Mincio, and that the deposed princes were plotting their return; but Garibaldi was left in command of the troops in central Italy, and was planning new enterprises; while Napoleon was silent, and all Europe was tired of us, and told us to keep quiet.

The salon of the Contessa Maffei became very animated, as new people presented themselves almost every day. I saw there many old emigrants that had returned, and many new immigrants from the Venetian provinces, also innumerable French officers, and the admirers of the rising sun. At the close of the year I was presented to the Principessa Cristina Belgiojoso Trivulzio, of whom I had heard so much from my friends. She came several evenings to Casa Maffei.

When the Principessa entered a room she became the cynosure of all eyes. She was tall, but carried her head inclined to the front because of a wound she had received in the Orient from the hand of an intended assassin. She was fifty years of age, and her famous beauty had disappeared, but her eyes were large and preserved their pristine splendor.

Our guests, the French and Piedmontese officers, contributed not a little to render our fêtes and festivities animated and gay. The French were the more numerous, as our troops were scattered along the Mincio and throughout central Italy. There was a strong French garrison at Milan under the command of Marshal Vaillant. The French had been received throughout Lombardy with the consideration that was their due. As I have said, a tiresome legend had come down from

Napoleonic times that the French were destined to drive the Austrians out of Italy; and in every family, of every class, there was still a warm memory of a father or grandfather who had served under the great Emperor, or in the Italian army of the Viceroy Beauharnais. The French infantry, and especially the zouaves, soon contracted friendships with the populace. The soldiers of the South of France used, in their speech, many words that were common to the Piedmontese and Milanese dialects. Thus an understanding was easily established.

The military and municipal authorities had taken care to establish hospitals for the sick and wounded, and to them Italian, French, and Austrian soldiers and officers were taken. At first many of the wounded had been carried to private houses and nursed by the citizens, but the medical directors had to have many transported to the hospitals. In the families of the gentry the wounded French remained for longer periods of time, surrounded by hospitable care, and, occasionally, by sympathies that were more than hospitable. There did not lack, therefore, agreeable, and even piquant, episodes and stories.

To overshadow the light of liberty there came upon us the new administrative laws of Rattazzi. Cavour had resigned after the peace, and was succeeded by the Ministry of La Marmora, in which Rattazzi was Minister of the Interior. Making full use of the powers that had been voted by Parliament on the eve of the war, he thought he would give a new method of administration to the Sardinian-Lombard provinces that had just been united. The legislation of Rattazzi had uniformity

in view. With this it seemed to him that unity could be realized more rapidly, forgetting that the question was not the forging of metals, but the holding of men in agreement who had different traditions, uses, needs, and customs, and diverse forms of civil life. The unifying method of Rattazzi became a fixed principle that, little by little, was applied to all the provinces of Italy, arousing an ill humor which has lasted for many years, and will not soon disappear. Minghetti, a little while after, proposed a scheme of local administration which was intended to prepare the country for a uniform system; but the leveling doctrine of Rattazzi prevailed, and Minghetti had but a scant following.

In his hurry to legislate, Rattazzi, impressed, perhaps, by the recent Austrian methods, had forgotten that Lombardy had had, in the reign of Maria Teresa and during the Napoleonic régime, wise administrations that had left ordinances and traditions of two great states. The provinces, too quickly assimilated, were ill at ease; and this was the cause of Rattazzi's unpopularity.

In the midst of this ill humor, so improvidently aroused, the year of great events, which laid the foundation of the independence and liberty of Italy, came to an end; and the year 1860, which was to give us the unity of our country, was before us. The historian will search for facts and episodes which can illustrate the story of this memorable year, and this thought induces me to write some pages that will carry us to the proclamation of the Kingdom of Italy, the end of our long years of anxious waiting.

CHAPTER XXXV

(1860)

The end of the "Crepuscolo." — I go to Modena and Bologna. — The family and the secretaries of Farini. — Cavour again in power. — Massimo d'Azeglio. — The municipalities of Lombardy under Austrian rule. — The new elections. — Antonio Beretta Mayor. — Hospitality in Casa Beretta. — Private fêtes and receptions. — The entry of Vittorio Emanuele. — Alessandro Manzoni. — The *coriandoli*. — The beauty of the ladies. — The French officers and Marshal Vaillant. — The subscription for a million rifles. — Political activities. — The elections to Parliament. — The Club of the "Galline." — The newspapers. — The "Pungolo," the "Perseveranza," the "Unità Italiana." — My brother goes to Paris and London. — Crispi at the "Perseveranza."

IN the beginning of 1860 the "Crepuscolo" ceased its publication, and its disappearance marked the end of a long and memorable struggle. Tenca was subsequently elected a deputy to Parliament, and a municipal alderman, and became a member of the commission on education. As such, he founded the superior female school of the municipality, which afterwards became a model for similar schools throughout Italy. In Parliament, and in the municipality, he was an indefatigable worker, and was held in great esteem. He died on the 4th of September, 1883. His last years were disturbed by the failure of a bank in which he had deposited his savings. After this misfortune, he retired from political life, and, as a poor man, closed his days in dignified silence.

As Farini desired to attract as large a number of volunteers as possible to the Emilia to withstand the Duke, he entered into negotiations with the committee of relief of the Venetians. During these negotiations it became necessary for me to see the Dictator; so I went to Mo-

dena, and became his guest in the ducal palace. I afterwards went to Bologna to see Emilio, who had gone there on some official matters. Bologna was very animated. The Contesse Tattini and Zucchini, *nate* Pepoli, whose mother was the daughter of Murat, King of Naples, received on alternate days. Their beauty and spirit were very attractive. Conte Gioachino Pepoli, their brother, afterwards a deputy, a minister, and an ambassador at St. Petersburg, was one of the chiefs of the annexationist party in the Romagna.

Farini had assumed all the powers of government, and had surrounded himself with a number of young men, whom he had made his secretaries. Riccardi had charge of internal, and Emilio, of foreign, affairs. The secretaries lived, almost as sons, in the Dictator's family. The elder of his sons, Domenico, was an engineer officer. He afterwards became a major of staff, a deputy, then the President of the House, and finally a senator, and the President of the Senate. The younger son, Armando, was an officer of the *bersaglieri*. He was wounded in the war, and died shortly after. At the end of the dictatorship the daughter, Ada, married Riccardi, but she died, a little while after her marriage, in Naples. These domestic misfortunes were fatal blows to Farini's health.

In his conversations and actions Farini was frank and pleasing, yet he had a certain Romagnole solemnity of manner. A friend of Cavour, he followed the politics of the Minister with tact and courage, and guided and brought about, with a sure hand, the annexation of Emilia to Piedmont. He exercised the powers of his dictatorship with large ideas, and with the firmness of a

statesman. He desired that I should enter his service, and made me a very kind offer. He had nominated the Marchese Di Rorà of Turin as Governor of Ravenna, and wanted me to accompany him as councilor. But I thought of my mother, who had begun to be unhappy because of the prolonged absence of Emilio, and I did not accept the office.

The return of Cavour to power was hailed by all Italy with joy. It strengthened our faith and emboldened our policies. The news of his recall was celebrated by the people like an occasion of domestic happiness. Cavour immediately appointed Massimo d'Azeglio Governor of Milan, and the Palazzo di Governo (which for half a century had been the seat of foreign rule) was now opened to the flower of the Milanese society. It seemed like a dream.

D' Azeglio appeared to have greatly aged, as he was in poor health, but he was always young in heart and warm of spirit. His conversation was most agreeable, as he embellished it by keen observations, anecdotes, and irony. He did not always join in our enthusiastic devotion to Cavour. He appreciated his talent, but he did not, invariably, approve of his audacity. Between these two illustrious men there was a latent dissent, which time was to aggravate. One of the first acts of d' Azeglio's government (which, by the way, lasted only a few months) was the inauguration of the Consiglio Communale. The free administration of the community, entrusted to an elected body of citizens, was a new thing in our country.

Under Austrian rule the communities were divided

into urban and rural municipalities. The councilors in the urban municipalities were chosen from among the hundred citizens who were rated highest on the tax-list. At the head of the council was the junta and the podestà, who was appointed by the Government. In the little communes the council was formed from the whole body of the taxpayers, and was called the Convocato. The executive power was entrusted to three deputies, and the first deputy could be a woman, who nevertheless had to be represented. The juntas, the deputies, and the podestà had to look after the ordinances of health and of surveillance, but their functions were deliberative, as all their measures had to obtain the approbation of the Government.

Within the restricted limits of their powers, the municipalities had administered their affairs wisely and honestly. The most noted persons and proprietors of Lombardy had taken part therein, but the state of siege and the ten years of resistance had alienated the people from the Government, and the year 1859 found the municipalities weak and feeble. In the first days of our deliverance, as the national Government could not take measures for the immediate renovation of the municipalities, it reinforced them by adding citizens who were noted for their character and patriotism.

The communal elections of Milan were fixed for the 15th of January, 1860. The struggle, however, was not fierce, and the outcome was only unjust toward certain members of the old administration who had rendered real service to the community, as the Podestà Conte Luigi Belgiojoso. The mayoralty was a government

nomination, and the Ministry chose, from among the councilors, Antonio Beretta. The choice could not have been better, as his administration of seven years demonstrated.

Beretta had been a member of the municipality and of the Provisional Government, in 1848, and had had charge of, and had administered, the finances during its existence. As I have said, Austria refused to recognize any of his acts outside of the routine of business, and had charged him with the expenses of the revolution. Beretta managed to defend himself until the battle of Magenta.

He was not a man of great talent or of large culture, but he was good, generous, and conciliatory, and his disposition was equable. A lover of his city and an able administrator, he foresaw the future and prepared for it by reforming our old institutions and by instituting new public works. The Galleria Vittorio Emanuele was one of his projects.[37] Both the Mayor and the junta worked ceaselessly to harmonize the old and the new administrative laws.

In the first months the care of public instruction and the superintendence of schools was confided to me. Then Beretta wanted me to take charge of the surveillance of the city, in which a large reform of regulations and of institutions was contemplated. I remained, however, on the scholastic commission, a permanent board which had charge of the proposals for the new schools desired by the community. Many citizens, well known for their knowledge in matters of instruction, were members of it.

In every branch of the municipal life there was an

activity that was most unusual, and Beretta always took the initiative. Besides, he was very hospitable, and the entertainments in Casa Beretta were famous for the gaiety and cordiality which reigned there. He became, in a short time, so popular that Cavour said his appointment was truly inspired.

Beretta remained in office seven years, but his star became obscured, and he resigned his office because of bitter political opposition. Nominated as senator, he left Milan and took up his residence in Rome. His end was saddened by physical ills and domestic misfortune. He became blind, and so impoverished that his friends had to provide for him. Besides the fêtes in Casa Beretta there were many receptions in the houses of the patriciate and of the rich middle class. Every one wanted to enjoy the present and forget the past.

The King made his entry into Milan on the 16th of February. The people flocked about him and did not cease to acclaim him. He was followed by Cavour and the diplomatic corps. A few days after, he gave a grand ball with an extended list of invitations. The new generation entered the Palazzo di Corte for the first time; and great was its admiration of the splendid rooms. Official receptions followed of an infinite number of deputations, from Milan and the provinces. Vittorio Emanuele, with his free and frank way of acting, which seemed to say that he disdained etiquette (more, indeed, than was true), always pleased and fascinated the people; and he sent them away from his audiences his ardent admirers.

I had occasion to be received three times by the King

as a member of different deputations, and I heard his speeches. They were pitched in a key that, presumably, would give pleasure to each deputation. With one he spoke the language of political prudence; with another he appeared to give vent to the ardor of his soul, and gave utterance to the most audacious proposals. So there was something for all; and he discussed questions with the political finesse and artfulness that guided him always in the fortunate vicissitudes of his reign.

Among those who asked for an audience was Alessandro Manzoni, who, for the first time in his life, rendered homage to a prince. He went to thank him for the honors he had received, honors which up to this time he had declined to accept from sovereigns, so as to be able to refuse those that were offered him by Austria. Vittorio Emanuele received him with the polite familiarity with which he would have greeted his equal; and when Manzoni took his leave the King gave him his arm, and accompanied him through the rooms of the palace down the great stairway as far as the court. Manzoni, in his modesty, never spoke of this episode. I heard it from his son Pietro, who was with him.

Among the balls there was one that was most magnificent. It was given by the Duchessa Visconti di Modrone (to which Cavour and the diplomatic corps came); and another, not less elegant, in costume, was given by the Marchese Trotti. This last was repeated in the salon of the Società degli Artisti.

In this revival of fêtes and entertainments, as might be supposed, the *coriandoli* was revived, as the diversion of throwing coriander seeds during the carnival

had been prohibited. It had something unrestrained about it, though it did not transcend the limits of propriety. The people of every class diverted themselves in their own way; and all exhibited good humor, since between the higher and the lower classes of old Milan there were no antipathies. Foreign rule had made all equal in sorrow; and in the higher classes there was a feeling of charity which was recognized and returned with respect by the lower.

An unrestrained diversion like that of the *coriandoli* would not now be possible in a city which is composed of so many new elements, in the midst of which the old have been lost. The battle of the *coriandoli* would become a struggle of the classes; kindness would disappear, and violence would arise. A battle of the *coriandoli* between carriages of masqued people and terraces full of ladies would be possible (if, indeed, then) only under the supervision of the carabinieri.

The French officers seemed to enjoy themselves in all our fêtes and receptions. A great number of foreigners were now to be seen in Milan, and among them many reporters, one of whom I recall. It was Madame Colet, whom I had met in Casa Maffei. She came to gather information for her new book.

When I turn over the leaves of the old albums, and look at the faces of those who have passed away, I recall that the years of our political *Risorgimento* could be well said to be a *risorgimento* of beauty, for at the balls and fêtes, in the theaters and on the promenades, many very beautiful ladies were to be seen. It is needless to say they were greatly admired by our guests.

How many dear names of friends come to my mind, and how many stories, some pleasing and some sad, some gay and some even scandalous, which time has covered with its indulgent veil. Among the names I recall are those of the French officers who participated in our festivities. I have an album that is wholly devoted to them. Here is the face of Captain Magnan, the son of the well-known marshal; and here is that of Théodore Yung, who belonged to the staff of Marshal Vaillant. Yung married afterwards a Contessa Kaula, who was accused of spying in the war of 1870. He became secretary-general of Boulanger while he was Minister, but resigned before the final catastrophe. He remained ever a friend of Italy, and founded the Franco-Italian League.

Before me also appear the faces of two brilliant captains of the hussars, that of the Marquis de Louvencour and that of the Comte de Vogüé, who was among the first to fall at Wörth. Then there follow the faces of a group of artillery officers, Laprade, La Ville Huchet, Flye de Sainte Marie, and the Comte de Novion, who distinguished himself at Solferino. The Comte de Novion was an excellent artist, and I have several of his sketches in aquarelle. In 1871 I received a letter from him, written from a German fortress, asking me to obtain, by aid of my brother, who was Minister of Foreign Affairs, and of the Italian Embassy at Berlin, permission to join the corps that was to be sent against the Commune, which Thiers had asked of Bismarck. His request was granted. Later on he passed into the Algerian service, and died a general of division.

But there were not only young and gay officers among

the French; there were also those who were old and cross, who were unfriendly to Italy, and who went but little into society; but I have not their portraits in my album.

"C'est beau, votre carnaval," grumbled one evening at the Scala a colonel of the infantry; "c'est beau, mais c'est cher; ça nous coûte quatorze mille fantassins français, couchés sur vos plaines. On aurait pu bien s'amuser à meilleur marché!" But he who grumbled openly, and without regard for others, was Marshal Vaillant, who had remained in Lombardy as commander-in-chief of the French army of occupation after the return of Napoleon to France. The Marshal lodged in the Villa Reale, in which Radetzky had died a few years previously. The Mayor tried, in every way, to be polite and hospitable; but the Marshal was cold and reserved, and had the air of a man that was filling a post he disliked. He was the true type of the military *grognard.*

The municipality and the citizens invited him to their public and private fêtes, but he never came. He received his visitors in the lovely garden of the villa, dressed in a linen jacket and a great straw hat, like a cultivator of the soil. He never incommoded himself in his favorite occupation.

We were in the days when the events in central Italy held us in suspense, but the Marshal avoided all political conversation, and talked only of *greffages* and of *boutures*. On one of our days of greatest anxiety he wrote to the Mayor, asking him to procure fifty toads to rid the garden of I do not know what kind of insect, and regretting, at the same time, his inability to accept some

invitation. He finished by saying without further compliment: "Vos annexions me désannexionnent."

In the mean while Napoleon let people talk, and let us act. While our hearts were disturbed by the difficulties which confronted Cavour, there appeared on the horizon the dawn of the coming day of unity. Garibaldi addressed a proclamation to the Italians, and asked for a million rifles. The "million rifles" was a figurative expression, serving, in the General's language, to mask a new undertaking. But Garibaldi, so as not to raise questions and to act in concert with others, placed at the head of the subscription paper Giuseppe Finzi and Enrico Besana, two friends of himself and of Cavour. The subscription provided not for a million, but for many rifles, and paid in part for the expeditions to Sicily.

At the same time Cavour prepared for a new election so as to have the parliamentary support of both the old and the new provinces. The elections in Milan were preceded by much agitation, as the concord, which had existed at the time of the municipal elections, had disappeared. One of the principal political clubs that was formed at this time was nicknamed the Galline, as it met on the premises of a school situated on the little Piazza delle Galline. This club, which had great influence for years in the elections, was a club of the third party, and had, as its mouthpiece, a newspaper called the "Pungolo," which was edited by Leone Fortis. A great number of lawyers belonged to it, who, with facile words, exercised an absolute predominance. The Club of the Galline did not side with the radicals, but it was nearly always against the Government, because it did not con-

sider that people could be independent enough. Its first attacks were directed against the persons who had openly or secretly controlled the march of events in the preceding years; who were represented by the "Perseveranza." An understanding between the two factions would not have been difficult if they had known one another better, and had become less suspicious. "Men," as says Manzoni, "have among their other prerogatives that of loving or hating one another without knowing one another." The "Pungolo" introduced, later on, a term which was to remain: it called *consorti* the friends of the moderate Ministers; so *consorteria*, an abstract word, pleased public fancy, and entered our political vernacular.

The shipwrecked republicans had an association and a journal, which was edited by Maurizio Quadrio. It was called the "Unità Italiana." It had little influence, but was especially spiteful toward its former friends; and bitterly attacked my brother Emilio, who, later on, fought a duel with Quadrio.

In the first elections two Milanese constituencies announced the candidatures of Cavour and Farini; who were elected by all. The Galline accepted Carlo Tenca, a Cavourian; favored Antonio Mosca, an independant; and asked for votes for Agostino Bertani, a Mazzinian, and Carlo Cattaneo, a federal republican. What a pie! These first elections surprised Cavour, who would have liked to have a demonstration from the principal cities that would have supported him in his policy of further annexation in the formation of the kingdom. "I do not understand the judgment with which, in Milan,

they have associated me with a Mazzinian and a federalist," he exclaimed.

Farini at this time sent my brother Emilio to Paris upon a mission regarding the annexation of the Duchies. This was his first diplomatic charge. While abroad, he received news of his election as deputy from Tirano; he had just attained his thirtieth year. The next year Cavour sent him to London to give the English Ministers some information regarding the *plébiscite* and the state of affairs at Naples, which would keep them favourably disposed and enable them to defend our cause in Parliament.

In April I made the acquaintance of Crispi. I met him in the office of the "Perseveranza," where he came to write articles on the news from Sicily. He was at this time the chief editor of the journal, as it was believed that his writings would be eagerly read and credited. As a matter of fact the revolutionary movement in Sicily languished, and it was feared that the Bourbons would scatter the insurgents. But Crispi, who was planning the expedition to Sicily, and wanted to induce his friends (especially Garibaldi) to participate in it, was intent on convincing us that the Sicilian revolution would triumph, and that the people were only waiting for the coming of the volunteers.

Crispi told me that he had conquered the hesitation of all, and that an expedition was in progress which was to be entrusted to Garibaldi. Sirtori, who up to this time had kept himself in reserve, now decided to join the enterprise, and Finzi, who had collected the funds for the million rifles, was called by Cavour to Turin.

At this time my friend Costantino Garavaglia, then a banker, who was known for his patriotism, told me confidentially that one evening he had received an urgent request from the Governor d' Azeglio, for the loan of three hundred thousand lire, which would be paid by the Ministry of Cavour, and that, in agreement with d' Azeglio, he had given this sum to the Garibaldian captain, F. Chiassi.[38]

Evidently the money that was asked for was for the expenses of the expedition of Garibaldi, as the call of Finzi to Turin was connected with the Piemonte and the Lombardo, the two steamers of the Mille. All these things will be known exactly some day.*

One can imagine the anxiety with which we followed in thought the marvelous expedition, which, even in this time of extraordinary events, was to surpass so much the bounds of our imagination.

* Trevelyan, in *Garibaldi and the Thousand* (appendices), p. 341, avers that Garavaglia became confused in memory, and that the money in question was not paid to Garibaldi or his agent for the expenses of the Mille, but presumably to Medici or Cosenz to fit out their later expeditions.

CHAPTER XXXVI

(1860)

Strangers at Milan. — Death of the Principessa Belgiojoso. — I make the acquaintance of Alessandro Manzoni. — His family and his friends. — His habits and his conversation. — Abbé Ceroli and Professor Rossari. — Dom Pedro of Brazil. — Public homage to Manzoni.

AFTER the exploits of the Mille, there was, as is known, a succession of actions in the southern provinces in which the unity of the country took its rise. History, with its documents, will show to future generations the true course of the events of these days, and dissipate the myths and legends which have gathered about them. The events, which succeeded each other in so remarkable a sequence, brought to us many journalists and politicians who desired to see the spectacle of a nation that was rising into life. Some became our admirers; some remained skeptics, and some seemed to be bored with finding a living people where they were accustomed to see sepulchers and ruins.

I often met these people in the house of the Principessa Belgiojoso, where, however, be it observed, those who doubted the triumph of our cause and criticized the actions of our statesmen were not well received.

An optimist myself, — the more so as I had not experienced the deceptions of maturer years, — the Principessa and I agreed so thoroughly that, in a very short time, she loved to discuss politics with me, and treated me most cordially. When she received people a narghilé was brought in, and she smoked something that certainly was not tobacco. She talked while she embroid-

ered; and sometimes, in the midst of discussions, with a pad on her knees, she wrote articles for the newspapers and reviews, especially for the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

When she was ill she rarely went to bed, but lay wrapped up in shawls in a great easy-chair, taking care of herself, as she abhorred medicine. Her physician, however, for many years had been Dr. Maspero, the translator of the "Odyssey." A few days before her death, I saw her stretched out in an armchair. I had called to inquire about her health, and she, hearing I was in the salon, sent word that she would like to see me. She made a sign that I should approach; then, in a thin voice, she asked if there was a dispatch in regard to I do not know what question of political importance. Politics and the state of the country interested her to the last. She died on the 5th of July, 1875. Her friends saw her pass away with much sorrow, as with her genius she had illustrated Italian patriotism, and with her wealth had helped to promote it in difficult times.

In 1860 I made the most precious of all my acquaintances. The Contessa Maffei took me to call on Alessandro Manzoni. Manzoni received a few friends in the evening, and he soon invited me to join them. In the daytime he remained in his study which opened upon his garden, and in the evening he resorted to his salon. He took a seat by a table in summer, and near the chimney in winter, and poked the fire with the tongs, as he listened, or talked. His friends and Pietro, his eldest son, formed a circle about him, while his daughter-in-law and grandchildren read, or sewed, or embroidered,

seated at a table in the middle of the room. The grandchildren were three beautiful girls, of whom the eldest, Vittoria, married Senator Pietro Brambilla, and the second, Giulia, became the wife of General Costantini. The third was called Sandra. The friends that Manzoni saw generally were the Abbé Natale Ceroli, Professor Luigi Rossari, Rossi, the Librarian of the Brera, the Marchese Lorenzo Litta Modignani, Giulio Carcano, Senator Piola, Professor Giovanni Rizzi, Professor Fabris and his stepson, Conte Stefano Stampa. A number of other friends also came when they were in Milan.

Manzoni took a walk for a couple of hours a day, but he could not go out alone because of a nervous affection. If no one was with him he had the sensation of the ground giving way beneath his feet, or of the houses falling upon him. He told me that this trouble was caused by the impression he had received when he was in Paris, in the Place de la Concorde, during a fête that was given to celebrate the marriage of Napoleon with Marie Louise. Pushed and squeezed by the crowd, his wife swooned in his arms; and he had the agony of seeing her torn away and trampled upon, for some minutes, by the terrible waves of people.

From that day streets and squares made him dizzy; and, later on, a sudden announcement of bad news increased his malady. He was in a bookshop, in Via di S. Margherita, when he heard the report of the battle of Waterloo. With a clear vision he saw the loss of our independence, and Italy given over to Austria, perhaps forever. He nearly swooned and had to be taken to his house. For many years the faithful companions of his

promenades were the Abbé Natale Ceroli and Professor Luigi Rossari. Ceroli was a patriotic, cultured, and worthy priest, and Rossari was a professor of Italian in a technical school. His culture was great, but his modesty was greater. To some one who once asked him why he had not thought of publishing some literary work, he replied, "I have had among my dearest friends Manzoni, Grossi, Porta, Azeglio, Giusti, and Giorgini; and do you think that, living among these giants, the idea of taking up a pen has ever entered my mind?" However, several of these masters did not publish anything without first submitting it to Luigi Rossari. I had scarcely made his acquaintance before I begged him to become a member of the commission on education, which he did. For several years he had a large share in reforming and directing our municipal schools.

The conversation of Manzoni, or of Don Alessandro, as he was universally called, was simple and kind, and was full of witticisms. In hearing him one seemed to be reading "I Promessi Sposi." With his family and intimate friends he used the Milanese dialect; and when he talked with people whom he did not know well, he sometimes stammered. He had an extraordinary memory. At eighty-five, talking one evening with Alfieri, he recited from memory two hundred verses of Virgil, and the corresponding verses of Alfieri's translation. His conversation turned often upon the French Revolution, of which he remembered even the secondary actors, and every little particular and document, with astonishing accuracy. Indeed, he contemplated writing, as is known, a history of this great period; but his advanced

age did not permit him to compose more than the beginning.

It was difficult to get Manzoni to pronounce judgments upon the works of living authors; and when he was asked to examine manuscripts or to give advice, he refused, and would answer with a general formula which was, "One must be indulgent with printed works, and ferocious with manuscripts." He was very shy, and disliked to receive curious persons or foreigners except in especial cases. One exception was Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, who once sent him his translation of "Cinque Maggio" with the grand cordon of the Rosa. Manzoni wrote him, praising the translation, and thanking him for the honor, which, however, he declined. After 1859, Dom Pedro sent him the order of the Rosa a second time, and wrote: "If I have guessed the reason why you did not accept my decoration at first, I hope you will accept it now." Manzoni did accept it, and thanked him in the usual form of courteous appreciation.

Though shy of making new acquaintances, he knew all the illustrious men of his time, especially of Italy. He had his son Pietro answer the letters of his many correspondents. In writing himself he was never satisfied, and frequently rewrote his letters to his friends. After his death, Abbé Ceroli, who had charge of his papers, told me that he had found hundreds of letters from unknown persons who had written to Manzoni, as to a saint, asking for counsel, and saying that his writings had put faith, peace, and hope into their souls. On the other hand, his son told me that his father had received in his last days some rabid letters, which violently as-

sailed him, because, as a senator, he had gone to Turin to vote for the order of the day, which proclaimed Rome to be the capital of Italy.

When such letters came, he glanced them over, then took them with the tongs and put them into the fire. He was opposed to the temporal power of the Pope, not only from the standpoint of Italian politics, but also from that of a most rigorous and orthodox Catholic. In the cause of religion he frequently discussed this grave question, and cited extracts from ecclesiastical history, in which he was very learned. The bitterness which these wretched letters and some anonymous libels caused him was compensated by the esteem, not to say veneration, in which he was held. In his promenades, through the city and beyond, he was recognized by all, and all made way for, and saluted, him with respectful affection. In one of his last years (I think it was 1871) he went one evening to the theater to hear a comedy then in vogue. He was scarcely seen before the whole house rose to its feet, waving their handkerchiefs and saluting him. At the exit there was a clamorous demonstration.

He received another tribute of regard in the summer of the same year. One evening he returned home later than usual, and tried to justify his tardiness to his friends, who were waiting for him, by some excuses; but Abbé Ceroli, who had accompanied him, said: "We were in the public garden, and Don Alessandro was looking at some new plantations, when some persons recognized him and began to say to one another, 'Manzoni, Manzoni.' Thereupon people commenced to gather from every part of the garden, and in a moment he was surrounded by a

crowd of men, women, and children. All wanted to press his hand or to touch his garments. Some women even asked for a benediction for their babies. Don Alessandro became red in the face, but, with his usual good will, shook hands with the men and women, and caressed the children. After a good half-hour a way was opened for him, and he returned home between two files of people who saluted him and cried, 'Viva Manzoni.' It was," concluded Don Ceroli, "an ovation."

It might be said that the Milanese had a presentiment that they were honoring Manzoni for the last time. On the 6th of January, 1873, he fell upon the steps of the church of S. Fedele, and struck his forehead. He received a shock, and his mind became clouded; and after some intervals of delirium and lucidity, he died the 22d of May following.

CHAPTER XXXVII

(1860)

Chronicle of the events of 1860. — Attempt of Cavour to promote a pronunciamento at Naples. — Garibaldi enters Naples. — The royal troops enter Emilia and the Marches. — Conte Pasolini Governor of Milan. — More festivities. — The police power. — Its provisional reorganization. — An agent of the French police. — Regular organization of the police. — Cavaliere Setti. — Farini nominated Lieutenant at Naples. — My brother accompanies him. — Decline of Farini's health. — The sequence of events. — A saying of Alessandro Manzoni. — Proclamation of the Kingdom of Italy with its capital at Rome. — Its recognition by France upon the death of Cavour.

LET us turn to the events of 1860. Every day seemed to bring forth a new cause for trepidation and joy. While we were anxious for the success of Garibaldi's expedition, the battalions of the National Guard went from city to city to celebrate the advent of fraternity; all, of course, in the trappings of war. The guards, however, that went to Bologna had more than banquets and speeches in mind. Cavour sent Giuseppe Finzi and my brother to Naples, where, a few days before, Persano had arrived with a warship. The Minister hoped that, after Garibaldi's success in Sicily, Naples would rise, or, at least, that the Neapolitan army would rebel and make a pronunciamento. Thus the political effect of the capture of the city would be greater, and the army would remain intact, and could be added to the Italian forces and used with them against the Austrians who were still encamped upon our frontier.

This attempt of Cavour failed, though it was aided by some illustrious Neapolitans and many of his friends. The kingdom fell apart; and Garibaldi entered Naples,

almost alone, on the 11th of September, in the midst of an enthusiastic people who proclaimed him the Liberator.

After the entrance of Garibaldi into Naples, Cavour courageously forsook diplomatic tergiversations, and determined to take the initiative, and send the royal troops into the Marches and Umbria. This plan was conceived toward the end of August; but the Minister, taking into consideration the difficulties he would have to encounter in the cabinets of Europe, thought it best to warn his secret friend, Napoleon. Profiting by a visit to Savoy the Emperor was making, he sent Farini and Cialdini, with the mission of communicating the resolution he had formed. Napoleon showed them his diplomatic engagements, and spoke of the indignation such a course would provoke. But as the envoys persisted, he replied at the end, with the celebrated words, "Faites vite." The troops, as is known, led by Fanti entered Perugia; Cialdini beat Lamoricière at Castelfidardo, and Ancona was captured.

In October a new governor was sent to Milan to replace d'Azeglio, who had resigned because of a difference with Cavour. He was Conte Giuseppe Pasolini, of Ravenna, a cultured and liberal patriot, and an important personage in the Romagna. He had taken part, in 1848, in the first Liberal Ministry of Pius IX, with Minghetti and Mamiani. Pasolini and Beretta governed Milan, in the troublesome days, with sure and firm hands. The old directing class needed to be guided, and the public, with its new experience of liberty, needed to be tamed. The marvelous success of Garibaldi (due,

in part, to the exceptional nature of the man, and in part to a most extraordinary concatenation of circumstances) had obscured in many the idea of impossibility, and had lifted restraint from fancy. And the Austrians were still encamped upon the bank of the Mincio! To interpret the thought of Cavour, and to be both audacious and prudent, was not an easy task.

General La Marmora, who was in command of an army corps, was strengthened by his old prestige and popularity. Pasolini often said that "his very face, upon which all could read courage, firmness, and loyalty, inspired a sense of security, as if he had an army behind him." Moreover, both the Governor and the Mayor lived the life of the country, and gathered about them, with generous hospitality, all the best of its citizens.

Conte Pasolini was not only a statesman and an able administrator, but he was cordial and tactful, and made his receptions very attractive. He had the good fortune, too, to be aided by his wife, the Contessa Antonietta Bassi (a Milanese), who was universally beloved for her goodness and exquisite manners; so much so that, when Ricasoli, in 1862, changed the Governors into Prefetti, the Contessa was called the *Prefetta.*

As a city alderman, I had frequent occasion to be associated with Pasolini, and I could appreciate his excellent qualities. I had, by desire of the Mayor, assumed a disagreeable duty. The old Austrian police had disappeared with the entry of the allied armies. There remained only some secondary employees, and there were the carabinieri, who had just come. So, in some of the principal communities, the Government had given power to the

municipal officers to exercise the police power provisionally.

Cavour, with his large and liberal ideas, had little faith in the efficacy of the police. Like all the Liberals of his day, he remembered their abuse of power, and was suspicious of them. He once said to a governor who asked him for a larger force: "Do you believe in the police? Remember that, when order is disturbed, there are good soldiers in your barracks!"

The Mayor, in agreement with the Governor, in order to cut loose from the formal ways of the past, had appointed, as head of the municipal force, a certain Francesco Crippa, who had been superintendent of public security. Crippa was an old bureaucrat, of great astuteness, who had an exact knowledge of the various classes in the city. The Mayor made him dependent upon an alderman, and delegated me for the duty. This service is generally repellent and thankless; but, I confess, I found it, at times, rather diverting. Some of the reports that I read were very comical; but there were also mysterious and terrifying reports, which sent me to the Governor or to the colonel of the carabinieri. Matters of a purely political character were forwarded directly to the Governor, who transmitted them to the Ministry of the Interior.

The most disgusting business was the spying and the importunity of the informers. It required much astuteness upon the part of Crippa to distinguish the true from the false spies; for in every complot, whether of the many or the few, there arise ever true or false informers.

The municipalities were soon relieved of this onerous service when the new commissioners of police were appointed and entered upon their offices. The first commissioner sent us was the Cavaliere Setti, an old republican and an able functionary. In taking charge of his office, he said something that was evidently his maxim: "The police must have money; much money a good police; little money a poor one."

Before Setti's arrival a sad sort of personage came to me with a letter of recommendation from a deputy of a subalpine district. This letter exhorted me to confide in this person, as he was known by many patriots to have rendered our cause important services in the past. I received the man cordially, and, after several visits, he became confidential and let me see some letters he had from the old Committee of London, — from Mazzini, Kossuth, and Ledru-Rollin. He told me, too, of his journeys, to Italy, Hungary, and France, to carry the instructions of the committee; and concluded that, for some time past, he had renounced his wandering life, and was joyful that Italy offered him a safe harbor of retreat.

The safe harbor was an office of some kind in Milan; but it was not forthcoming at the moment, so I told him to wait. One day, in passing in review various employments, I spoke of the police, and said the Government intended to reorganize it. I thought he would sniff at the idea; but to my great surprise he said, after some hesitation, that he had had experience in police matters. Then, little by little, he confided to me that he had been in the pay of the Prefect of Police of Paris, as one of his secret agents.

Poor Committee of London! The proof that was given me was too convincing to be ignored. To how many unfortunate episodes did my thoughts not turn! I told the man that the municipality had nothing to do with the police reorganization, and that he should apply to the Governor. Later on I learned that he had gone to Naples.

How many were flocking to Naples, to seek their fortunes and to increase the disorder which distracted the Lieutenant! Farini, who had been appointed to the office, had invited my brother Emilio to join him. His lieutenancy did not last long, for, in the ardor of his labors, his mind became impaired, and the long paralysis began which killed him.

The sequence of events which occurred in Naples, at the end of 1860, was the subject-matter of all our thoughts and conversations. The entry of the royal army into the southern provinces, the possible friction with the Garibaldians, the question of the *plébiscite*, the struggle of the parties, the clash between Garibaldi and Cavour, the siege of Gaeta, and the diplomatic complications that arose, excited, depressed, and exalted us by turns. Behind the great questions there arose a multitude of little ones which vexed all that part of the public which sees little evils by preference and allows itself to be blinded by the dust of the storm.

One evening, in the house of Alessandro Manzoni, we were talking of the little things that the many journalists and politicians were discussing. Inoperative laws, badly drawn regulations, and bureaucratic red-tape certainly abounded. As we passed in review some of the

evils of the day, Manzoni listened; then, finally, he said: "Within a few years, and perhaps within a few months, who will remember all these little woes which now occupy us so much? Only one thing will always be remembered; it will always be remembered that within these two years Italy was made!"

A few months after the surrender of Gaeta and the departure of the former King of Naples, Parliament proclaimed the Kingdom of Italy with its capital at Rome. Although the Venetian provinces were not yet united to the kingdom, thenceforth, in the knowledge of the world, Italy was made. The Powers which, for centuries, had rejected it, were now about to receive it into the pale; and, by a mysterious fate, the death of Cavour, who had been its great artificer, was to lead the way to this consummation.

The first recognition the new kingdom received was from our old friend of Magenta, Napoleon, who, on the day when the country wept for the misfortune of the nation, with delicacy of thought remembered us and recognized the kingdom.

And now that I have come to the proclamation of the Kingdom of Italy, to the great goal of the passionate faith and devotion of a generation, I will end these memoirs. I have desired to hear, and I have heard, again in my soul the echo of the days when hopes were high and arms were strong. These pages are for you, my nephews. In the papers of your father you will find documents of greater value; but you will not, perhaps, disdain the more modest writings of your uncle. This is not, I repeat, a history; it is a chronicle of the things I have

seen and known; it is besides a relation of the opinions and impressions which were prevalent in the days comprised in my chronicle, touching the acts which then took place; and it is also a document which history, one day, will have to take into account.

Preserve the sentiments, and understand the faith, that animated the young men of the days that have gone; and if some, in the present, seem to be forgetful of the past, keep close to your own souls the old device: "All for the country, and the country beyond and above all."

THE END

NOTES

NOTES

1. BEFORE the tempestuous times of the French Revolution had begun, my grandfather, in union with the most conspicuous persons of the valley, had taken part in a legal agitation against the mal-administration of the Canton of the Grisons. They addressed themselves to the Government of the Duchy of Milan, or rather to Austria, as the guarantor of the treaties which existed between the Valtellina and the Grisons; treaties which the ruling Government had continually violated.

The Government of the Grisons, which began in Valtellina after the fall of the Duchy of Milan, in 1512, was interrupted during the Thirty Years' War by the revolution of 1620, known by the name of the "Sacro Macello," which was followed by a long war. It was reëstablished, afterwards, by the Powers in 1639. The Government of the Grisons, called of the Three Leagues, was fixed at Coire, and was an oligarchy, which farmed out the public offices, especially in Valtellina, to the highest bidders. These in turn compensated themselves by making a traffic of justice and of administrative measures in the subject countries. One can understand how much this Government was abhorred, and what odious memories it left in the Valtellina.

2. The invasion of Lombardy by the French came in 1796. The Valtellina, a little after, arose against its Grisons masters, and obtained from General Bonaparte a decree that it should be joined to the Lombard province. This decree was dated the 7th Brumaire in the year VI (28th October, 1797). The Valtellina passed through very sorrowful years during the Jacobin Government and the subsequent Austro-Russian invasion. At this time a certain Simeone Paravicini became the head of the reaction and of the civil war party. The Austrians entered into the valley, arresting and sending to Innsbruck as hostages, several of the most noted heads of the Liberal movement. My grandfather, who was especially sought for, succeeded in escaping through many dangers. The region of High Valtellina was then invaded by bands of deserters and of fugitives from the adjacent countries, who inaugurated a period of assassination and of robberies

that was called afterwards the times of "the brigands." My grandfather, who had come back to the country after the battle of Marengo and the return of the French, was called to different public duties. He was many times shot at by the brigands. In the exercise of his offices, he went about always accompanied by armed servants. Acts of brigandage were repeated in the Valtellina in 1809, following the insurrection that had arisen at the renewing of the war between France and Austria. The acts of the brigands formed later a legend that I have heard related by the old people when I was a boy. In this legend the names of my grandfather and of his family were frequently mentioned.

3. Imagine with what terror the Valtellina feared the possibility of a restoration of the Government of the Grisons after 1815, and the fall of the Napoleonic régime. Therefore the Departmental Council, in the name of all the Communal Representatives, determined to send a mission to Vienna to ward off the danger, and to defend, at the Congress, the *status quo*, that is, the union of Valtellina with Lombardy. Two delegates, Conte Diego Guicciardi, formerly Minister and President of the Senate of the Italian Kingdom, and Gerolamo Stampa, of Chiavenna, were sent.

They remained at Vienna several months, informing the Council and their friends (among whom was my grandfather) of what was happening. They sent my grandfather reports of their mission, in which they noted daily the negotiations and the conversations that they had had with different representatives of the Powers. From these reports (which have been preserved in our house) can be seen the intrigues of the Grisons to recover the Valtellina and the movements of the delegates to circumvent them, as well as the various projects of the Powers. Austria naturally welcomed the desire of the Valtellina to remain a part of the province of Lombardy, and had already occupied Chiavenna. Only the Ambassador of Sardinia, San Marzano, supported this proposition, saying that no new doors for foreigners, across the Alps, should be opened. France and England inclined to making the Valtellina an autonomous Swiss Canton. Other Powers, and a part of the Swiss Cantons themselves, at first opposed this solution, in order not to enlarge the Confederation with a Catholic Canton. In the mean time an intermediate

solution, that of uniting the Valtellina to the Grisons, but as constituting a fourth league, acquired favor, and was about to triumph, when, unforeseenedly, the news that Napoleon had escaped from Elba and had landed at Cannes fell like a bomb into the Congress. Then, in hurry and fury, pending questions were variously decided. The Alpine border of the Lombard country was suddenly conceded to Austria, because the Powers desired to gain her good will and were anxious to push her against Napoleon. The people of Valtellina were joyful to have shaken off the hated lordship of the Grisons. They had not regained their independence, but they had become again Lombards and Italians, obtaining finally and forever a civil and regular government. The Valtellina was officially called the Province of Sondrio.

4. At the Scala the opera was interrupted in the middle by a ballet called "grand." When the opera was finished, there was a little ballet, or *balletto comico*. One of these little ballets was quite celebrated; it represented in caricature all the young elegant Milanese that were most noted at the time.

5. In the *Cronistoria of Alessandro Gianetti*, published by L. F. Cogliati, we read: "The Director of the Boselli Institute, in obedience to an injunction he had received, made arrangements to teach his pupils the singing of the Austrian Hymn. But not a few of his pupils refused, and would not sing it. Such was the sentiment of Italianism that these little pupils had absorbed in the environment of their respective families. These youths were the brothers Mancini, the brothers Guy, the brothers De Cristoforis, the brothers Visconti-Venosta, Carissimi, Emilio Bignami-Sormani, and others."

6. Cattaneo describes the visit he received from some young men, on the morning of the 18th of March, as follows: —

"The evening of the 17th of March one of my friends, who had just come from the house of Conte O'Donnel, the Viceroy, having told me that a sedition in Vienna had brought about the abolition of the censorship, I determined to begin next day the publication of a journal. The moment seemed to me to be propitious for forcing the Government to give us arms and some liberty of action, above all to put our soldiers under our own control. It seemed wise to make a beginning of an Italian league

with our hands equipped, since the neighboring ruler, who had just become constitutional (and only for love of us), would then be our ally and not our master. I recall to mind that the enterprise of the citizens comprehended the conquest of liberty and of independence at the same time. A slavish independence, that is, in the Austrian or Russian manner, did not seem to me to be worth having. For a partial undertaking I did not think it right to drench the country with blood.

"I had scarcely finished writing the first sheet, a little after sunrise, when two friends came in and told me that the Podestà Casati intended to go at midday from the Municipio to the Palace to demand, in the name of the people, certain reforms. They asked me what they should do in case of a conflict. The mania of resorting to force, when nothing had been done to organize it, seemed to me to be favorable to the enemy, who, we knew, was ready and eager to use it. 'The Podestà will lead the people to slaughter,' I said. 'He goes as a blind man whither he is led. With what forces can you assault twenty thousand men who are prepared for a butchery, and who wish to make one? How many combatants have you?' These young men were able to lay hands only upon a dozen or two cacciatori. 'Do you not see that several thousand well-armed and disciplined men are needed?' They told me that the whole city would rise, and that there were forty thousand guns on hand. 'These forty thousand guns, have you seen them?' No, they had not seen them, but they knew that the directing committee had imported them from Piedmont. 'Go and see first whether they have arrived. Go to the directing committee; but learn first whether such a committee exists.' 'There is one without doubt, as every one speaks of it.' 'Very well; but you will see in the end that there are neither guns nor committee. I have known these courtiers for some time; they have a blind faith in Carlo Alberto, but they will be rewarded as usual. The King does not love liberty, and cannot love it. We must take time to arm ourselves, so that all Italy can help us, for all of Italy will be needed. Do not let us drive an unarmed people to the cannon's mouth; at least, not until there is an absolute need of defense.' My friends went away little contented with me. Then came some others, and I made them the same sort of reply. Some invited me to a kind of a meeting

in the Galleria at two o'clock. In the mean time I carried my manuscript to a printer."

"C. CATTANEO."

(*Dell' Insurrezione di Milano nel 1848, e della successiva guerra, Memorie di C. Cattaneo.* Bruxelles, Società Tipografica, 1849, pages 29–31).

7. The evening of the 17th of March, Cesare Correnti requested his friends to go the following morning to the house of Dr. Attilio De Luigi, in Via Disciplini. There went, therefore, Achille Maiocchi, Daverio Perroni, Guido Borromeo, Giovanni Pezzotti, Anselmo Guerrieri Gonzaga, Pietro Bonetti, Achille Griffini, Alberico Gerli, Giovanni and Gaetano Cantoni, Giuseppe Finzi, the brothers Lazzati, and others. When Correnti had gathered his friends around him, he said, "It is no longer possible to defer the revolution; rather is it necessary to promote it. Therefore it is proposed to make an armed demonstration to-morrow, and, if the Austrians assault the citizens, to withstand them." "At the words of Correnti we smothered a cry of joy," said Gerli, "and, after having pressed one another's hands, separated. The next morning we were all at the house of De Luigi at the hour appointed. After a short discussion, it was agreed to entrust the Provisional Government to the Municipality with power to add whomsoever it might desire. In the mean time the Podestà was to ask O'Donnel, in the absence of Spaur, to entrust the administration of the police to the Municipality. It was agreed, also, to accompany the Podestà to the palace of the Government, to demand the performance of this request." (Vittore Ottolini, *Rivoluzione Lombarda del 1848–59*, page 60.)

8. "United in little groups," wrote Emilio Dandolo, in his book on the *Volontari Lombardi*, "we passed hours in learning the manual of arms. Our nights were spent in some little hidden room, casting balls and preparing cartridges. In every one of our gardens and courtyards ammunition was secreted, which had been obtained by our savings at an age when saving is painful."

Among these young men I recall the brothers Croff, the brothers Broggi, Girolamo and Alessandro Borgazzi, Manara, the brothers Dandolo, Fioretti, Testa, the brothers Mancini, Lodovico Trotti, Saule Mantegazza, Carlo De Cristoforis, and Bussi.

There were others whose names I cannot remember. All were at the barricades, and Angelo Fava was always with them. In Via Rugabella, in the garden of Casa Valerio, the brothers Lazzati had hidden some ammunition. Carlo Alberto sent a load of powder during the Five Days, but it was impossible to bring it into the city.

9. The Committee of Defense transformed itself into a Committee of War, of which Conte Pompeo Litta (formerly captain of artillery in the suite of Napoleon I) was the President, and of which Cattaneo, Cernuschi, Clerici, Terzaghi, Carnevali, Lissoni, Cerani, and Torelli were members.

10. The construction of the barricade and balloons was directed by one of the older clerical students, Antonio Stoppani, who was then twenty-three years of age. He later became a priest, and was celebrated as a geologist and author.

11. Later on, when legend began to take the place of truth, many desired to have attributed to themselves the merit of having rejected the armistice. It was said, among other things, that the Provisional Government accepted it, and that Cattaneo alone opposed it. The truth is simple. Luigi Torelli, who was present at the meeting of the Council, wrote in his *Ricordi delle Cinque Giornate* (an exact narrative of the revolution): —

"Being present at the Council, I can give an account of it. We were fourteen or fifteen in number; since, besides the members of the Government, there were those of the Committees of Defense and of War. The President, Casati, placed before us the request of Marshal Radetzky for a suspension of arms. Who first began to speak I do not know. Signore Cattaneo was certainly one of those who spoke against the proposal; but only three of those present favored its acceptance; the others, without the need of the rhetoric of anybody, resolutely opposed it as being more useful for Radetzky than for us.

"When my turn came to speak, I added that, in my quality of chief of the patrols, I could say they would be much deceived if they believed that, in accepting an armistice, our combatants would observe it, for of discipline there was not a shadow. Besides, I can appeal to many, who, I hope, are still living, that they will recollect, that during the crossing from the Casa Vidiserti to Casa Taverna, the cry was raised, 'No, no; do not let us

accept a suspension,' and this was repeated in the great hall of the Casa Taverna, where the Council was then held. You can see, therefore, that, without detracting from the merits of Signore Cattaneo, no circumstance can be brought forward to prove that he rendered a signal service to his country."

12. At the beginning it was decided to attempt the attack of the city by way of the bastion of the Porta Comasina, now Porta Garibaldi. Gerolamo Borgazzi, at the head of some hundreds of men whom he had brought from the country, was entrusted with this command; but, during the attack, he was killed. He was a brother of Alessandro Borgazzi, who, when insulted during a demonstration by an officer, the nephew of Conte di Ficquelmont, caned him. The *Gazzetta d'Augusta* published a notice that a noble Milanese had assaulted a Thurn, and that he had been arrested. These Borgazzi were cousins of my mother.

13. During the first days of the revolution the highest part of the roof of the cathedral was occupied by the Tyrolese, who, with their carbines, kept the piazza and the neighboring streets clear. The firing of the third day had scarcely finished when Luigi Torelli, who afterwards became a senator and a minister of the kingdom, and another citizen had the happy idea of going to see whether the cacciatori had retired. They found that they had gone; so they unfurled a tricolored flag to let the citizens know that they were masters of the city. This act lifted up the souls of all the people and likewise of many in the surrounding country.

14. An order to take the Palazzo del Broletto at any cost was given to Colonel Perrin, who commanded a Bohemian regiment. Schönhals, however, in his history of the *Campaigns of Italy*, attributes its capture to Colonel Döll, who commanded the Paumgater Regiment.

15. The hostages were Antonio Bellati, Prefect of Milan; Conte Giuseppe Belgiojoso, Alderman; Conte Ercole Durini, Nobile Pietro Bellotti, Alderman; Marchese Giberto Porro, Conte Giulio Porro, Nobile Filippo Manzoni, Nobile Carlo De Capitani, Nobile Francesco Giani, Enrico Mascazzini, Nobile Alberto De Herra, Dr. Antonio Peluso, Enrico Obicini, Mascheroni, Citterio, Engineer A. Brambilla, Carlo Crespi, Carlo Pozzi, Guglielmo Fortis, and Nobile Carlo Porro. Sixteen others were added on

the way. These had been arrested, and were chosen from among the notables of the districts through which the troops passed on their retreat. Carlo Porro was a brother of Conte Alessandro Porro, who afterwards became a senator, and was the president of the Savings Bank of Milan.

16. Shortly after the revolution a subscription was opened for offerings for the national cause, or rather for the expenses of the war. It was enthusiastically received, and attained in four months to nearly three million lire. The names of the principal givers were: Duca Antonio Litta, Conte Giulio, and the Duchessa Madre, 154,000 lire and a battery; Duca Tommaso Scotti, 100,000 lire; Conte Giuseppe Archinto, 100,000 lire; Marchese Arconati, 100,000 lire; Conte Castelbarco, 50,000 lire; Conte Taverna, 60,000 lire; Duca Melzi, 70,000 lire; Arnaboldi, 50,000 lire. From 10,000 to 20,000 lire: D'Adda, Arese, Soncino, Crivelli, Dal Verme, Greppi, Prinetti, Annoni, Ponzone, Bolognini, Besana, and others. Cattaneo speaks of the avarice of the Milanese patricians. (Cattaneo, *Archivio Triennale.*)

In the mean time a forced loan of five millions, increased afterwards to fourteen, was decreed by the Provisional Government, and a voluntary loan was also asked for. Then an offering of horses, of silverware, and of other valuables was opened. To this the patrician families contributed most generously. They robbed themselves of artistic and antique silver to send to the mint with an *élan* that was much more generous than sensible. To the offering of precious objects all classes contributed. No one can read of the sacrifices that were made without emotion. Regular financial methods would have provided far better for the needs of the Government, but sentimental ways were preferred. A few months later the Austrians instituted severe and energetic financial measures for their own account.

17. Conte Bethlen had an only daughter, who married, first, Principe Fabio Gonzaga, and afterwards, when a widow, Nobile Giovanni Frigerio.

18. The Proclamation of London was in the name of sixty representatives of the Roman Constituent Assembly; but it seems that these representatives of a disbanded assembly had not held any meeting, and that they had not given this mandate to Mazzini. It was an expedient resorted to by him in order to

justify the dictatorship that he assumed in these days. This is the proclamation: —

National Italian Loan

1. The National Committee solicits a loan of ten million Italian lire.

2. The loan is divided into two hundred and fifty thousand shares; fifty thousand of one hundred lire each, and two hundred thousand of twenty-five lire each. The bonds will be distributed in series, and each one bears a progressive number.

3. The bonds will be delivered to the purchaser upon payment. They are made payable to bearer, and are transmissible by delivery. Possession will prove the right to them and to all interest accrued, and to accrue, thereon.

4. Interest will be at the rate of six per cent per annum, from the time of delivery of the bonds, upon the sums named therein; the time is to be indicated by the persons charged by the committee to deliver them.

5. The employment of the moneys received is to be made by the National Committee, according to the terms of the act of July 4, 1849, exclusively for the purchase of materials of war and for the attainment of the liberty and independence of Italy. No part of the funds can be used for subsidies of any kind.

6. The moneys raised will be deposited in London with Martin, Stone and Martin, 68 Lombard Street. In case of need the committee can change the place of deposit.

7. A committee of six, half Italians and half foreigners, will verify the condition of the credits and debits periodically. The examiners will not interfere with the administration of the funds.

8–9. [Not given in the Italian text.]

10. When a national government shall have been constituted in Italy, the National Committee will place in its hands the books, the registry of bonds, the materials of war, and everything concerning the loan. The examiners will make their report at the same time.

11. The National Committee and the signers of the act assume the obligation to do all that is in their power to induce the National Government to recognize the debt contracted, and to fix as early a date as possible for paying off the loan with interest.

12. The National Committee promises absolute secrecy regarding the names of the purchasers, who may wish, as long as the present state of affairs continues, to remain unknown. Nevertheless their names, and the sums paid by them, will be registered because some day they should have a testimonial from their fellow-citizens that they had not despaired of the salvation of their country, and had helped to hasten it.

(From the writings, published and unpublished, of Giuseppe Mazzini.)

COUPON OF THE LOAN

God and the People:

National Italian Loan

Directed only to the hastening of

The Independence and Unity of Italy

10 or 25 Francs.

Receipt for ten (or twenty-five) francs of capital, with current interest of half a franc per month, to date from this day.

For the National Committee:

Giuseppe Mazzini

Aurelio Saffi. Mattia Montecchi.

19. In the search that was made of the house of the priest Griola, some manifestoes were found. Pardon was offered him if he would denounce his associates, but the brave priest would compromise no one. At the place of execution, when he was exhorted to reveal their names, he said to the soldiers: "Do your duty."

20. The words of Mazzini which express the idea to which I refer I found in the memoirs of G. Piolti de Bianchi, published by Senator A. Bargoni in the *Rivista Storica del Risorgimento* (1897, nos. 7–8.) The memoirs of Piolti, in regard to the 6th of February, are written with care and precision. They should be consulted by whoever desires to form a true conception of the event. I have found in them nothing different from what I saw and heard, and, because of this, I have made use of them to confirm the exactness of my recollection.

21. Castellazzo was the son of an employee of the police. Shortly after he came from prison he was admitted to his doctor's degree, in an extraordinary examination, held by the faculty of

law, by an order of the Lieutenant of Lombardy, dated July 16, 1853. The memoirs of the times are unanimous in their condemnation of him for bargaining for impunity for himself in return for his revelations in regard to his companions. Tito Speri called Castellazzo and another, in one of his letters, raging informers.

Castellazzo insisted that some other prisoner might have revealed the cipher, but it was known only to the President, Tazzoli (who was hanged), and the Secretary, who was himself. And the Secretary was pardoned, after having sustained a confrontation with several of his fellow-prisoners. Finzi and Lazzati have narrated the particulars of this episode.

"I cannot turn my thoughts to him" (Castellazzo), wrote Signora Teresa Valenti, "without shaking with anger. With an unimaginable impudence he passed, *débonnaire* and triumphant, through our streets in company with the man who had conducted the trial." (Letter of Teresa Valenti Arrivabene to Carlo Arrivabene in London.)

If Krauss had had him whipped ninety times, it does not seem possible that a little while after Castellazzo would have been promenading Mantua with his tormentor! In the beginning thirty blows were spoken of, but afterwards they became ninety. When, in 1884, the matter was debated upon the nomination of Castellazzo as deputy for Grosseto, Finzi wrote a memoir of the trial and confrontation for the "Pungolo." Lazzati was asked, at the same time, to give an account of the event, and he gave it before the commission appointed by the Museo del Risorgimento. He told, among other things, that, when he was brought to the confrontation, Castellazzo looked at him and said: "Ah, ah, behold Signor Lazzati, in the cap and overcoat he wore the evening he came to the meeting in the house of Tazzoli." Lazzati's account was written out and consigned to the Museo, and exists in a volume of the official reports of the commission. At the taking of his testimony there were present the President, Carlo d' Adda, and several other members of the commission, of which I was one.

The illustrious director of the Mantuan state archives, Alessandro Luzio, eventually made inquiries, by trusted persons, regarding the circumstances of the trials, of the former auditor, Krauss, who was living on a pension at Vienna. Krauss said that

the cipher of Tazzoli had been read by the cryptographic office of the Viennese police before the confessions of Castellazzo had been obtained, who, seeing that the cipher was known, resolved to reveal everything; that he did reveal new circumstances and facts, which, up to this time, were unknown, and that his revelations prolonged the trials, and were the cause of several condemnations to death. Castellazzo was, perhaps, persuaded to confess by his father, who bargained for his impunity and an office. Luzio exposed these facts, which forever clear up the Castellazzo affair, in the six popular conferences he gave in the Circolo Filologico at Milan. They will be published shortly by Cogliati in a book on the prosecutions of Mantua. The conferences of Luzio were given while the second edition of my memoirs was being printed; but I can leave my narration intact for the present, since the revelations of Krauss do not contradict the testimony of my friends. Krauss also confirmed my statement that no one was whipped during the trials, as such a measure was unnecessary because the cipher was known.

22. Salis left a memoir on his trial which was read by my brother and some other of his friends. Professor De Castro published extracts therefrom. He narrated that his case was hurt by the confession of Zanetti; but that Zanetti, when called upon to confront him, refused. Krauss, it seems, did not insist for fear that Zanetti would retract. Zanetti, however, was condemned, but to a lesser term than Salis.

23. The family Salis Sitzer established itself in the Valtellina during the dominion of the Grisons; but it was allowed to remain, even during the Thirty Years' War, because it was a Catholic family, and followed the patriots of the country. It was a branch of the family that furnished so many officers to the Swiss corps of the armies of Europe, especially of Austria. Because of its services the title of Conte was given to this branch by Leopold I of Austria. The grandfather of Conte Ulisse Salis was, at the end of the last century, the general in command of the Swiss troops of the King of Naples. In 1848, while the brothers Salis of Tirano fought in the corps of the Italian volunteers, three members of the family died, as Austrian officers, upon the Lombard fields. The branch of Tirano is now nearly extinct, although Conte Ulisse had five brothers.

24. [The translator has endeavored to render the verses into English, but has given up the task for reasons that are obvious.]

25. To Conte Cavour: —

TURIN, 16th February, 1855.

Signore Conte: —

I went yesterday, as you kindly suggested, to the Ministry of War where I was informed by Colonel Petitti that I had been appointed second lieutenant of the bersaglieri, and accredited to the staff of the expedition. I occupied myself immediately with the preparations for my departure, which I can accomplish before the end of the month. On the 27th a steamer leaves Genoa in correspondence with the mails of the Orient. By that time I shall be able to embark, but I await your orders. Will you kindly notify me of the hour at which I should go to the Ministry, either by Conte Oldofredi or directly by note addressed to Hotel Trombetta, where I am stopping? — as I do not like to disturb you in your many occupations.

Permit me, Signore Conte, now that I find that I have attained my desire, to renew my warmest thanks for the kindness of which you have given me so many proofs, as well as for the fortunate issue of my request. I will try to put the greatest zeal into fulfilling the commission with which I have been honored, and in showing, better than by words, the sincerity of my thankfulness and devotion.

You will pardon me, I hope, if, before I close this letter, I renew a recommendation which I have already made by word of mouth, which concerns a distinguished young man, a friend of mine who desires to enter the medical corps of the expedition as a physician and surgeon. He is Scipione Signoroni, a son of a professor of the University of Padua; and is favorably known in Milan, both for the honorable part he took as an officer of the bersaglieri in the recent war, and for the knowledge with which he has practiced his profession. You will crown the favor you have bestowed upon me if you can grant this my most respectful prayer.

In the mean time, with the assurance of my homage I am, etc.,

EMILIO DANDOLO.

26. I wrote this autumn a poetical farce which I mention here in the chronological order of my narrative. We were near the

reopening of the schools, when, one day, a good lady who lived near us came to me leading her son, who was a pupil, I think, of the Gymnasium of Como. She was much mortified because the boy had not been able to accomplish a task that had been given him by one of his professors. The boy was moved to tears; so I offered to finish his work. It was concerned with some verses, the subject of which was chosen from among those that were then common. It was entitled: "The Departure of the Crusader for Palestine." The boy had commenced his poem in this way: —

> There passed one day, and there passed another,
> But ne'er returned Anselm our brother;
> Though he was not among the dead
> For he'd put his helmet on his head.

Here he had stopped. In reading the verses an irresistible temptation came to me. I told my visitors to return the next day, and that I would finish the poem. I ran into my study and declaimed the lines, and the following verses came of themselves.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE CRUSADER

There passed one day, and there passed another,
But ne'er returned Anselm, our brother;
Though he was not among the dead,
For he'd put his helmet on his head.

He had put his helmet on his head
When he went to war, as it is said,
And left with lance at rest, of course,
On horseback on a goodly horse.

His sweetheart whom he lovèd so
Gave him a kiss, and bade him go,
While 'round his shoulders she did place
A bottle that was good to taste.

She gave him, too, a golden ring,
The sacred pledge of everything,
And put into his little pack
All sorts of things that he did lack.

One morning, as the clock struck nine,
Went forth Anselm, very fine;
To Palestine he journeyed on,
To conquer and to righten wrong.

He did not go by an iron way,
Nor in a steamer as in our day;
For then the way was not of steel,
Rather the knight, if one should feel.

Of iron his cravat was made,
With brass his waistcoat was inlaid;
On horseback he did always stay,
As his hackney jogged along the way.

Thereafter he did naught whatever
But to journey on, and to journey ever,
When, behold, a lake he thought he saw,
But of the sea it was the shore.

He paused and then began to think
The water sure was good to drink,
So, bending, he thrust in his finger
And tasted it, but did not linger.

As if he on a ship did fare,
Quickly came the *mal-de-mer*,
But Anselm in a moment more
Had put his dinner on the shore.

[The translator has had considerable difficulty in rendering the Italian verses into English, so he thinks it best to stop before the reader becomes weary of his efforts.]

The following day, when the mother and son returned, the deed was done. I listened, without remorse, to their words of thanks, and gave them the poem. A few months after, as I was taking my doctor's examinations at Pavia, I observed that some of the professors looked at me and laughed. When they had finished their questions, one of them said: "Well, 'passed one day and passed another' — are you the author of the ballad?" Then I politely questioned him, and learned that he had heard of my "Crusader" from one of his friends, a professor at Como. From that day the ballad traveled far and wide, and I met it constantly, now diminished, now augmented, and generally very ridiculous. For this reason I have reproduced it in this note, as in the matter of nonsense I prefer my own. And the student? The year after, he entered the seminary and became a priest. There passed one day and there passed another, but he has not passed beyond the first strophe in his career.

27. D' Adda was secretly introduced into the cabinet of the King by the Minister Casaretto. Carlo Alberto desired to be informed of all that had happened. The frankness of d' Adda was stimulating to the King, above all, when the great decision had to be taken, and the difficulties that confronted him had to be surmounted. At the same period d'Adda united with some members of high society in Turin, such as Azeglio, Balbo, Collegno, Alfieri, and Cavour, and with some others, in an endeavor to push Piedmont into war with Austria.

28. In 1848, when the question of the annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont was discussed, d' Adda wrote (his letter is dated Turin, April 18) to the Provisional Government: "Republic or constitutional monarchy, I will serve my country faithfully; but at present it is my desire, as it is that of all reasonable men, that the form of government should be determined by a vote of the people, and that we should not exert any influence upon the free choice of the country." (Lettera al Governo Provvisorio, in the Museo del Risorgimento.)

29. The first proposal of a monument to the Sardinian army was given out by Correnti, by understanding, perhaps, with Cavour, who at this time sought to exasperate Austria, while she, upon the advice of England, was disposed to renew relations with Piedmont.

30. Among those who received a severe reproof was Giuseppe Rovani, who had become the apologetic historiographer of the Emperor's journey, in the *Gazzetta Ufficiale*. One evening he appeared in the Café Martini, and, displaying a new fur coat, said: "This, too, I owe to the Emperor." Great as was his freedom of speech, the joke was displeasing, and many ceased to salute him. Rovani had talent and culture, which he dissipated, however, in disorderly living. Many years after, I met him in a byway of the city, when he planted himself, half-tipsy, before me and said: "I know why you do not salute me; but I must tell you that I was once a good boy — but I have finished badly." "It is only too true," I replied.

31. Contract entered into at Vienna the 14th of March, 1856, and approved the 17th of April ensuing by the Imperial and Royal resolve, between the Austrian Ministers of Finance and Commerce and Messieurs: —

Prince Adolph de Schwarzenberg, President and representative of the I. R. Institute of Credit and Industry of Vienna;
Comte François Zichy, Junior;
Baron A. S. de Rothschild, Vice-President and representative of the above-mentioned Institute;
The banking house of S. M. Rothschild, of Vienna;
Marquis Raffaele de Ferrari, Duc de Galliera, of Bologna;
Duc Lodovico Melzi, of Milan;
S. E. Comte Giuseppe Archinto, of Milan, represented by Messieurs Sebastiano Mondolfo and C. F. Brot;
Pietro Bastogi, of Livorno;
Rothschild Frères, of Paris;
E. Blount & Co., of Paris;
Paolino Talabot, of Paris;
N. M. de Rothschild & Sons, of London;
Samuel Laing, of London;
M. Uzielli, of London;

by which there is conceded to the above-mentioned Messieurs —

(1) The working and the enjoyment of the imperial and royal railways, situated in the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, with the exception of the trunk line from Verona to Southern Tyrol, with all the rights and obligations thereto belonging . . .

32. Cantù, in his *Cronistoria dell' Indipendenza Italiana*, ignored the best and the most beloved of the men of the National *Risorgimento*, and this became an obstacle to his entering the Senate, a position to which his writings would have called him. Crispi, when Minister of the Interior, proposed Cantù as Senator to King Humbert. Domenico Farini, the son of the former Dictator of Emilia, was President of the Senate at the time. When he heard of Crispi's intention he went to the King, and warmly advised him not to confirm the nomination of the author of the *Cronistoria*. The King, therefore, did not sign the decree.

33. Among the intimate friends whose presence cheered Emilio Dandolo as he approached his end, I recall, besides Dr. Signoroni, the Mancini brothers, the Carcano and the Caccianino, the engineer Pirovano, Alfredo Ulrich, Costantino Garavaglia, Conte Ignazio Lana, Ignazio Crivelli, the Marchese and the Marchesa Crivelli, the artist Chialiva, and the families Piola and Fontana.

34. I can yet recall the names of many of the young men who offered themselves to the committee of recruitment. Some of them were my friends; yet I may forget several whom I ought to remember; and if I have forgotten any, I beg them to send me their names. Among the many I recall Rinaldo Taverna and Luchino Dal Verme (both of whom became generals), Lodovico Trotti (who had fought in the campaign of 1848 as an officer of the artillery), the three brothers Visconti di Modrone (sons of the Duke), Gerolamo and Giacomo Sala, Luigi Esengrini, Conte Pietro Cicogna, Conte Alfonso di Saliceto, Principe Gian Giacomo Trivulzio, Conte Arconati, Conti Alfonso and Annibale Sanseverino, Giacomo Battaglia, Malachia De Cristoforis, the brothers Mancini, Emilio Guicciardi, Alfonso Carcano, the brothers Caccianino, Augusto Verga, Gerolamo Fadini, Cartellieri, Galbiati, Eleuterio Pagliano, Giulio Vigoni, Michele Redaelli, De Albertis, the brothers Conti Belgiojoso (Carlo is now a general), the brothers Emilio and Giuseppe Rapazzini, the brothers Nobili Steno and Luigi Majnoni (who became generals), Cesare Cavallotti (now a colonel), Nobile Carlo Porta, Avvocato Ercole Torri, Nobile Carlo Dall' Acqua, Nobile Andrea Della Porta, Gustavo Viola, Silvio Della Torre, the brothers Achille and Edoardo Frigerio (one of whom is now a general, and the other a colonel), Paolo Frigerio, Conte Camillo Dal Verme and Armando Vitali (both of whom died in 1866 at Custoza), Nobile Lavelli De Capitani, Alberto Corbetta, Nobile Cristoforo Manzi, the brothers Luigi and Carlo Biffi, Nobile Carlo Manzoli, Nobile Lorenzo Greppi, Riccardo Gavazzi, Giulio Adamoli, Nobile Diego Melzi, Senator Giuseppe Robecchi, Marchese Luigi d' Adda, Francesco Ponti, Gerolamo and Gian Luca Padulli, Del Mayno Luchino, Cesare Finzi, Antonio Greppi, Lorenzo, Gaetano, and Carlo Medici di Marignano, Leopoldo Pullì, Gaetano Robaglia, Cesare Stucchi, Marchese Arconati, Gian Martino, Carlo Baldironi, Franco Fadini, Alfredo Ulrich, Carlo Calvi Patroni, Enrico Borromeo, Filippo Castelbarco, Luigi Mainoni, Norberto and Francesco Del Mayno, Ernesto Turati, Adalberto Barbò, Luigi Biffi, Cesare Cavi, Alessandro Piola, Giulio Brambilla, the brothers Averoldi, the brothers Martinengo of Brescia, Cesare Menghini of Mantua, Carlo Marocco, Prinetti, Arici of Brescia, Gigi Caroli, Max Fadini, Mazzoni,

Pavia, Bolchesi, and Bianchi d' Adda. And there were many others whose names I cannot now remember.

35. This decree was posted throughout the province: —

THE ROYAL COMMISSIONER OF HIS SARDINIAN MAJESTY TO THE PEOPLES OF LOMBARDY

CITIZENS!

Scarcely had King Vittorio Emanuele announced that he had drawn his sword in the cause of national independence, than the peoples of Lombardy turned their eyes beyond the Ticino, and asked for the signal for the insurrection.

Reasons of humanity and prudence, allied to the exigencies of war, moved us to counsel you to delay, which advice you accepted, knowing that everything must be done in order, in Italy, to-day.

But now the days of waiting have passed. The gallant General Garibaldi comes to assure us of this fact. Everywhere before him the people rise up, and pronounce for the national cause and the government of Vittorio Emanuele.

As Commissioner of His Majesty I come to take charge of the civil government in this spontaneous movement.

CITIZENS!

The Lombard insurrection will surely be animated by the new and admirable spirit which makes us find the secret of success in the bond of concord. No disorder will arise to disturb the supreme good of liberty; no differences will grow to disorganize the civil government of the country; no spirit of faction will presume to consider the triumph of society to be that of a party.

Wars for independence are not gained save by great efforts. Before us stands the example of generous Piedmont which, for eleven years, has made many sacrifices because of a hope which, to-day, has become a reality.

Our cause is secure: the valiant Piedmontese army, guided by the King, comes to our aid. Italy is organizing for the struggle, and Napoleon III has thrown the sword of France, our sister and natural ally, upon the scales of destiny.

All Italy demands the formation of a strong state which will become the bulwark of the nation and the beginning of its new

destinies. The ten years of the longing of the country for freedom are about to be fulfilled, and you can rise in the certitude of the union of the nation and cry: —

Viva Vittorio Emanuele, Re Costituzionale!

EMILIO VISCONTI-VENOSTA,
The Royal Commissioner Extraordinary of His Sardinian Majesty.

COMO, 28th May, 1859.

CITIZENS!

The enemy has retreated.

The Cacciatori delle Alpi have fought with a courage worthy of the valiant soldier who commands them and of the cause in which they are engaged. All the young men have come to ask for arms to defend a barricade, to demand to be led to battle. Every family desires to give aid and assistance to the combatants with generous feelings of emulation.

All Lombardy will follow your example.

The Commissioner of His Sardinian Majesty thanks you, in the name of the King, the great leader in our war for independence.

EMILIO VISCONTI-VENOSTA,
The Commissioner of His Majesty King Vittorio Emanuele.

VARESE, 26th May, 1859.

Como is delivered from the Austrians. Our brave soldiers have done wonders. The people on the lake have gathered together in masses for the defense of the country.

Do likewise.

VARESE, 28th May, 6.30 A.M.

36. The originator of the Committee of Relief was Achille Villa, Conte Gaetano Manci (formerly Podestà of Trento), Conte Stefano Medin of Venetia, Dr. Giovanni Soresina, and Vito Bassano of Mantua. Signore Enrico Fano, Conte Ignazio Crivelli, Antonio Grassi, Antonio Comerio, Nobile Carlo Cagnola, Marchese Carlo Ermes Visconti, and Achille Villa were members. I was elected President, and Conte Tiepolo, of Venice, Secretary.

There was also a political committee, of which Conti Giustiniani and Correr were members. This committee did much to send the immigrants to enlist in the Emilia, for whose expenses, however, the Committee of Relief provided.

37. The first act of Beretta as Mayor was to choose the junta and surround himself with sympathetic friends. The kindness with which he was regarded made it easy for him to obtain their election. Their names were the architect Brocca, the engineer Alessandro Cagnoni, Carlo Cagnola, Giuseppe Finzi, Tullo Massarani, Marzorati, Giuseppe Robecchi, Luigi Sala, Lodovico Trotti, Francesco Vitali, and Giovanni Visconti Venosta. Carlo Tenca, Paolo Belgiojoso, and Dr. Giuseppe Terzaghi were afterwards chosen to fill vacancies.

The names of the members of the first commission on education were Cesare Correnti, Professor Luigi Rossari, Giovanni Cantoni, Conte Paolo Belgiojoso, and Giovanni Visconti Venosta, with Carlo Tenca as reporter. Paolo Belgiojoso was school superintendent for several years.

38.

Dearest Friend, —

I reply with pleasure to your request. One Saturday evening I went, as was my custom, to the Union Club and found there a note from the Marchese Massimo d' Azeglio, who requested me to call upon him on the most urgent business.

I went immediately, and, as soon as announced, d'Azeglio came toward me smiling and said: "I must have to-morrow morning two hundred and fifty or three hundred thousand lire; and I want them in gold, in twenty-franc pieces."

I replied that he could have them at the earliest hour on Monday, but that on Sunday, with the banks closed, it was impossible to procure the sum asked for in gold. Then he approached some person at the other end of the room, whom I had not observed because of the obscurity; and, after exchanging some words with him, said: — "Keep the secret, but know that it is the Conte di Cavour who orders me to consign the sum mentioned to Captain Chiassi to-morrow morning. All that I can concede to you, to give you an additional hour, is to send Chiassi to your office to take the money."

I then understood that some important affair was afoot, and

replied, without further ado, that I would wait for the captain at eleven o'clock.

D' Azeglio thereupon took me under the arm, and accompanied me to the anteroom, enjoining absolute secrecy.

I confess I was not happy. I feared it would be impossible to procure a sum, relatively so large in gold, on a fête-day, and in a few hours; so much the more so as I was not able to give any explanation of the urgency for it. I could turn only to a few friends who would not ask me for the reason.

The banker Carlo Brot and the brothers Ronchetti gave me all the gold they had in their banks (about seven thousand marenghi); others whose names I cannot now recall gave me as much, and I had about two thousand in the bank of my firm. At ten o'clock the whole sum was ready.

At eleven, Chiassi, with the aid of the porter Scotti, carried the sacks to his carriage and departed. He asked me if it were necessary to leave a receipt, and I said, "No." It occurred to me, as he pressed my hand, that he was much moved.

The day after, d' Azeglio sent me, in settlement, a number of drafts for fifty thousand lire each, to make up the amount. They were drawn on the Cabinet of Cavour. When two or three days after we heard of the departure of Garibaldi from Quarto, I thought I understood the matter.

I press your hand, and I am,
Most affectionately yours,
COSTANTINO GARAVAGLIA.

SIG. COMM.
GIOVANNI VISCONTI-VENOSTA.

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